

WHOLE CLOTH

The Floyd Family

London to Cochran in Eight generations

Dedicated to
Margaret Annette Floyd

June 22, 1918

May 11, 2006

“She was truly one of a kind”

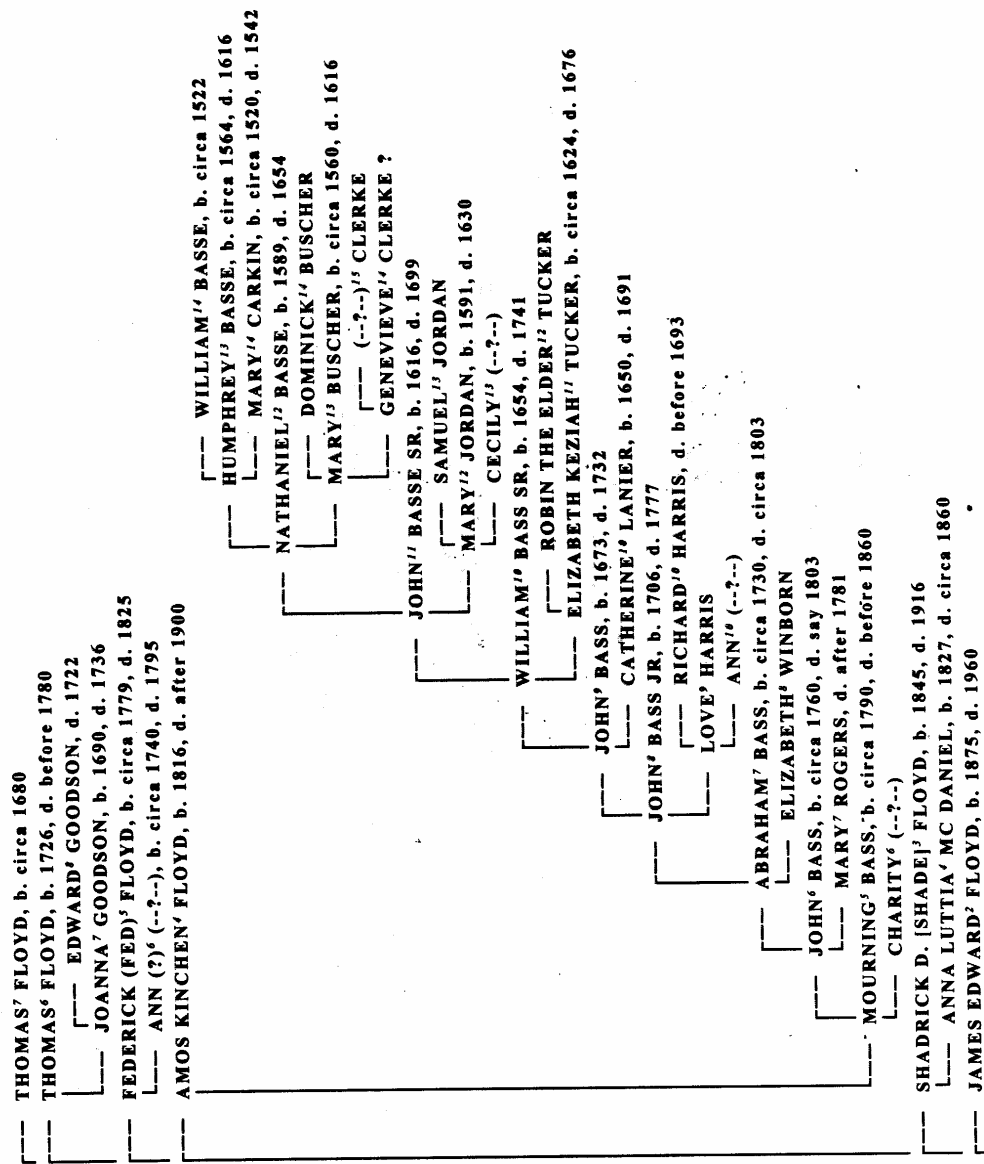
In March 2006 Annette said, “Drop all that other stuff you do and get the story finished”.
The story will never be finished. It just continues to move along like “old man river”.
Our family is deeply woven in the fabric of American life.

Margaret Ann Vollmer Woodrough



ANNETTE FLOYD VOLLMER KAPLAN

ANCESTORS OF ANNETTE FLOYD



[--- ZACHARIAH' DAVIS
 [--- ZACHARIAS' DAVIS, b. 1815, d. 1891
 ELIZZA (LOUISA OR LOUISE)' DAVIS, b. 1845, d. 1888
 [--- THOMAS' KING
 [--- JOHN' KING
 [--- TOMMY' KING, b. 1801
 [--- ALLEN' WILLIAMS
 [--- PRISCILLA' WILLIAMS
 ELIZABETH' KING, b. 1825, d. 1895
 [--- MATILDA' RUNNELS, b. 1807
 MARGARET ANNETTE' FLOYD, b. 1918, d. 2006
 [--- (--?--)' HOLLAND
 [--- JOHN' HOLLAND, b. circa 1803, d. before 1857
 JOHN JASPER' HOLLAND, b. 1838, d. 1862
 [--- MARY' LITTLE, b. 1811, d. before 1849
 JESSE JASPER' HOLLAND, b. 1860, d. 1934
 [--- JESSE' DONALDSON
 [--- JOSEPH C.' DONALDSON, b. 1807, d. 1880
 [--- HANNAH' (--?--)
 JOSEPHINE' DONALDSON, b. 1842, d. 1907
 [--- ARCHIBALD' ODOM SR, b. 1758, d. 1845
 [--- JAMES MADISON' ODOM, b. 1779, d. before 1830
 [--- PENELOPE' HARRIS
 SUSANNAH "SUSIE"' ODOM, b. 1813, d. after 1880
 [--- ELIZABETH' ODOM, b. circa 1790, d. after 1860
 ANNIE JANE' HOLLAND, b. 1884, d. 1967
 [--- JOEL OR JOSEPH' BRYANT, b. circa 1775, d. after 1840
 JESSE' BRYANT SR, b. 1793, d. 1887
 [--- CHARITY' BRYANT, b. circa 1772, d. after 1850
 THOMAS' BRYANT, b. 1819, d. before 1870
 [--- MARGARET' (--?--), b. 1796, d. 1867
 MARY ORLIFFIE' BRYANT, b. 1863, d. after 1925
 [--- JAMES MARSHAL' MULLIS
 SOLOMON' MULLIS, b. 1795
 [--- MARGARET BRUMBELOW' BLACKSTONE
 MARGARETTE' MULLIS, b. 1823
 [--- NANCY' AUSTIN

WILLIAM BASSE – OUR EARLIEST KNOWN ANCESTOR

WILLIAM¹ BASSE, b. circa 1522 France

+**MARY¹ CARKIN**, b. circa 1520 England, m. 1542 England, d. 1542

— **HUMPHREY² BASSE**, b. circa 1564 France, d. 1616 London, England

+**MARY² BUSCHER**, b. circa 1560, m. 1588, d. 1616 London, England

— **NATHANIEL³ BASSE**, b. 1589 London, England, d. 1654 London, England

+**MARY³ JORDAN**, b. 1591, m. 1613 London, England, d. 1630 England

— **SAMUEL⁴ BASSE**, b. 1615 London, England, d. 1622 Jamestown, VA

— **HUMPHERY⁴ BASSE**, b. 1615 London, England, d. 1622 Jamestown, VA

— **JOHN⁴ BASSE SR**, b. 1616 England, d. 1699 VA

+**ELIZABETH KEZIAH⁴ TUCKER**, b. circa 1624 Kecaughton, VA, m. 1638 New Norfolk, VA, d.

1676 VA

— **NATHANIEL⁵ BASSE**, b. 1640 VA, d. 1652 VA

— **KEZIAH⁵ BASSE**, b. 1643 VA

— **ELIZABETH⁵ BASSE**, b. 1645 VA, d. VA

— **JORDAN⁵ BASSE**, b. 1648 VA, d. 1651 VA

— **SAMUEL⁵ BASSE**, b. 1652 VA

— **WILLIAM⁵ BASS SR**, b. 1654 VA, d. 1741 VA

+**CATHERINE⁵ LANIER**, b. 1650, m. 1671, d. 1691

— **EDWARD⁶ BASS**, b. 1672 VA, d. 1748 NC

+**LOVEWELL⁶ (--?--)**, m. circa 1696, d. after 1750

— **BENJAMIN⁷ BASS**, d. NC

— **JOSEPH⁷ BASS**, d. SC

— **JOHN⁷ BASS**, d. say 1748

— **SAMPSON⁷ BASS**, d. NC

— **MARY⁷ BASS**

— **JAMES⁷ BASS**

— **REUBEN⁷ BASS**

— **KATHERINE⁷ BASS**

+**GEORGE⁷ ANDERSON**

— **KEZIAH⁷ BASS**

— **DINAH⁷ BASS**

— **EDWARD⁷ BASS**, b. circa 1702, d. circa 1800 NC

— **JOHN⁶ BASS**, b. 1673 VA, d. 1732 NC

+**LOVE⁶ HARRIS**, m. 1696 VA

— **EDWARD⁷ BASS**, b. 1698, d. after 1775

+unknown spouse

— **WRIGHT⁸ BASS**

— **ARTHUR⁸ BASS**, b. 1750, d. 1823

+**MOURNING⁸ RICHARDSON**

— **ARTHUR⁹ BASS**, b. 1784, d. after 1832

+**PRISCILLIA⁹ (--?--)**

— **SOLOMON¹⁰ BASS**, b. 1822, d. 1903

+**SARAH ANN E.¹⁰ GEORGE**

— **JEMIMA¹¹ BASS**, b. 1856, d. 1919

+**GEORGE WILLIAM¹¹ FRENCH SR** is still living

WILLIAM¹² GIDDINGS, b. 1861

WILLIAM FRANKLIN¹² WARDLOW

+ELIZABETH⁸ (--?--)

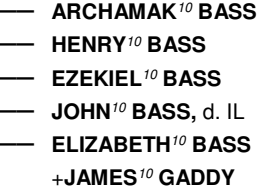
+/**HOLLOMAN**/¹⁰ (--?--)

JETHRO⁹ BASS, b. circa 1780

+RILEY¹⁰ PIERCE

CADER¹⁰ BASS, b. 1790, d. 1858

$$+(-\text{?}-)^9 (-\text{?}-)$$

**+BENJAMIN⁹ COOKE**

THEOPHILUS⁹ BASS, b. circa 1751, d. 1829 TN

+WINIFRED⁹ (--?--), d. 1854 NC

— **ETHELDRED¹⁰ BASS**

— **JOHN¹⁰ BASS**

— ANN¹⁰ BASS

+/**BRIDGES**/¹⁰ (--?--)

— /BASS/¹⁰ (--?--)

+HARTY¹⁰ ODUM

— /BASS/¹⁰ (--?--)

+JOHN¹⁰ EDWARDS

WARREN⁹ BASS, b. circa 1755, d. 1806 NC

$$+(-\text{?}-)^9 (-\text{?}-)$$

— **NANCY¹⁰ BASS**

— **LYDAK¹⁰ BASS**

REDDICK⁹ BASS, b. 1755 NC, d. 1829 GA

+OBEDIENCE⁹ PARSONS, b. circa 1754, m. 1774

— **NANCY¹⁰ BASS**

— ELIZABETH¹⁰ BASS+KENDALL¹⁰ MC TYEIRE

— NARCISSA¹¹ MC TYEIRE

REDDICK¹¹ MC TYEIRE

— **LARKIN¹⁰ BASS**, d. GA

— **PARSONS¹⁰ BASS**, b. after 1774, d. GA

— **BUCKNER¹⁰ BASS**, b. 1788 North Carolina, NC, d. AL

$$+(-\text{?}-)^{10} (-\text{?}-)$$

JANE¹¹ BASS

JACOB⁹ BASS JR, b. after 1774, d. 1810 NC

$$+(-\text{?}-)^9 (-\text{?}-)$$

— **NANCY¹⁰ BASS**

— **SALLY¹⁰ BASS**

+GUILFORD¹⁰ COOKE

— **WYATT¹⁰ BASS**, d. TN

— JACOB¹⁰ BASS, d. GA

— **BETSY¹⁰ BASS**

+**JACOB¹⁰ GUPTON**, m. 1810 NC

— CYNTHIA¹⁰ BASS, d. 1827 NC

+/**BOYKIN**/¹⁰ (--?--)

+unknown spouse

— **GUILFORD¹⁰ BASS**, d. TN

+**ANN⁹ COOK**, m. 1785, d. after 1810

ISAAC⁸ BASS, b. before 1745, d. 1800 NC

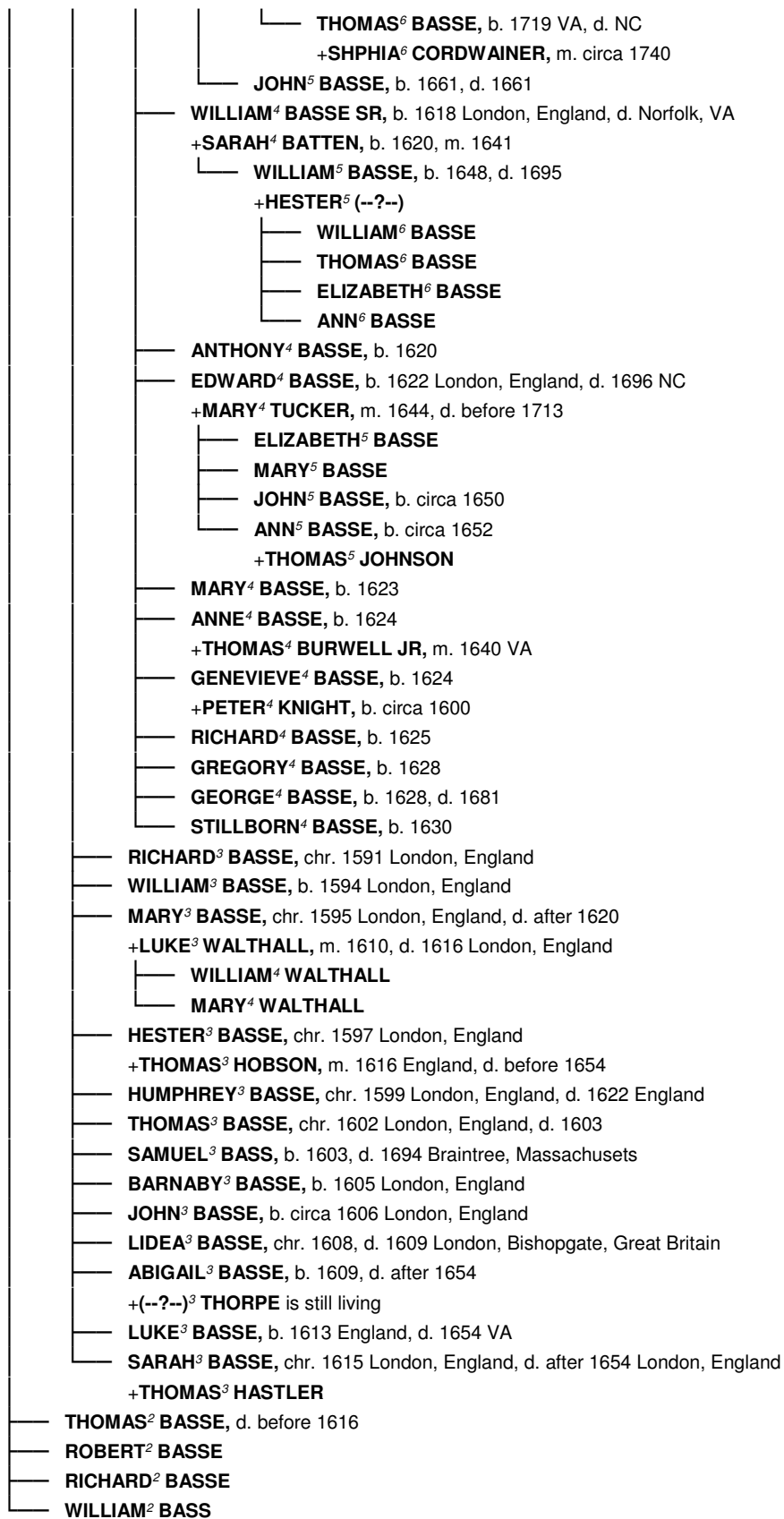
+**NANCY (ANN)**⁸ (--?--), d. circa 1811 NC

ETHRO⁹ BASS

AAC⁹ BASS

									—	JOHN ⁹ BASS
									—	JESSE ⁹ BASS, d. 1822 NC
									+	FRANCIS ⁹ (--?--)
									—	COFFIELD ¹⁰ BASS
									—	COUNCIL ¹⁰ BASS, d. after 1835 Mississippi, MS
									—	GOODMAN ¹⁰ BASS, d. after 1835 MS
									—	SION ¹⁰ BASS, d. circa 1837
									—	JORDON ¹⁰ BASS, d. AR
									—	GIDEON ¹⁰ BASS
									—	ERWIN (EDWIN) ¹⁰ BASS, d. circa 1837 MS
									—	ISSACC ¹⁰ BASS, d. circa 1835 MS
									—	EDMON ¹⁰ BASS
									+	(--?--) ¹⁰ (--?--), m. 1836 NC
									—	JESSE ¹⁰ BASS, d. after 1836 MS
									—	FRANCES ¹⁰ BASS, d. after 1841 MS
									+	WILLIAM W. ¹⁰ EALEY
									—	ISAAC ¹¹ EALEY
									—	HARRIET ¹¹ EALEY
									—	WILLIAM COUNCIL ¹¹ EALEY
									—	JOSIAH ¹¹ EALEY
									—	MARTHA H. ¹¹ EALEY
									—	PENELOPE ¹⁰ BASS
									+	/WILHIGHT ¹⁰ (--?--)
									—	ELIZABETH ¹⁰ BASS, d. MS
									+	JOS, ¹⁰ HOLLAND
									—	LOUZANY ¹⁰ BASS, d. after 1821 GA
									—	DINISA (NISE) ⁹ BASS
									+	/ROGERS ⁹ (--?--)
									—	LEVICEY (CRISE) ⁹ BASS
									+	/LAURENCE ⁹ (--?--)
									—	AUGUSTIN ⁹ BASS SR, b. 1769, d. 1816
									+	LYDIA ⁹ (--?--)
									—	NANCY ¹⁰ BASS
									—	BLAKE ¹⁰ BASS
									—	BENNET ¹⁰ BASS
									—	JACOB ¹⁰ BASS, b. 1789
									—	AUGUSTINE ¹⁰ BASS JR, b. 1792
									+	JULIA ANN ¹⁰ SIKES, m. 1833 NC
									—	JACOB ¹¹ BASS (see above)
									—	MOURNING ¹⁰ BASS, b. 1801
									—	EMBRY ¹⁰ BASS, b. 1804
									—	MARY ⁷ BASS, b. circa 1707
									—	JUDITH ⁷ BASS, b. circa 1708, d. NC
									+	WILLIAM ⁷ CANADAY, m. NC
									—	PATIENCE ⁷ BASS, b. circa 1710
									—	AARON ⁷ BASS, b. circa 1724
									+	MARY ⁶ (--?--), b. NC, m. after 1724 NC
									—	ELIZABETH ⁷ BASS
									+	EDWARD ⁷ TAYLOR
									—	WILLIAM ⁶ BASS, b. 1676, d. 1751 VA
									+	SARAH ⁶ LOVINA, m. 1729 Norfolk, VA
									—	JOSEPH ⁶ BASS, b. 1679, d. after 1742

- MARY⁶ BASS, b. 1681
- KEZIAH⁶ BASS, b. 1681, d. circa 1704
- THOMAS⁶ BASS, b. 1687, d. after 1741
- RICHARD⁵ BASSE, b. 1658, d. 1722
- +JANE⁵ BRYANT, b. 1665, m. 1680, d. 1690
- CHARLES⁶ BASSE, b. 1681 VA
- SAMUEL⁶ BASSE, b. 1683 VA
- JAMES⁶ BASSE, b. 1684 VA
- MATTHEW⁶ BASSE, b. 1684 VA
- KEZIAH⁶ BASSE, b. 1687 VA
- ANNA⁶ BASSE, b. 1688 VA
- +MARY⁵ BURWELL, m. 1695 VA
- ANDREW⁶ BASSE SR, b. 1698 VA, d. 1770 NC
- +ELIZABETH⁶ SMITH, b. circa 1728 VA, m. circa 1728 VA
- ANN⁷ BASSE
- +RICHARD⁷ BLACKLEDGE
- RICHARD⁷ BASSE, b. circa 1730 NC, d. circa 1792 NC
- +SARAH⁷ (--?--)
- ANDREW⁸ BASSE, b. circa 1756, d. 1791 NC
- +CHRISTIAN ?⁸ SCULL, m. circa 1780
- ELIZABETH⁸ BASSE, b. circa 1759
- +JAMES⁸ STEVENS
- EDWARD⁸ BASSE, b. circa 1762, d. circa 1802 NC
- +SARAH⁸ FARMER
- JOHN⁹ BASSE, d. between 1820 and 1821 AL
- +unknown spouse
- URIAH¹⁰ BASSE
- MARY¹⁰ BASSE
- BETSY¹⁰ BASSE
- SALLY¹⁰ BASSE
- ANNEA¹⁰ BASSE
- KEZIAH¹⁰ BASSE
- RICHARD¹⁰ BASSE
- ANDREW⁹ BASSE
- MARY⁹ BASSE
- +BRITTON⁹ HOOD
- RICHARD⁹ BASSE, d. circa 1897 TN
- WILLIAM⁹ BASSE
- KEZIAH⁹ BASSE
- +JOHN⁹ COX
- URIAH⁹ BASSE
- SARAH⁸ BASSE, b. circa 1764
- +JOSEPH⁸ BOON
- URIAH⁸ BASSE, b. 1766 NC, d. 1819 AL
- ANDREW⁷ BASSE, b. circa 1740, d. 1791 NC
- +ANN⁷ (--?--)
- ANTHONY⁶ BASSE SR, b. 1698 VA
- ALEXANDER⁶ BASSE, b. 1702 VA
- RICHARD⁶ BASSE JR, b. 1707 VA
- MARY⁶ BASSE, b. 1709 VA
- WILLIAM⁶ BASSE, b. 1713 VA
- URIAH⁶ BASSE, b. 1716 VA



FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE SEE:

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MARGOT WOODROUGH

WHOLE CLOTH

INTRODUCTION

The following is a paragraph taken from a talk I gave at a Floyd family reunion in 1988. It continues to express the sentiment and reason for writing the story of the Floyd Family in 2006.

Perhaps one of the most thrilling moments we as individuals experience is finding for the first time a connection between ourselves and our extended family of ancestors. We seem to feel a sense of belonging, of permanence, of worth, of psychic satisfaction in knowing that we are part of an ancient genetic line, that some of our own personal quirks and foibles are shared by some distant relative in the past, and that those same happy or embarrassing quirks and foibles will be shared by another in the future. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the 19th century American writer, became enchanted with the origins of his own peculiarities and inclinations and finally settled upon this charming explanation:

"My character or nature is made up of infinite particles of inherited tendencies from my ancestors – a little seed of laziness came from this grandfather, some remote grandmother has stamped me with a fear of dogs and a love of horses; there may be in me a bit of outlawry from a pirate forefather, and a dash of piety from one who was a saint. My so-called particularities, my gestures, my ways and manners, I borrow them all, without exceptions. So everything in me passes on through my children. I am sewn between ancestry and posterity."

It is our nature to wonder why and for what purpose – to keep on trying in the face of enormous difficulty and sometimes to become despondent at the lack of answers to the questions. Perhaps a bit of reflection on the concept of being "sewn between ancestry and posterity" will ease the burden of "whys." Consider for a moment our importance to our ancestors. They have never known us – in fact they could only dimly have ever imagined us and yet without us they are truly dead. We are their

link to the future. In fact, we are one of the greatest fruits of their labor. Consider also, that hard as it may seem, most of us will one day be an ancestor to generations yet unborn. Having been given an awareness of our position between ancestry and posterity, we have an obligation to leave our descendants a proper record of ourselves, and the best starting point for the story is today.

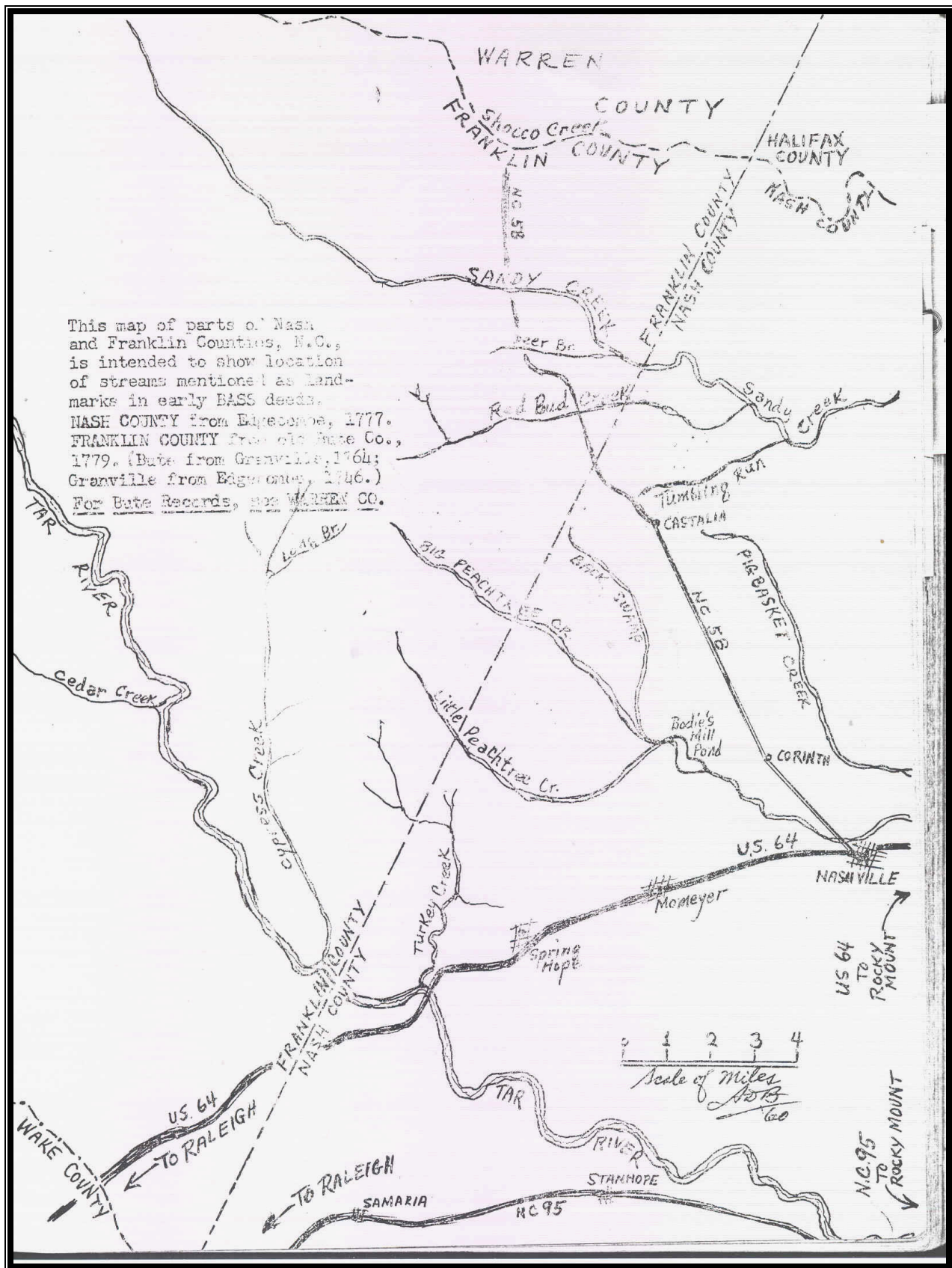
EARLY SETTLERS

The Floyd family history in Georgia began when Mourning Bass Floyd and her husband Federick Floyd and six young children migrated to the newly opened lands between the Oconee and the Okmulgee rivers to the newly formed Pulaski County. Their new home was land recently taken¹ from the Cherokee Indians and was ripe for white settlement. When Mourning and Fed arrived about 1810 from North Carolina they, like so many settlers were seeking new lands and new opportunities.

The couple might be “new” to Georgia, but neither came from a family that was “new” to America. Mourning and Fed migrated to Georgia from Nash County North Carolina and were direct descendants of both the Bass and Floyd families who first settled along the south side of the James River in Virginia in the early 17th century when America was truly a new world. Eventually, both families followed the flow of civilization from tidewater Virginia to the new lands of central North Carolina (in the early 18th century.) In North Carolina the Bass family left numerous records of themselves in public documents, wills and land sales. In fact, the Bass family left so many records that its is possible to recreate many large family groups and even to pinpoint their farm locations in places called “Pigbasket Creek” and “Uriah Swamp.”

On the other hand, the Floyd family left scant records and are a bit more mysterious. We know for sure that the Floyds are there, but we must use our imagination to discover them. They cast mostly shadowed images yet their story is as uniquely old and distinguished as the Basse family.

¹ The thought of taking Indian lands opens up an enormous field for discussion that is beyond the scope of this story, but nevertheless begs the question: How would we feel if the Indians returned to reclaim their ancestral lands?



Map from "Bass Family of the South" by Albert Bell

When the young couple, Mourning Bass and Fed Floyd, migrated from North Carolina to Pulaski County Georgia, they brought six children and an oral tradition of their family history during the early years of the 19th century. Unfortunately, neither could read nor write and the threads of their story unraveled and thinned with time. In fact, the couple themselves would have vanished completely if it not been for the action of their last daughter, Francis Mary Ann, who recorded the family's birth and death dates in a Bible. Perhaps more remarkable is the fact that except for a few chance conversations among the late 20th century descendants, the Bible information could easily have vanished. The heritage of Francis Mary Ann Floyd Wardlow's Bible record enables us, the 20th century family, to leap back to the 18th century to read the story of the Bass and Floyd families and know them as our link with the early formative years of the United States.

Serendipity led us to the Wardlow Family Bible containing the family entries vital to link present Floyds directly to the Floyd and Bass families of 18th century North Carolina. Francis Mary Ann's Bible entries form the warp of the family fabric. How fortunate that her interest in recording family history enabled her descendants to know their link with the 18th and 19th century settlers of Virginia and North Carolina. We know a family story that Francis Mary Ann probably didn't fully comprehend. Both the Floyd and the Bass family are original settlers of America. Nathaniel Bass arrived from England before the Pilgrims.

The story of our ancestors is a micro version of the American story. To know these pioneers is to know the country that was their creation and our heritage. We today are what they were working to achieve. We represent the fruit of their efforts, and we owe them the thanks of recognizing our inheritance – their living gift to us.

Births. Births.

Fredrick Floyd Family
Lucinda Floyd was
Borned the 18 of October
1799

Harty Floyd was
Borned 23 of September
1801

Rebecca Floyd was
Borned May the 8th
1803

Shadrach Floyd
Was Borned November
the 5. 1805

Nancy Floyd was
Borned 4 of March 1809

John Floyd was
Borned 5 of March 1810

Thomas J Floyd was
borned 5 of May 1811

Washington J Floyd
was borned the 4
of January 1814

Agnes Floyd was
borned 11 April 1814

Eliza J Floyd was
borned 29 March 1817

Francis Mary Ann
Floyd was borned
January 23 1824

James Wardlow
was borned October
3. 1822

Wardlow
Bible

Wardlow Family Bible showing
Fed and Mourning's children

Let's drop back several hundred years and try to imagine what life might have been like in the 17th century that caused Nathaniel Basse to venture to Virginia. James I was king of England. Land was becoming very scarce in England as a result of the "enclosure laws" calling for the building of walls to contain the growing herds of sheep being raised to feed the expanding demand for wool for the ever increasing fabric mills. With a growing population and shrinking land resources it was natural that many people were enticed across the sea to the wilderness of a new land seeking expanded opportunities. The early settlers were a motley assortment of society, but these early settlers along the James River certainly represented the "cream of the crop" as far as the laws of evolution, genetics and natural selection are concerned for they survived disease, starvation and an arduous ship voyage. If you enjoy a healthy long life, thank the ancestors who brought along the good genetic makeup so necessary for survival.

Among the earliest settlers were investors looking for business opportunities, adventurers in search of excitement as well as the dispossessed who bound themselves as indentured servants in order to have an opportunity in the new world. Some were men who, like our ancestor Nathaniel Basse, had access to financial backing and investment capital, while others had only their labor to sell.² In either case, these people possessed strong survival instincts and skills. Those who survived disease, starvation and Indian attacks were the strongest of the strong. The journey across the ocean and the first few years of chopping a civilization from the wilderness was itself a natural "selector." Anyone lacking skills or physical and mental fortitude was quickly eliminated by Mother Nature. Life was hard and the daily challenges were enormous.

Early Virginia history resembles the formative years of a young business. In fact, colonization was a business and in July 1623 the privately funded Virginia Company of London of which the Basse family were stockholders faced the danger of bankruptcy and was placed under the management of the Privy Counsel, an act that eventually gave way to Royal rule on May 24, 1624, when the company charter was revoked and Virginia was designated a Royal colony with forty men designated to manage the colonial affairs in place of the dissolved company. The history of the dissolved Virginia Company was long, reaching back to March 25, 1584, when Sir Walter Raleigh, who had earlier accompanied Sir Humphrey Gilbert on an exploration trip to America, renewed Gilbert's patent for exploration and settlement in North America. Raleigh landed on Roanoke Island in July 1584

² The second large wave of settlers in the mid-1600s was composed of people who had run out of options at home. They were sons and daughters with no hope of inheritance, and many were deported prisoners.

and named the newly discovered land Virginia in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, but as we all learned in school; the first tentative settlements of the late 1500s were disasters with great loss of life.

Then on May 24, 1607, one hundred and five settlers were sent by the London Company to settle Jamestown. Starvation and disease reduced their number to thirty two in the first seven months, and the colony of Virginia along the James River struggled for many years. By the end of 1621 there were sufficient troubles to drive any reasonable settler back to England, but March 22, 1622, made it worse – dreadfully worse. Suddenly, mass violence erupted between the settlers and the Indians. The Opechancanough Indians attacked and massacred 350 colonists. The Indians were eventually subdued, but only at great cost and the loss of years of hard labor spent in cultivation of land and building homes. Statistics show that nearly four-fifths of the colonists sent to the James River between 1607 and 1624 died from awful conditions. The survivors were the hardiest of the hardy – the cream of the crop. We are the legacy of a great battle for survival.

Only fragments of the public record survive to tell the story of the early Basse and Floyd settlers in Virginia, but there is enough to draw a story line. In 1623 a few months following the violence with the Indians, there is a record of a Thomas and a Nathaniel Floyd both of whom are shown as living at West and Sherlow Hundred in Isle of Wight County Virginia. (A “hundred” is an area of land that can supply 100 men of fighting age for a militia). Isle of Wight County survives today in its original location on the south side of the James River roughly across from Jamestown. These two men named Floyd were young adults and perhaps even brothers. Another record shows that Nathaniell Floyd, age 24, came to Isle of Wight County Virginia in 1623 on the ship “Bona Nova”.

Apparently, he arrived with a military expedition under the direction of Edward Blaney, and it is entirely possible that the expedition was sent in direct response to the previous year’s troubles with the Indians.

In his book “Plain Folk of the Old South” by Frank I. Owsley there are some interesting tidbits that serve to illuminate the people, their motives for migrating and the times in general. Let’s pause for a moment to consider some of them.

- A debtor could divest himself of debts by migrating, and lawbreakers could get beyond the reach of the sheriff.
- Marriages could easily be dissolved without bothering about a divorce, alimony or other social conventions.
- People tended to remain with a group that was migrating and sometimes

whole churches would move.

- There was the desire for ownership of land, and a farmer tended to seek a place that was similar to where he came from. Sometimes a family would move several times in and around a new location until they found just the right spot.
- Religion was a very important element and the social life of the community revolved around it.
- Southern folk were a closely-knit people who did not regard the large planters as their oppressors. Rather, they admired them and looked with approval on their successes. They could see that the door of economic opportunity swung easily to the thrust of their own and their son's ambitions. Relatively few desired to be wealthy; rather they desired to acquire land sufficient to give them and their children security. The abundance of cheap land and generally high prices served to prevent a sense of frustration and resentment against the wealthy.

Gradually, from the mists of time we see shadowy bits of fact that illuminate our Floyds. It is likely that either Thomas or Nathaniell Floyd had a son named Nathan who he was born between 1620 and 1630. Later records show that Nathan Floyd married a woman named Mary about 1656 (she was called "widow of Nathan" on the occasion of her second marriage to Francis Hobbs). There is no direct evidence for these dates and no clear indication of Mary and Nathan's children, but in 1677 and again 12 years later in 1689 a man named Francis Floyd appeared as a witness to a will, and it is conceivable he was Mary and Nathan's child. Apparently, this Francis Floyd died in 1741 for there is a county record of an estate appraisal in the name of Francis Floyd that year.

The shadowy Floyd family comes into focus about 1690 with the birth of Joanna Goodson who married a Floyd and produced four sons whom she named in her will in 1736. The sons are Thomas, Francis, Joseph and George. The family lived in Isle of Wight County Virginia. The given name of Joanna's Floyd husband has not been found, but because of the frequency of the name Thomas, Nathaniel and Francis, its possible one of these names is his. When her Floyd husband died, Joanna married Matthew Lowry. This makes me suspect that her first husband was named Thomas as Thomas Floyd owned land adjoining Matthew Lowry. A likely scenario is that Matthew was a widower with two sons, James and Matthew and he and Joanna married when she was left a widow with four sons. (She mentions all six boys by name in her will.)

Two of Joanna Goodson Floyd's sons, Thomas and Francis eventually moved to

North Carolina where they are shown jointly witnessing a will for George Bell who is the father-in-law of Francis Floyd. In 1755 Francis Floyd having sold his land in Isle of Wight bought land in Edgecombe County from William Kinchen which Francis then left to his son, Parramon, by a will December 30th 1760. His will mentions his wife Elizabeth Bell (daughter of George Bell) and children Parramon, Cyrus, Deliah, Benj, Sadisha and Elizabeth. Then twelve years later in 1772 Parramon sold the land to Thomas Floyd (who was either his brother or nephew) and his wife Ann who less than a year later sold it to John Battle. (The name Kinchen is interesting as it persists in the Floyd family for 100 years, and appears in the mid-1800s in Pulaski County as Amos Kinchen Floyd.)³

With the frequent use of the names Thomas and Francis in the Floyd family it is difficult to do more than a “rough” sort of the early family. Perhaps a future researcher will be able to pick through the pieces and be more definite. Nevertheless, Thomas Floyd appears with his wife Ann in the land records of North Carolina over the nine year period of 1747 to 1756. This Thomas Floyd is our ancestor. He is Fed Floyd’s father, and quite likely the son or grandson of Joanna Goodson Floyd Lowry. We know his identity for certain from a Bute County North Carolina record ⁴ that lists Thomas as having three slaves and a son Amos. Amos is Fed’s brother as shown by Amos’ will:

1807 - Will of Amos Floyd

In the name of God Amen I am weak in body but sound mind and memory my will is that my just debts and fineral charges shall be paid. (Item) after that I wont my brother Federick Floyd (the husband of Mourning) paid for all the troble and expence that he was at in my sickness. (Item) I give and bequeath all my wearning clothes to my two brothers to be Equally devided to them and their heirs for ever. (Item) my will is that all the rest and residue of my Estate shall be equally divided among my brothers and sister to them and thair heirs for Ever. I constitute and apoint my brother Federick Floyd to be my executor to this my Last will and Testament. Sine Sealed and delivered in presence of This 27th of October A.D. 1807 (Note: He seems to have signed this himself) Amos Floyd Witness Nathan Whitehead Wm.

³ The name Kinchen is “old” in the new world. As yet no evidence of blood relations have been found between the Floyds and Kinchens so for the moment we must suppose that the name was used as an act of reverence in the same way that people named their children Thomas Jefferson or George Washington. One source attributes the Kinchen name to the local Indians.

⁴ Bute County later became Franklin and Warren County when Bute County was abolished because the man for whom it was named was despised by the colonists.

Whilless

The records of Isle of Wight County Virginia indicate that Francis and Thomas Floyd who migrated from Virginia to North Carolina in the mid 18th century were both dead within two years of each other. In the year 1765, Francis Floyd's estate in Isle of Wight County was appraised and in 1767 the Estate of Thomas Floyd of Isle of Wight County was appraised. Let's suppose that these are the same Francis and Thomas who purchased land 40 years earlier in 1721 and later sold part of it to facilitate their migration to Edgecombe County North Carolina in 1741 and 1755. If so, the death of these apparent brothers marks the final break for the Floyds with their Virginia roots.

When Thomas and Francis Floyd decided to abandon Virginia and move 100 miles southwest into the territory of North Carolina, they were leaving their native land and becoming pioneers for essentially the same reasons that their grandfathers left England more than 100 years earlier. They, like their fathers, were seeking new opportunity, uncrowded living conditions and better land. Tobacco was the main crop and it drained the soil's fertility at a time when artificial fertilization was unknown. When land was exhausted, the obvious solution was to move to more fertile property. Also, perhaps the colony of Virginia was experiencing political and social "growing pains." For one or more reasons, the Floyd brothers and some of the early Bass family left the relative security of the Virginia colony and headed south as pioneers to the wilderness of North Carolina.

Early North Carolina pioneers arrived in a wilderness that itself needed another century in order to develop the type of civilization that Virginia had in the mid 18th century. North Carolina was isolated. It was backwoods and not bisected by wide and deep rivers useful for easy commerce by boat. In order to travel into North Carolina a settler either walked or rode a cart following Indian and animal trails through the forest. North Carolina remained isolated for longer than usual since it did not possess a single good port and its coast was isolated by the sandbanks known today as the Outer Banks. These barrier islands of high shifting sand, that for 21st century people provide seaside homes and vacation opportunities, were for the early settlers a natural barrier that restricted both access and commerce, and caused the citizens of North Carolina to remain isolated and self-dependant for many generations. They were a bit of a different breed willing to accept the primitive lifestyle caused by isolation. Those settlers who did find North Carolina an attractive home were a hardy group who valued privacy and freedom from the sometime too-long arm of the law and government preferring to take their chances with the wilderness in exchange for a certain amount of freedom. Since the

territory had neither improved roadways nor waterways, travel to North Carolina required many days on foot over primitive trails. This isolation from the Atlantic Ocean and the need for self-sufficiency forged another layer of strength into the steel of the citizens, an attribute that would pass to many generations as the family migrated farther south to Georgia.

A Thomas Floyd appears in 1771 in the records of Bute County North Carolina, with a son named Amos and three slaves. (We know from Amos's will that Amos is the brother of Fed Floyd who married Mourning Bass.) So it's reasonable to assume that this is Fed Floyd's father. Thomas is married to a woman named Ann and later records show that the sister of Fed, Shadrack and Amos was also named Ann. All of this is a bit circumstantial based on a recurrence of similar names. I dare to do this type of imagining because at this early date there were relatively few inhabitants in a particular county and migration from one area to another was infrequent. (For example, in 1760 the population of all 13 colonies was only 1,600,000.) It is reasonable to assume that individuals with the same surname living in the same county could indeed be closely related. (After the mid 18th century the population increased to such a level that making these family relationship assumptions is not prudent.) Keep in mind that the gaps in the early records caused by fires at courthouses, lack of complete recordings, etc., may mean that it will never be possible to absolutely establish relationships. Therefore, for the sake of the story we may tolerate some imagination, but only if it is carefully characterized as being less than documental fact.

I feel sure that Joanna Goodson Floyd Lowry was either the grandmother or the great-grandmother of Fed Floyd, and Fed's father was certainly sufficiently established in Edgecombe County North Carolina in the mid 1700's to consider it home. The Floyds emigrated from Virginia in a time of incredible growth for the area as the North Carolina counties were being formed and re-formed on a regular basis in order to meet the needs of the expanding population. County government was extremely important to these early farmers because it was vital that their land be properly surveyed, recorded, deeded and devised. Land was life and all of life revolved around the proper management and disposition of land.

Thomas Floyd (Father of Fed) of Edgecombe then Bute County would later be known as Thomas Floyd of Franklin County North Carolina, and it is possible that a future search of the records of Franklin County will yield some interesting facts. Incidentally, Thomas did not move from Bute to Franklin. He stayed put and the county was split and renamed. This was a common occurrence since courts and courthouses were so important to early settlers, and travel was difficult and time precious, it was a logical progression to keep redefining county lines, splitting and

combining counties as the population grew and shifted. Remember, that for our forefathers there was always some business before the county commissioners or the court. If it was not a will to be presented for probate then it was a report to the orphan's court regarding the minor children in one's care as a result of a parent's untimely death. There were Letters of Administration to secure, Reports of Appraisal and the ever-present duty of serving on the jury; as a witness or just appearing to testify as a witness to a document or deed. Men of the 18th century spent more time in travel and appearances related to land or legal matters than their 20th century counterparts. For the occasions that 21st century men send a letter, a fax or even an e-mail the men of the 18th century were required to travel to court and appear in person. In addition they needed to be home by nightfall to milk cows, feed pigs or birth livestock.

One of the earliest North Carolina counties was Perquimans, formed in 1670 and from it was formed the county of Bertie. Later Bertie developed into Northampton and then Edgecombe in 1741. (Remember that Thomas Floyd of Virginia bought land in Edgecombe County in 1746 just five years after the county was formed.) Indications are that he was one of the many early settlers whose entrance into the area caused the obvious growth evidenced by the formation in 1758 of Halifax County and then again 20 years later in 1777 when Nash County was formed from Edgecombe.

It is in Nash and Edgecombe County that the records of the unification of the Bass and Floyd family are recorded, and it is from Nash County North Carolina that Fed and Mourning Floyd departed when they began the next significant migration of the family into Georgia, but that is jumping into the future without knowing the players. Let us get to know the Bass family as individuals.

THE BASS FAMILY

The Bass family to which Fed Floyd's wife Mourning belonged passed through a similar process of development and change as seen in the Floyd family history. However, unlike the "elusive" Floyds who need their story imaginatively "fleshed out" the Bass family left an enormous amount of evidence in the public record. These shreds and patches of fact fluttered down to us sometimes through blind luck and sometimes because of the acquisition of land by the family.⁵

⁵ Land transfers by nature necessitate documentation in public records.

When we remember that the sole link we have between the Floyds of Georgia and the Bass and Floyd families of North Carolina and Virginia is a single yellowed piece of paper written by Frances Mary Ann Floyd Wardlow of Georgia⁶ and the combined research of some modern descendants we see how fragile the thread of knowledge of our forebears really is. A whole colorful part of our existence would not be known to us if Frances Mary Ann had not made her notes in the family Bible; and if her descendants had not protected it so well; and if Tina Floyd Rosenberger had not discovered its existence. Furthermore, if Annette Floyd Kaplan had not worked at the Macon Telegraph where she met Don Floyd who happened to be doing family research and introduced Don to her daughter who was likewise interested the story would not be nearly as rich. The threads of our family history are wound on many spools of “ifs”. The spools of thread and lucky connections combine to make the knowledge of the Floyd and Bass families available to us today. It is empowering knowledge that enriches our understanding of our own life and the history of our country. We all owe a debt to Francis Mary Ann for her concern for proper recording of the family’s significant dates. She provided us with the list of the children of Fed and Mourning Floyd and provided an important clue for present day researchers.⁷

It’s easier to imagine the Bass and Floyd families if we think of Mourning Bass Floyd and her husband Fed Floyd as a central point from which we can go back to where the evidence grows dim, or come forward to the present and ourselves. Let’s use this couple as a starting point and continue the story to the present. Mourning and Fed are a medium to help us understand the families as the very real people they were. The couple stands with one foot in the colonial past and one in the industrialized South of the present. They are the knot linking the threads of our story.

MOURNING BASS FLOYD

The story of Mourning’s family can be traced almost from the beginning when the first person named Basse arrived in America. Mourning was a 7th generation American! She was the daughter of John Bass who died unexpectedly in 1803 and could easily have married Fed Floyd (who was appointed to administer the estate of her father, John Bass) because she was an orphan in need of care. Mourning appears to have been the only child of John Bass, and since there is no record of

⁶ Remember that for Francis Mary Ann to have made the record she needed education in reading and writing in addition to needing the wealth required to purchase the Bible (probably from a traveling salesman)

⁷ Frances Mary Ann “stitched” a story in her Bible. Perhaps the next baby born in the family should be named Frances in her honor.

John's wife at the time of his death, Mourning was probably orphaned when her father died young. We do not know why Fed Floyd was appointed administrator of his estate, but Fed must have been at least a trusted friend. Fed may have married Mourning to provide her with protection for she was quite young at the time of her marriage to Fed Floyd. In fact, the 1850 Pulaski County Georgia census indicates that Mourning Bass was born in 1790 making her about 13 at the time of her marriage. She was the granddaughter of a very wealthy man, Abraham Bass, who owned hundreds of acres of land in North Carolina and when he died in 1803 she very likely inherited either land or money that enable her to consider taking the pioneering step almost ten years later of relocating in the newly opened counties of Georgia. Mourning was named in her grandfather's will in 1803, and was at that time married to Fed Floyd, who also was mentioned in the will of Abraham Bass in a manner that lets us know Fed was not happy with the contents of the will.

A PORTION OF THE WILL OF ABRAHAM BASS

.... *Item my will and desire is that if Fed Floyd husband of Mourning Floyd ever brings a law suit against my self or my executors for any part of my estate - his part then to be only forty shillings and balance over and above the forty shillings to be for the use of supporting the said lawsuit.*

Apparently Fed Floyd did not bring suit against Abraham's estate as no record of one appears in the Nash County records. Later in this work is a discussion of the probable cause of the suit. Obviously there were some hard feelings in the family and it's possible that Fed and Mourning could have made their decision to go to Georgia as a result of these feelings.

JOHN BASS AND LOVE HARRIS

One of the early detailed records of our Bass family begins on Jan. 8, 1696, when John Bass (the great-great-grandfather of Mourning Bass) married Love Harris, with Major Samuel Swann officiating at the ceremony. Both John and Love were from Nansemond County Virginia which is south of the James River just east of Jamestown. The couple bought land from Abraham Hill in 1720 in North Carolina, and presumably that is where they made their living and raised their family. Love died before John and he married a second time to Mary Staples.

We know bits of information about John Bass that propels our imagination over the more than 250 year span that separates us from him. We learn interesting tidbits about John by reading his will dated January 18, 1732, and probated in the February session of the Bertie County North Carolina court. The will mentions sons Edward, William, Aaron, Moses, John; daughters Judity, Sarah Anderson, Lucy Bass, Mary, Patience; and a grandson named Aaron Johnston. In the will John Bass mentions his wife and "last wife's (Mary Staples) children"

It appears that John Bass and his wife Love Harris were among the original settlers of North Carolina having migrated from Virginia. The Bass family of Nansemond County Virginia descends from the Bass family of Isle of Wight County Virginia (one of the original counties) which was home to both the Bass and Floyd families clearly rooting us in the history of the United States back to the days of earliest colonization. The Floyd family of middle Georgia in the early 21st century can trace its origin in the United States back to the original settlers in Virginia where references to both Bass and Floyd are found in "Original List of Immigrants" by Hotten. The book has a chapter heading "List of Living and Dead in Virginia 1623." This chapter contains several interesting notations such as: Mrs. Basse is living in Virginia at Jordon's Journey." Named too are a Captain Nethanil Basse and a Samwell Basse.⁸ Also, there is a town in the area named Basses Choyse and mention made of a Captain Nethanil Basse having planted 300 acres called Warosquoiache Plantation. John Bass, the early immigrant to North Carolina, was the son of William Bass. Sr. and Catherine Lanier and the grandson of John Basse and Elizabeth Keziah Tucker (an Indian woman). His great-grandfather was Nathaniel Basse of the early Virginia settlements along the James River.

⁸ Many researches believe that Samuel Basse went to Massachusetts and married into the Alden family.

NATHANIEL BASSE OUR EARLIEST ANCESTOR IN AMERICA

Nathaniel Basse did not spring full grown from the Virginia soil. He too had a history that stretched back to London and even further back into Rouen France. Here is an educated supposition from Don Floyd, a descendant of Washington Floyd and a family researcher for many years. Don is a man of vivid imagination, but he also is a man who insists on following truth not wish.

Here are some thoughts from Don Floyd has been doing a good deal of research on the early Basse family. It's likely that none of his ideas can be proven, but that does not diminish their importance as they are an educated guess that serves to illuminate the times if not the actual family. Here are a few:

William (Guillaume?) Basse and Mary (Marie?) Carkin (?) Basse migrated from northern France (probably Rouen) to London between 1562 and 1565, the year that Humphrey Basse was born. William Basse would be about 42 years old in 1562, the year when the Guise faction of Catholics killed a group of Huguenots worshipping on a March day in Wassy, which is in Champagne, probably in the vicinity of Reims. The number of those killed has been estimated by various sources from 23 up to 1,200. The small number is reported by at least one Catholic historical report, and the higher figures seem to come from sources more sympathetic to the Huguenots, the latter of whom called themselves "Les Reformees."

The Huguenot capital offense, according to the clearly biased Catholic report, was disrupting a Mass by singing loudly during their own worship. The Catholic report said that while an edict in January 1562 provided for Les Reformees worship, theretofore forbidden in France, such worship was still forbidden in a fortified town, which Wassy apparently was.

It is safe to assume that news of the slaughter spread quickly throughout northern France, where the Huguenots seem to have originated. And it didn't take but a few weeks for the Huguenots to organize an army to fight the Catholic army, which apparently also was formed with urgent speed. The Huguenot Army, which seems to have included mercenaries, some from Germany – those war-loving Germans) quickly secured some towns in Northern France, including Rouen. The "Wars of the Religions," being born that March day, continued for many years.

William Basse could have served in that army but we have no way of knowing. I theorize that William Basse lived in an area about 10 miles south of the Belgium border. The place is called La Basse, which was reduced to tree stumps by the Germans during World War I. It may be the place where a Levis plant is now, but I'm not sure. La Basse would be a logical place for textile production, for much of northern France has been historically associated with the production of haberdashery items such as lace. Flax also was used to produce linen in the same area. The production of lace and linen in Northern France vastly predates the 16th century. Cambrais is chiefly associated with lace, and Cambrai is also up there close to the Belgium border, and Belgium also was

and is a lace-producing country. Mention lace, and many people automatically think of Belgium.

Anyway, William Basse soon saw the handwriting on the wall and knew that he had to get himself out of there. Where would he go? If his family specialized in lace, an area of wealth would be the best place to go, for only the wealthy could afford lace, which was incredibly intricate and highly desired by the landed gentry and nobility. Some of the Huguenots went to present-day Florida, and I believe I read that some went to Germany, which probably was a lousy idea. And some went to London, among other places.

And as we know, Humphrey Basse made himself a fortune at his haberdashery in London where he sold girdles (belts) and probably other textile products, including lace, ribbon and linen. The girdles of that period were nothing remotely resembling the Scarlet O'Hara corset. In fact, girdles then were not corsets. Girdles of that period were belts worn by both men and women. The expression "girding one's loins" is most likely associated with girdles, which did, indeed, gird loins.

But why would Northern France be a desired base for making lace and other textile products, including wool? The land there, being in the lowlands (Basse-Terre) and wetlands, was and is very fertile, which would be ideal for raising cotton and flax and grazing sheep, all needed to make the textile products.

In summary, we have a number of factors favoring northern France, possibly La Basse, as being the home of the Basses.

1. Northern France was where the Les Reformees, apparent followers of Calvin, were based, and they became known as Huguenots, and the Basses have been reported to be Huguenots. They apparently were based in northern France because that is where the well-off apparently lived, and the well-off were especially attracted to the idea of "the priesthood of the believer."
2. The English word "lowlands" is "Basse Terre" in French, the same as Terre Haute (highland) is in Indiana, and the lowlands are, in fact, in northern France.
3. Northern France is where textile products, especially lace, were made, having apparently filtered down from Belgium. (There are some localities in southern Belgium that have "Basse" as part of their names.)
4. Northern France was and is a fertile area, which would attract people wanting to raise cotton and flax and to graze sheep.
5. Humphrey Basse ran a haberdashery in London, indicating that he had a good knowledge of textile products and who to market them to.
6. It's a fairly straight shot and not a very long distance from northern France to London by way of the English Canal. Probably ferry.
7. London apparently needed craftsmen and was happy to see the Huguenots, who clearly provided products highly desired by the well-off in that city of approximately 500,000 people in the 16th century.

Don has also speculated about William's son, Humphrey Basse (Nathaniel's father): A number of Humphrey's children were baptized at St. Gabriel, Fenchurch St. London between the years 1571 and 1620. At the time their christenings were recorded Humphrey was called: haberdasher, french merchant (against Mynsyng Layne), marchart, girdler, marchant in the High Street.

In addition Humphrey was listed with a long list of others on the Third Virginia Charter (forming Jamestown) indicating that he subscribed money to the project. I suspect this was how his sons including Nathaniel became involved with the colony at such an early time. Charter of March 25, 1612 extended the territorial boundaries of Virginia to include the Bermuda Islands, often written in the documents of the time as, "the bermoodies". This Charter reduced the control of the London Company Treasurer and his council and gave much more power to the ordinary stockholder with regard to the affairs of both the London Company itself and to the government in the Colony. The Charter provided for the establishment of a lottery to create a permanent fund to support the future needs of Virginia. And, most importantly, the 1612 Charter introduced a democratic element that allowed the reorganization of the Virginia Colony Government in 1618. Under this reorganization, the first representative assembly outside England's Parliament came into being when the Burgesses gathered at Jamestowne July 30, 1619. This new system of colonial representation became the model of all future English colonies in the New World and the very basis of the democratic institutions in the future United States of America. The London Company continued to operate under the modified Charter of 1612 until Virginia became the King's Royal Colony, 1624. This was just about the time that West Indian tobacco was being introduced and only two years before the marriage of Pocahontas that occurred on April 5, 1614.



St. Alphage Church, Cripplegate ruins in London – near the Tower of London
Nathaniel Basse was buried here

Both the Bass and Floyd ancestors of Mourning Bass appear early in Colonial Virginia. In fact, the origins of the Basse family go back to England and before that to France. Here are two wills that tell us a great deal about the Basse family in England. The first is Humphrey Basse father of Nathaniel who was obviously a very wealthy man and a subscriber to the Virginia Company

Will was proved June 6 1616 by his widow Mary Basse, relict and executrix. Mentions children and among others Thomas Hobson.

The will of Humphrey Basse

In the name of God amen the thirteenth daye of

Maye Anno Domini one thowsand six hundred and sixteene and in the yeres of the raigne of oure soveraigne Lorde James by the grace of god of England Scotlande Fraunce and Ireland kynge defender of the faith etc that ys to saye of England France and Ireland the fourteenth and of Scotland the nyne and fortithe I Humphrey Basse citizen and girdler of London beyng at this present somewhat sicke in bodye but of good and perfect mynde and memorye (thanks be given to Almightye god) do make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and forme folowing that is to saye First and principallie I commende my soule into the handes of Almightye god my creator trusting and steadfastlie beleving by and thorough the merittes deathe and passion of Jesus Christe my Savoure and Redemer to have free remission of all my synnes: And after this transitorye life ended to inherit the kingdom of heaven Item I will my bodye to the earthe to be buried in suche manner and with suche funeralls aswell for mourninge apparrell as other-wise in all thinges as my executrix hereafter named shall in her discretion thinke meete Item I will that all suche debtes as I shall justlie and trulie owe to any person or persons at the tyme of my decease shalbe payed by myne executrix within as shorte tyme after my decease as convenientlie may be. Item my will and mynde ys that all and singular my goodes chattells leases houshold stuffe wares marchandize plate money debtes and all other my moveable estate which I shall have or be possessed of at the tyme of my decease shalbe equallie parted and devided into three equall partes and portions according to the laudable custome of the citie of London One third parte whereof I will and bequeathe to Mary my welbeloved wife One other third parte thereof I will and bequeathe to my sonnes Nathaniell Richard Samuell Humfrey and Luke And to my daughters Hester Abigall and Sara equallie amongst them to be parted and devided And the other third parte thereof I will shall remayne and be reserved by payment of suche legaceys and performance of suche other uses as are hereafter in this my last will given and appoynted But whereas I have alreadye in my life tyme given unto my said sonne Nathaniell Basse the somme of fower hundred poundes for and in parte of such portion as is or shalbe due unto hym by the custome of the said citie after my decease¹¹ The margin contains the following words, which are to be inserted here: 'my will and minde is that the same some of fower hundred poundes shalbe and shalbe reckned as parte and parcell of such ratable parte and portion as shall anie waie accrue or be due unto him after my decease by the custome of the saide cittie'. out of or by the saied third parte of my sayed goodes and estate so to be equallie parted and devided amongst my saied children as aforesayed And that he the saied Nathaniel Basse shall have only so muche more in money or other valuable substance payed and delivered unto hym by my executrix as shall make up the same somme of fower hundred poundes one full childe parte and as muche as any of my saied children are to have by the custome of the saied citie of or by the sayed third parte and not otherwise And whereas also I have alreadye in my life tyme given unto my sayed sonne Richard Basse the somme of three hundred poundes for and in parte of suche portion as ys or shalbe due unto hym by the custome of the sayed citie after my decease my will and mynde also ys that the saied somme of three hundred poundes shall be and shalbe reckoned as parte and p[ar]c[el]

of suche rateable parte and portion as shall any waye accrewe or be due unto hym after my
decease by the custome of the saied citie out of or by the sayed third parte of my sayed goodes
and estate so to be equallie parted and devyded amongst my saied children as aforesayed And
that he the saied Richard Basse shall have only so muche more in money or other valuable substance
payed or delivered unto hym as shall make up the sayed somme of three hundred poundes one full
childes parte and as muche as any of my sayed children are to have after my decease by the
custome of the sayed citie of or by the sayed third parte and not otherwise And whereas allso
I have allreadye in my life tyme given in marriage with Mary my daughter not before named
to Mr Luke Walthall her husband the somme of fyve hundred poundes for and towards her
advancement my will and mynde ys neverthesse that yf it happen or fall out uppon the
divident of my estate, that the severall partes or portions of my saied children do or shall
come arise or amounte unto a greater somme of money then the somme of fyve hundred poundes
That then she the saied Mary shall likewise have so muche more in money or other valuable
substance paied or delivered unto her or to the sayed Mr Walthall her husband as shall make up the
same somme of fyve hundred poundes one full childes parte and as muche as any of my sayed other
children are to have after my decease by the custome of the sayed citie out of or by the sayed
third parte of my saied goodes and estate so to be equallie parted and devyded amongst my
sayed other children as aforesayed And my will and mynde allso is that yf any of my sayed
children shall happen to dye before theire portions or legaceys in this my present laste
will to them geven and bequeathed shall growe due or be payed That then the parte
portion and legacey of hym or her or them so deade shalbe equallie and indifferentlie payed
and distributed to and amongst the survivor and survivors of them. Item I give
and bequeathe to the governors of the hospitall of Bridewell towards the releife
of the poore of or in the same hospitall the somme of tenne poundes. Item I give and
bequeathe to the poore of the parishe of St Helens London where I nowe dwell
the somme of fyve poundes to be distributed at the discretion of the church
wardens of the same parishe. Item I give and bequeathe to the poore of the parishe of
Saint Gabriel Fanchurche London the somme of fyve poundes to be distributed
at the discretion of the parson and churchwardens of the same parishe. Item
I give unto the poore of the parish of Westham in the countie of Essex the
somme of fower poundes to be distributed at the discretion of my executrix
hereafter named. Item I give and bequeathe unto the master and wardens or governors
of the Arte or Misterie of the Gyrdlers of London and to their successors master
and wardens of the same Arte or Misterie the somme of twentie poundes to be bestowed
in plate or otherwise employed or disposed of as the m[aste]r and wardens for the tyme being
shall thincke fitt. Item I give and bequeath unto my father in lawe M[aste]r Charles ?Pressy and to my
mother in lawe his wife to either of them a ryng of gould of the valewe of fiftie
shillings. Item I give to me loving freind Mr Thomas Francklen a ryng of gould
of the valewe of thirtie shillings. Item I give to Mrs Elizabeth [...] widowe a ryng
of goulde of the valewe of thirtie shillings. Item I give to Abraham Busher and
his wife to ether of them a ryng of gould of the valewe of thirty shillings
Item I give to John Busher and his wife to either of them a ryng of gould of the
valewe of thirtie shillings. Item I give to Nathaniell Busher a ryng of gould
of the valewe of thirtie shillings. Item I give to Jeremy Busher a ryng of gould
of the valewe of thirtie shillings. Item I give to doctor Sampson ?Hussey a ryng
of gould of the valewe of thirtie shillings. Item I give to Mr Luke Walthall my
sonne in lawe a ryng of gould of the valewe of fiftie shillings. Item I give to Mr William
Willaston a ryng of goulde of the valewe of fiftie shillings. Item I give to Mr Humfrey
Browne a ryng of goulde of the valewe of fiftie shillings. Item I give to Richard Bogan
a ryng of goulde of the valewe of fortie shillings. Item I give to Anthony Errington
a ryng of goulde of the valewe of fortie shillings. Item I give to Mary Bradley
wife of Henry Bradley felmonger fyve poundes. Item I give to Mary Sumpter the nourse
nowe remayning in my house the somme of fortie shillings. Item I give to my nourse James

?at Ham twentie shillings. Item I give and bequeathe to my sonne Nathaniell Basse the
 somme of thirtie poundes over and besides suche parte and portion as ys hereby before by
 me willed and bequeathed unto hym or shalbe due unto hym after my decease by the custome
 of the citie of London. Item I will and bequeathe to my sonne Richard Basse the somme
 of twentie poundes over and besides suche parte and portion as ys hereby before by me willed
 and bequeathed unto hym or is or shalbe due unto hym after my decease by the custome of the
 sayed citie. Item I will and bequeathe unto the sayed Mary my daughter wife of the
 saied Mr Luke Walthall the somme of tenne poundes over and besides suche parte or portion
 as ys hereby before by me willed and bequeathed unto her or is or shalbe due unto her after my
 decease by the custome of the sayed citie. Item whereas my brother Thomas Basse
 late deceased dyed indebted unto me in greate sommes of money as by his bondes and specialties
 thereof remayning in my custodie may appeare my will and mynde ys that my executrix
 shall onlie have and take of the executors or administrators oy my saied brother Thomas the
 somme of one hundred and fiftie poundes in full payment of and for all his sayed debtes and
 sommes of money owing unto me And I do hereby remitt and release his saied executors or
 administrators of all the after residue which the sayed Thomas my brother oughte unto me at the
 tyme of his decease So as and uppon condition that the sayed executors or administrators of
 my saied brother doe and shall paye the saied somme of a hundred and fiftie poundes to my executrix
 within twelve monethes next after my decease and not otherwise. Item whereas my brother
 William Basse is indebted unto me in certain sommes of money my will and mynde ys
 that my executrix shall onlie have and take of the somme of thirtie poundes in full payment
 of and for all suche debtes and sommes of money as he dothe or shall owe unto me at the
 tyme of my decease And I doe hereby remitt and forgive to hym all the rest soe as and uppon
 condition that the saied William my brother doe and shall paye the saied somme of thirtie poundes
 to my executrix within twelve monethes next after my decease and not otherwise Item I doe hereby
 freelie remitt and forgive unto my bretheren Robert and Richard Basse theire executors
 and administrators all suche debtes and sommes of money as they or either of them doe or
 shall owe unto me at the tyme of my decease. The rest and residue of all the saied third parte
 so by me herein before willed and appoynted to be reserved for payment of my legaceys and
 performance of other uses as aforesayed I do hereby whollie give and bequeathe to the sayed
 Mary my wife and to my sonnes and daughters Nathaniel Richard Humfrey Luke
 Hester Abigall and Sara equallie amongst them to be parted and devided And I
 do ordayne and make the saied Marye my welbeloved wife my sole and only executrix of
 this my last will and testament And overseers of the same I do make and appoynt
 my sonne in lawe Mr Luke Walthall Mr William Willaston Mr Humfrey Browne
 and my sonne Nathaniel Basse praying them as muche as in them lyeth to see this my last
 will performed and to be ayding and assisting to my saied wife in the execution and p[er]formance
 of the same. And I do hereby renounce disanull and revoke all former willes or testam[en]tes
 by me at any tyme heretofore made written signed or sealed. In witnesse whereof I the
 sayed Humfrey Basse have to this my present testament and last will set my hand and
 seale the daye and yere first above written. Humfrey Basse. Sealed subscribed declared and
 published by the sayed Humfrey Basse to be his last will and testament in the presence
 of us Edw[ard] ?Lowman Thomas Hobson William ?Percye

Not only was Nathaniel's father, Humphrey, quite wealthy, but Humphrey's wife
 Mary was the daughter of Genevieve Clerke Pressey who was herself was quite
 wealthy. Here is her will:

In the name of God amen

I Genevieve Pressey heretofore widow of Dominick Busscier of London merchant
 stranger deceased and now wife of Charles Pressey of Bishopp's Towne in
 the county of Wiltshire-----being sick of body but yet nevertheless in good
 and perfect sound memory and understanding praise be unto God considering
 the frailties of this life and there is nothing more certain than death

nor nothing more-----than the honor of the same hath made ordained and
 by these presents doe make and ordaine my testament and last will in manner and forme
 following. Imprimis. I commend my soule into the hands of allmightie God
 and through Jesus Christ his only begotten Sonne my Savioure and Redeemer.
 And I ordaine my bodye to be buried at the discretion of my executor hereafter named
 -----onto the ceremonies of mourninge. And as concerning the temporall goodes it
 hathe pleased God to grante me in this mortal (?) thereof according to the power
 which I have obtained of the sayd Charles Pressey my husband by the contracte made
 between him and Humfrey Basse, my sonne in lawe-----being date the second day of
 Julye in the four and fortiethe year of the raigne of our late sovereign Lady
 Queene Elizabeth for to dispose of my said temporall goodes I doe dispose in manner
 and forme following (Two wit) Imprimis. I doe give to the poore of the -----
 in London six poundes sterling. Item. I doe give ffourtie shillings to the poore
 widdows and widdowers dwelling in the Parrishe of St. Catherine Coleman in
 London to be equallye divided amongst them. Item. I doe give twenty shillings to
 be distributed in bread to the poore people that goe about streets on the daye of my burial
 (crossed out, funeral inserted.) Item. I give fourtye shillings to be distributed amongst the poore
 of Bishop's Towne aforesaid. Item. I doe give unto each of my----- friends and
 ----- shalbe dwelling -----at the tyme of my decease twenty six
 shillings and eight pence apiece. Item. I doe give unto John-----my nephew
 and to Marye -----his sister to each of them one silver spoone of ten shillings
 for a remembrance. Item. I doe give unto my loving husband Charles
 Pressey my greate (?) dyamond ringe for a remembrance. I doe give unto
 Marye Pressey my sayd husband's daughter a dyamond ringe of the value
 of ffive poundes. Item. I doe give unto my brother Thomas Pressey and unto my
 brother John Clerke and unto Susan his wife sister to my said husband unto
 eache of them a ringe of goule of the value of twenty shillings apiece for a
 remembrance. Item. I doe give unto Henrye (?) Bradley and his wife unto each
 of them a ringe of goule of the value of twenty shillings apiece for a
 remembrance. Item. I doe give unto Jane Bradley daughter of the said Henrye
 Bradley one silver cuppe of three poundes sterling and unto each of the
 rest of the sayd Henrye Bradley his children one silver spoone of six shillings
 apiece. Item. I doe give unto Nathaniell Buschier and unto his wife and
 daughter and unto Jeremye Buschier his brother eache of them a ringe of goule
 of the value of twenty shillings apiece for a remembrance. Item. I doe give
 unto Marye Walthall and unto her sonne William Walthall unto Thomas
 Hobson and unto his wife-----and unto Sampson Hussey who was the husband
 of my daughter Jane unto each of them one ringe of goule of the value
 of twenty shillings apiece for a remembrance. Item. I doe give
 unto the widow of my sonne Constantine Buschier a ringe of goule of the value of XXs
 (twenty shillings). Item. I will that unto Anne and Jane Buschier daughters of my sonne Abraham Buschier shalbe
 payed three hundrede poundes sterling -----as have bene promised unto him the sayd Abraham after my decease
 whereof Humfrey Basse my sonne
 in law hathe made him an obligation provided always that the sayd Anne
 and Jane accordinge to the promise -----the sayd Abraham Buschier hathe made
 -----doe paye unto Marye and Iobora? Hussey the children of my daughter
 Jane Hussey the somme of one hundrede poundes sterling And I will
 that the sayd somme of one hundrede pounds shalbe equallye divided between
 them by my executor hereafter named And I do entreate my executor hereafter
 named to putt the sayd one hundrede poundes-----at interest -----the rate of
 eighth in the hundrethe for the assessment (?) of the sayd Marye and Iobora (?) Hussey
 until they -----shalbe come to the state of marriage. Item. I will that if
 my sonne John Buschier hathe not as yet been payde of the three hundred
 poundes sterlinge -----to be -----by him of his portion promised unto
 him in marriage that then the sayd three hundred poundes shalbe payde unto
 him by my said executor and taken oute of my estate. Item. I doe give unto
 Nathaniell Basse a silvor salte of the value of six poundes sterlinge. Item. I
 doe give unto Richard Basse and unto Samuel Basse brethren of the sayd
 Nathaniell Basse and sonnes of my daughter Marye Basse to each of them ten

poundes sterling. And I doe give unto Humfrey Basse their brother twenty poundes sterling. Item. I doe give unto my executor hereafter named two hundred poundes sterlinge for to be by him putte unto at interest for my sonne John Buschier -----the rate of eight in the hundrethe per annum (?) And the interest thereof to be payed to him every half year during his life And if my sayd sonne-----I will that the somme two hundred pounds shall belong to his child or children by equall portions. And if the said John Buschier shall -----to-----behynde him then I will that Margarette his wife shall have the proffitts and interest of the sayd two hundred poundes during her widdowhood And after her marriage or decease I will that the sayd two hundrede poundes shalbe equallye divided between Abigaell, Sara and Luke Basse the three youngest children of my said sonne in law Humfrey Basse. Item. I doe give Jane Buschier now the wife of Phillipp Tiffeld (?) and unto the sayd Phillipp Tiffeld (?) her husband and unto Mrs. Garrett her mother to each of them a ringe of goule of the value of twenty shillings. Item. I doe give to each of the children apiece (?). Item. I doe give unto Mr. Dowell (?) the minister of Bishopp's Towne aforesaid and unto Jane his daughter each of them twenty shillings apiece(?). Item. I doe give unto James Armstronge and unto Elizabeth Armstronge ----- of my sayd husband eache of them a ringe of goule of the value of twenty shillings apiece. Item. I doe give unto Mary Walthall widow of late Luke Walthall for and to the rest of Abigaell and Sara Basse children of my daughter Marye and for and to the ----- of -----and -----Hussey children of my daughter Jane Hussey all and -----the sayd Marye Walthall her executors administrators or assigns shalbe able to ----- of that -----to me by Humfrey Basse my sonne in law -----for to be divided between them fower (?) equallye And concerning all the rest of my goodes rights actions and -----unto me belonging and appurtayning ----- as well -----any debts and obligations-----to my charymes and bracelets of goule -----silvor plate of all sorts and -----and all my movables of all-----ffeaturebeds tapistry-----Anndyrans of brass and all sorts of-----Moveables of wood and copper of cypress wood -----all my -----of all sorts -----as Holland not omitting any thing of all my sayd moveables. I will that all the same -----shalbe praized and valued and the totall of all being made and -----my debts ffunerall expense and legacies being discharged and payd I will that all the somme rest shalbe divided between Luke Basse, Abigaell Basse and Sara Basse children of my daughter Marye Basse and between the children of my daughter Jane Hussey wife of Sampson Hussey by equall and even portions. And I ----- my sayd executor to putte unto the sayd children portions to proffitts -----and -----for the -----of the sayd portions And I will that my sayd executor shall paye and deliver unto eache of the sayd -----tyme as they -----shalbe come to the state of marriage or to the age of twenty one years-----together --the benefits or proffitts provided of the sayd portions And if any of the sayd children shall happen to decease before -----or -----to the state of marriage or to the age of twenty one years -----I will that the portion or portions of the child or children for -----shall -----unto the portion or portions of the sayd children. And if any of my children or any of the persons -----named to whome I have bequeathed any thing by this my last will and testament will not be content therewith but will oppose against the same-----I will and ordain that shall so oppose him or her -----shalbe-----onto of this my -----will & testament -----the somme of three shillings and fower pence. And I do make and ordaine Jeremye Buschier sonne of my late sonne Constantine Buschier executor of this my last will and testament putting -----confidence in him for the performance of the same And I I doe make and ordaine George(?) Bradley my executor -----And I doe make my loving friendes Mr. Thomas Ffranklin and Mr. Humfrey Browne overseers of this my last will and testament. And I doe give unto eache of them a cuppe of silver of the value of three poundes sterlinge. And this I ordaine to be my last

will and testament and I doe revoke and annul all former testaments
 -----heretofore I have made by words of -----in wrighting or -----
 whereof I the sayd Genevieve Pressey have hereunto putt my hande and seale
 the thirde daye of the monthe of Marche and -----according to the -----
 of the Church of England one thousand six hundred and nineteen. And in
 the -----yeare of the raigne of our sovereign Lord James by the grace
 of God kinge of England, France and Ireland and defender of the faith And
 of Scotland the three and fiftie Genevieve Pressey-----
 Josua (Jesua?) Marinett testis. Signed sealed and delivered by the -----
 Genevieve Pressey who declared the same to be her last will and testament -----
 of-----Josua Marinett and of me I will-----
 notary publique -----in London

Therefore, when Nathaniel embarked for Virginia he was working for a family business investment - The Virginia Company.

We have the following account of Nathaniel Basse from the William and Mary Quarterly:

Nathaniel Basse was active in the early years of English settlement. Basse's Choice was one of the first three settlements in Isle of Wight County and was probably the first to hold a court. Colonel Morrison tells us that Basse was in England at the time of the great massacre and, of course, escaped being killed along with all the others in his house. He returned from England in 1622 and lived on his grant. Records show that he held court on his plantation in 1626 and represented it in the House of Burgesses in 1629. In 1631 he was sent on a mission to New England to seek colonists for Virginia. His name is not mentioned again in local records after he left on the mission to New England.

Here is a brief history that is interesting:

It is believed that Nathaniel Basse brought his children (only William as the twins Samuel and Humphrey were murdered in the massacre and John our ancestor who married Elizabeth Keziah Tucker the Indian maiden) was saved by the Indians and went to live with them) back to London after the 1622 Indian Massacre; however, Nathaniel continued making trips to the colonies.

The first English settlement in the area known by the Indians as Warrosquoake (Isle of Wight Co., Virginia) was made by Captain Christopher Lawne, Sir Richard Worsley, Knight & Baronet, and their associates Nathaniel Basse, Gentleman, John Hobson, Gentleman, Anthony Olevan, Richard Wiseman, Robert Newland, Robert Gyner and William Willis.

They arrived at Jamestown with one hundred settlers on 27 April 1619 in a ship commanded by Captain Evans. They immediately settled on the south side of the Warrosquoake River (James River) and established the plantation "Warrosquoake", to be known as "Lawne's Creek". When their patent was confirmed it was to become known as the "County of Isle of Wight".

Nathaniel Basse and others undertook to establish another plantation in the same neighborhood, to the east, known as "Basse's Choice" situated on the Warrosquoake River (James River) and Pagan Creek. His patent was received 21 Nov 1621 for 300 acres plus 100 acres of marshland. The houses on Captain Basse's plantation were being built when at midday on Good Friday, 22 Mar 1622, the Indians attacked the settlers killing 347 of the 1240 English inhabitants in the 80 settlements on the north and south sides of the river (James). 26 at Isle of Wight were among those killed. The settlers made a valiant defense of themselves with guns,

axes, spades and brickbats. It is thought that Nathaniel and his wife, Mary, were in England at the time, and some of the children were at "Basse's Choice" with a nurse. The story is told that five-year old John was one of the children that escaped and was rescued by some friendly Nansemond Indians. His older brother Humphrey died that day. A 1622 passenger list for the ship "Furtherance," from London, arrived in Virginia, lists Nathaniell Basse, age 35.⁹

A census taken 16 Feb 1623/24 shows a total of 53 persons living at "Worwicke-Squeak" and "Basse's Choice". Nathaniel Basse and Samuell Basse were among those listed. Capt. Nathaniel Basse, Samuel Basse and William Basse are also found living among the list of 1,033 Early Pioneers of 1624. They are listed as living at Basse Choise.

Nathaniel was appointed to the House of Burgesses at the first Legislative Assembly representing Warrosquoake (Isle of Wight) for 1623/24¹⁰. He was again a member of the House of Burgesses in Oct 1629 and 1631, appointed to Harvey's Council 1631/32 and a member of the Great Council 1631/32. On 6 Mar 1631/32 Nathaniel was commissioned to "trade between 34 and 40 N Latitude, England, Nova Scotia and West Indies to invite inhabitants hither". (If they were tired of cold and damp!) Nathaniel was also commissioned to trade to the Dutch Plantation and Canada. He was given power of Justice of Peace. (Virginia Council & General Court Records 1626-1634)

Basse's Choice originally called for 300 acres but its acreage was closer to 400. Mr. Peter Knight married to Nathaniel's daughter Genevieve, patented 150 acres of the same in 1640 and 255 acres in 1643. Peter Knight sold the tract to John Bland, an eminent London Merchant.

Nathaniel Basse was buried 3 July 1654 in the Church of St. Alphage, Cripplegate, London. Mary, his wife, had died 17 Jan 1630, with the birth of a stillborn son. After Nathaniel's death in 1654, the General Assembly of Virginia in 1659/60 ordered Mr. Wm. Drummond as agent of the Co-heirs of Nathaniel Basse to pay to Theodorick Bland of Westover, 2500 lbs tobacco in settlement of a suit affecting the land. Pp. 545-552, (March, 1659-60---11th of Commonwealth) WHEREAS Mr. Theodorick Bland petitioned...for damages in a case...against Mr. William Dromond who was attornie of the Coheires of Basse,...

Basse's Choice is a known landmark today and is the location of Smithfield Virginia Hams.¹¹ Now, hold your head up proud and walk tall. We are all heirs to a very rich history. The story of Jamestown and settlement on the James River should be fascinating to us because it is our personal history being played out. We are a product of the very first English settlement endeavors. Let's pause and turn our minds back 400 years and appreciate the heritage we share. A full account of the colonization effort is available through Ivor Noel Hume, author of "The Virginia Adventure - Roanoke to James Towne and Martin's Hundred."¹²

⁹ (Many ships at that time considered passengers as cargo and did not list their names. Some ships listed the names of the men on board but did not list women and children.)

¹⁰ The date is shown as two years 23/24 as the calendar was being changed from the old style.

¹¹ Do a "google" search to learn more.

¹² Mr. Hume is a noted archeologist who helped uncover evidence of the Indian massacre at Martin's Hundred and is the former director of Colonial Williamsburg's archaeological research program.

EARLY VIRGINIA EXPLORERS AND SETTLERS

Travel for our ancestors was a tedious process. Early roads were Indian trails that frequently followed animal tracks. These were fine for walking, but useless for loaded wagons. Early explorers along the coast of America sought rivers running westward for two reasons. First, there was the lingering hope that a quick way could be found to the Orient, and second a navigable river offered access to arable lands as well as natural sites for settlement that provided opportunities for defense. Rivers were the highways of the day, and the view up and down a river allowed for easy observation of approaching danger. From the vantage point of the early 21st century it is difficult to comprehend the extent of the travel by ship across the ocean that took place 400 years ago. We tend to think that our nation began with the American Revolution in 1776, an event that seems to dwell in our very remote past. Yet the Revolution of 1776 is more a mid point than the beginning. In order to see the complete picture it is necessary to drop back an additional 284 years (longer by half than the 200 years since our revolution) to 1492 and the voyage of Christopher Columbus. During the 100 years following his voyage the Atlantic was crossed by a multitude of ships (mostly Spanish) that plundered South America of its gold and caused the evaporation of the Inca and Mayan civilizations. By the end of the 1500s, an Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh made an attempt at settlement on Roanoke Island that failed for lack of planning and site selection. (The Atlantic Ocean was a busy highway from a very early date and ships crossed the Atlantic many more times than we imagine often making a stopover at a Caribbean Island.)

In his book, *The Virginia Adventure*, Ivor Noel Hume offers a description of the life and times in London in the summer of 1605 that is helpful to understanding the mentality of our ancestors - the early settlers. He describes a play titled "Eastward Hoe" given at the Blackfriars Theater in London. In the play two young Londoners, Spendall and Scapethrift are "cozened by a rascally Captain Seagull into buying passage to Virginia." The play minimizes the dangers and promotes the adventure by describing marriages with beautiful Indians arranged by earlier adventurers. The addition of the word "treasure" seals the deal. What young man with little hope of a profitable future in an already over-crowded city and nation could resist the lure of a "Promised Land free of hierarchical authority, where nobody went hungry or shivered in winter, and where money grew, if not on trees, then around the necks of easily outwitted Indians?"

Our Floyd and Bass ancestors easily could have been Captain Seagull since they

were the financial backers and no doubt, they signed on for the long voyage with exceedingly high hopes of adventure and fortune. Our ancestors were wealthy investors with goals of acquiring land and enticing settlers such as “Spendall and Scapethrift” to accompany them. (Investors were compensated for bringing in settlers.) Early records show that both families were in residence in Virginia during the times of the Indian massacres and early settlement, and that eventually the families bought and farmed land successfully, and in time sold the Virginia lands and migrated south into the fresher territory of North Carolina.

When the American Revolution broke out in 1775 both the Bass and Floyd families already had a one hundred and twenty-five year history of life in the new world. It has been an additional 200 years since Mourning Bass and Fed Floyd left North Carolina and migrated still farther south to Georgia. We’ve been Americans for more than 300 years. The Floyd and Bass families have truly participated from the very beginning in the settlement and formation of the United States that we know today. Family members fought in the most recent wars of the 20th century, and participated as Southerners in the War of Northern Aggression also known as the American Civil War. There is some evidence that Mourning’s father, John and his brother Sion, fought in the Revolutionary War as well.

Armed with a bit of background, let’s continue the story. The record clearly indicates that one of the earliest ancestors who migrated from Virginia to North Carolina was a couple known as John Bass and his wife Love Harris.¹³ John was born March 14, 1661. He was the second of seven children of William Bass, Sr. and Catherine Lanier and the grandson of John Basse Sr. who was born in 1616, (the son of Nathaniel and Mary Basse he was only five years old when he escaped the Indian massacre of 1622 at Basse’s Choice in Virginia.) There are stories that say he was rescued by friendly Nansemond Indians as apparently his parents were either in England or on the seas at the time of the massacre. In any event he grew up to marry Keziah the daughter of the Nansemond Indian chief and in 1643 his first daughter was named Keziah after her mother.

The record of John’s marriage to Elizabeth is preserved in a sermon book

¹³ An interesting tidbit: Deed Book 5 Part 2 "Orders" May 19 1687, Ann Harris, Love Harris, and Elizabeth Jennett acquitted of any wilfull neglect in death of an infant child of Ann Harris.

1693 Jean Harris age nine orphan of Richard Harris deceased with consent of mother Ann Harris bound to Malachy Johnston.

January 6, 1693 Coroner requested a ruling on his fee in cases of death by misadventure, with specific reference to the accidental deaths of Richard Harris and his two children. Matter referred to His Excellency.

June 1, 1694, John Harris orphan of Richard Harris, deceased and son of Ann Harris, apprenticed to James Lowry to learn the craft of a cordwainer or shoemaker.

belonging to Nathaniel Basse, John's father and passed along to John. John Basse kept the sermon book in which was inscribed the following:

“John Basse married ye dafter of ye King of ye Nansemond Nation, by name Elizabeth in Holy Baptism and in Holy Matrimonie ye 14 day of August in ye yeare of Our Blessed Lord 1638.

A portion of John Bass's sermon book can be seen in “Pocahontas's People” by Helen C. Roundtree.

Examine the documents on the following page particularly the lower right quarter. You will see that Nathaniel Bass wrote his name on the margin.

Monk the 4th 1660

Efan 85. 7. 7.

I'll be wick for John his wife
and the unrighteous man his wife
and let him return unto the Lord
and he will have mercy upon him.

Nathaniel Bisse and Mary Jordan
was married the 2nd day of May in the year
of our begotten Lord and Saviour 1613.

Thomas Bisse, sonne of Nath^l and
Mary Bisse his wife was born the 1st day
of the month of June in the year of our
begotten Lord 1615. *Died in 1622 Aged*

John Bisse was born the 1st day of the
month of June in the year of our
begotten Lord 1616. Thomas
sonne of Nathaniel and Mary Bisse his wife.

William Bisse sonne of Nathaniel
and Mary Bisse was born on the
2nd day of June in the year of our
begotten Lord 1618.

Anthony Bisse sonne of Nathaniel
and Mary Bisse was born on the
2nd day of March in the year
of our begotten Lord 1620.

Edward Bisse & sonne of Nathaniel
Bisse and Mary his wife was married
the 2nd day of May in the year of our
begotten Lord 1622.

Anne Bisse daughter of Nath^l and
Mary his wife was born in the year
of our begotten Lord 1624, the 1st day of June.

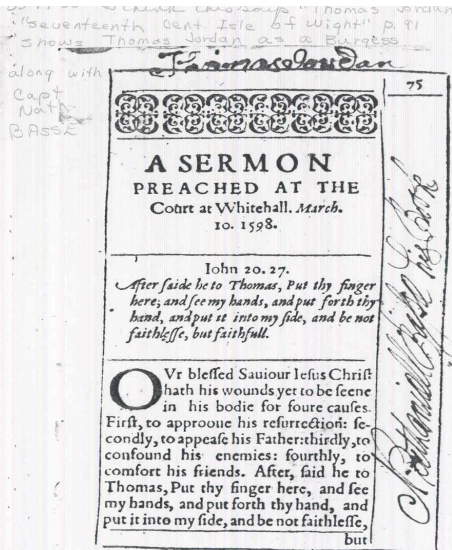
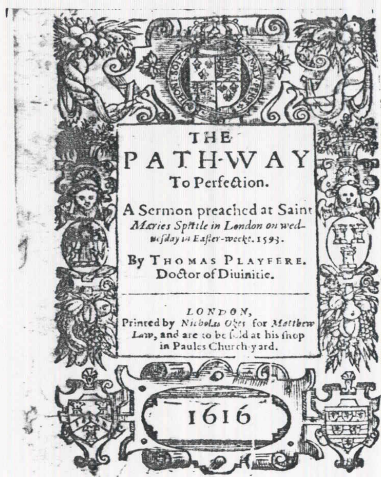
Constance Bisse daughter of Nath^l
and Mary his wife was born in the year
of our begotten Lord 1624, about ten
minutes after Anne was born.

Blessed be God for His
London Mercies. Amen.

Thomas Bisse sonne of Nath^l
and Mary Bisse was born the 2nd day of March
in the year of our begotten Lord 1624.

John Bisse married the daughter of the Hon^{ble}
of the Honourable Patriarch, by name
Elizabeth in Holy Baptism and in
Holy Matrimony the 1st day of August
in the year of our begotten Lord 1633.

William Bisse sonne of Nath^l and Mary
Bisse was married to Sarah Pattison the 2nd
day of September in the year of our
begotten Lord 1641.



John and Elizabeth Keziah Tucker's seventh child, William, Sr. (our ancestor) repeated the name Keziah for a daughter, and in fact, the name persisted in the family into the 19th century indicating it was either a very popular name at the time or that there was a family significance to it. Seldom do we see an unusual name repeated so regularly through many generations without it having special significance which is suggested by an apparent oral tradition.

BASS FAMILY IN NORTH CAROLINA

John Bass (the great-grandson of Nathaniel Bass, the original immigrant to Virginia) and his wife Love Harris were the ancestors who left Virginia for early North Carolina where they bought land in 1720. When John died in 1732 he left a will that is revealing. He also left a family clue in one of his children's names that is interesting. First, let's look at his will. It reads as follows (the print is small and difficult to read making a number of gaps):

1732 - WILL OF JOHN BASS

In the name of God amen I John Bass being sick and weak of body Butt of Sound Senses and memory Thanks be to God Do make and Ordain this to be my Last will in manner and form following -- First and In ____ I give and Bequeath to my son Edward Bass my manor plantation whereon I now live to him and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten for Ever But except that ____ and liberty of said plantation for my loving wife Mary for her lifetime for use in bringing up my small children. I give ____ my loving son ____ Bass my land at ____ and so through the swamp ____ to a dividing line ____ Grandson Aaron Johnstone one hundred acres of land more or less north side of Uriah Swamp. Loving Daughter ____ Canady 100 acres of land more or less lying on ye south side of Urah Swamp adjoining James Hutchisons line to her and he heirs of her body lawfully to be begotten forever. Item I give to my loving friend Danier Wharten Burbogg fifty acres of land lying on ye north side of ye Quater Swamp and Beginning at ____ so down ye said swamp across the first Branch to him and his heirs forever. Item I give unto my loving daughter Sarah and ____ one hundred acres of land more or less lying on ye north side of Uriah Swamp the most land to the plantation whereon she now lives but not any part of ye said swamp but only ye tract toward Hutchinson line for ye ____ I give to my loving Daughter Loucy Bass one hundred acres of land more or less lying on the north side of Uriah Swamp bounded by Newsoms line and so down ____ Two Branch to ye said swamp but not into ye said swamp. Item I give to my loving daughter Mary one hundred acres of land more or less lying on North side of Uriah Swamp bound by my own line Newsoms and down a branch to ye said Swamp including a island on the lower side of ye said swamp. Item I give unto my son Aaron Bass my plantation on ye south side of Baird Swamp whereon ____ heirs and all he high land forming my ____ and down the first pine branch. Item I give unto my Daughter Patience Bass my plantation on the south side of Baire Swamp that I bought of William Johnston and all the land for the Great Branch above ye plantations down to ye lower line to her and the heirs of her body lawfully to be begotten for ever. Item I give unto my son Moses

Bass all my land that lyoth on the north side of Baire Swamp which is ajoining to my brother Edward's line including all the swamp to my son. My will is further that if my loving wife should again marry and my son disturbed then my sons Edward and William Bass to have half the benefir of my orchards on my manor plantations. Item I give unto my loving son John Bass my ould Square mosled gun. Item I give unto my loving wife the third of my mosuslot and all the remainder of my estates both within and without to be equally divided amongst my last wife's children and lastly I do nominate and appoint my loving sons John Bass and Edward to be my executors together with my loving wife as a co executor during her widowhood. In witness whereof I have here into set my hand this 18th Day of June 1732. Signed with his mark which was a reversed capital "B" Witness Tho Bryant Edward Bass and James Guie Bertie Precint February Ct. 1732 Proved by oath of Capt Thomas Bryant James Quie Edward Bass Bertie County, N.C. Wills Vol. II p. 48 1663-1789

John and Love Bass of Nansemond County Virginia¹⁴ were married in 1696 and produced a son named John (our ancestor – the great-grandfather of Mourning Bass) who was born in Bertie County North Carolina. It was probably the part of Bertie that eventually became Northampton (Since the counties were continually reforming its useful to remember that Northampton was formed in 1748 from part of Bertie that had been formed as one of the original North Carolina colonies.) Love Harris Bass predeceased her husband and he married a second time and mentions his second wife (Mary Staples) in his will. He named one of his daughters Keziah Bass. She was likely the namesake of Keziah a.k.a. Elizabeth, daughter of the king of the Nansemond Indians. (Keziah is an Old Testament name taken from the Book of Job and means “faithful”.) The use of Keziah indicates that John and Love Bass may have had an oral tradition of their Indian heritage.¹⁵

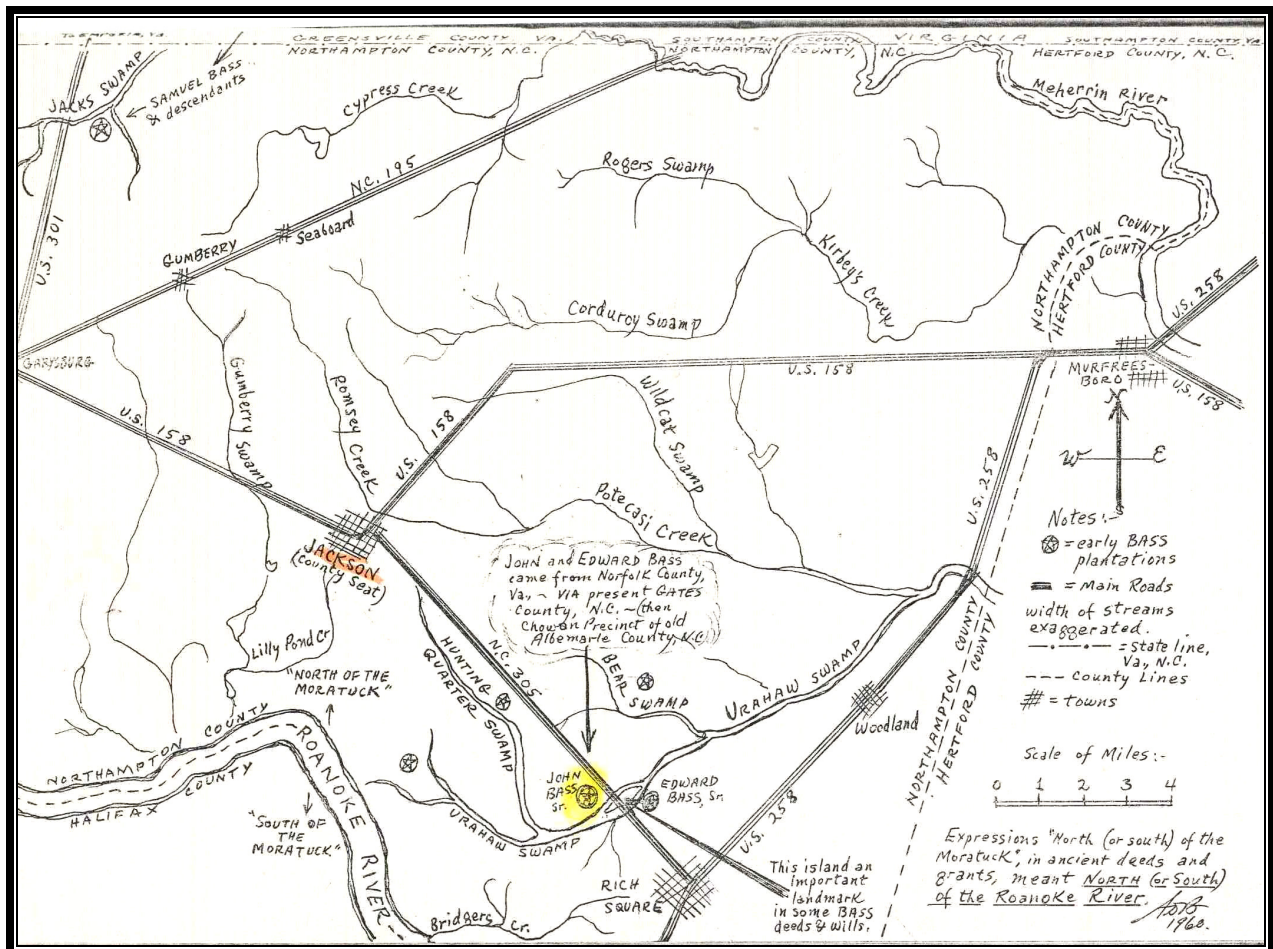
The fact that there is a succession of people named John in the Bass family certainly confuses the story. First, there is John (1616-1699) married to the Indian woman, Elizabeth Keziah Tucker, the daughter of the king of the Nansemond Indians. Then his grandson, John (1673-1732) who married to Love Harris and who is followed by the third John (d. 1777) who is the great-grandfather of our ancestor Mourning Bass (we’re closing in on her slowly). The third John (d. 1777) married and settled in Bertie County North Carolina, and was granted 410 acres on the north side of Morattock River and the south side of Bear Swamp on Aug. 2, 1727. There is no record of his wife’s name and evidently she predeceased her husband as John makes no mention of her in his will, which was probated in Northampton County during the September session of 1777. This third John does, however, list his sons who are named: Jacob, John, Abraham (grandfather of

¹⁴ John Bass and Love Harris was Married ye 8th day of Janewary 1696 both of Nanse Mum County and Nanse Mum Parresh by Mager Samuel Swann Esqr. [Haun, Old Albemarle County North Carolina, 62]

¹⁵ In fact there is a suspicion that Love was an Indian herself.

Mourning Bass), Isaac, Jethro, and Drury and daughters one of whom has an illegible name and the other called Elizabeth. In addition, there are several grandsons: John, Council, Job, Jesse Bittle and Uriah. Evidently, John Bass was rather wealthy for the will shows that he had 15 slaves and a sizable number of acres of land to leave to his heirs.

His birth in Bertie County North Carolina and death in Northampton County is demonstrative of the type migration and county division that gradually settled the southern states. His will filed in Northampton County North Carolina in 1777 and currently preserved in the County Will Book Part II (1762-1791) p. 285-288 paints a picture of life at the time of the American Revolution. Read it and step for a minute into the shoes of a wealthy man who sees his death approaching.



1777 – WILL OF JOHN BASS – Great Grandfather of Mourning Bass

Know all men that I John Bass of Northampton County in the province of North Carolina being sick of sound mind and memory do make constitute and appoint

and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following. Item I give devise and bequeath unto my son Jacob Bass one negro girl named Beck and her increase, Item I give devise and bequeath unto my son Issac Bass two negro women named Rose and Moll and their increase one feather Bed and furnichure and a mare colt called Pleasure. Item I give devise bequeath unto my Grandson John Bass son of Issac Bass a negro girl named Fanny and her increase. Item, I give devise and bequeath unto my son Abraham Bass one negro girl named Philles and her increase. Item, I give devise and bequeath unto my grandson Job Bass one negro girl named Queen and her increase and one feather bed and furnichure. Item I give devise and bequeath unto my grandson Council Bass son of Jethro Bass my land and plantations whereon I now do live containing two hundred acres more or less my negro fellow named Sharper my still (cap and ??) and a negro boy named Scotland to him his heirs and assigns forever. Item I give devise and bequeath unto my grandson Uriah Bass son of Drury my land and Plantation whereon the said Drury now lives containing one hundred acres more or less joining Dickhomny Branch and Mass Halls line also the half of my land lying in Uriah Swamp joining Col. Dawson's line also a negro woman named Hannanh and her increase hereafter also a negro boy named Ben to him his heirs and assigns forever. Item I give devise and bequeath unto my Daughter Alic Enpi (?) one negro woman named Peg and her increase also one negro boy named Pompey. Item I lend unto my daughter Undice Councill the use of one negro woman named Dinah and her increase during her life and at her (?) I give devise and bequeath the said negro woman Dinah and her increase aforesaid to be equally divided between or amongst her children. Item I give devise and bequeath unto my Grandson Jesse Battle (Bittle?) son of John Battle the land and Plantations whereon the said John Battle lives and containing two hundred acres more or less bounded on an agreed line already made also 100 acres adjoining my son Jethro's land an agreed line already made and joining Charles Bryan's line. Also 50 acre of land I purchased of John Kerrey according to the most known and published bounds thereof. Also one negro girl named Jane and her increase to him his heirs and assigns forever. I give devise and bequeath unto my granddaughter Winnifred Battle one negro boy named Davy. I give unto my grandson John Battle one negro girl and increase named Patt. Item I give unto my granddaughter Margaret Battle one negro girl named Rachel and her increase. Item I give devised and bequeath unto my grandson Drury Battle a negro boy named Ishan (Joham?). Item I give unto my Daughter Elizabeth Battle one negro woman named Judith and her increase hereafter. Item I give devise and bequeath all the remainder of my estate that is not in my will given away to be equally divided between or amongst my children namely Jacob, John, Abraham, Issac, Jethro and Drury Bass also Earp Undice Councill (Alc?) and Elizabeth Battle to their heirs and assigns forever.

Item I do hereby ordain constitute and appoint my esteamed friend John Know my son John Bass and Richard Deal (Neal?) my whole and sole executors of this my last will and testament hereby annulling and making void all former wills and testaments by me heretofore made and this only to be my last will and testament In witness whereof I have hereby set my hand and seal this fourteenth day of June one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven.

John Bass (signed with an "X")

Signed sealed and published and declared by the testator to be his last will and testament in presence of Thomas Knox Moses Hall William Love John Larsiner (?) The preceeding will of John Bass was exhibited in court proved by the oath of Willian Love one of the subscribing witnesses

When this will was written the economy of the colonies was in full flower and obviously dependant on slavery. John Bass was heir to a family tradition of 150 years in the colonies and his death occurred just as the upheaval of the American Revolution was about to change things forever. The references to slaves woven through his will and the way of life it reveals are themselves seeds of the Civil War that loomed 75 years in the future. Life was beginning to move faster and faster and change more drastically. The shuttle of change was slipping rapidly through the fabric of everyday life.

The Basses of Northampton County, N.C., were prominent in 18th century North Carolina and were well known landowners. Many of their transactions are listed in the county deed indexes. The third son of John Bass, Abraham, himself held many hundreds of acres of land. In fact, Abraham probably was the biggest landowner of the Bass family. Here is just a short list to give a taste of his activity in Edgecombe County.

Oct. 20, 1763	sold	300 acres
Oct. 24, 1763	sold	300 acres
Oct. 11, 1763	sold	300 acres
Oct 20 17--	sold	100 acres
1763	sold	1,000 acres
Oct 16, 1765	bought	700 acres
Jan 14, 1764	bought	200 acres
Nov. 4, 1772	bought	120 acres

Obviously, Abraham was a wealthy and ambitious man to engage in the many land

transactions. Perhaps he made his living dealing in land although so far there is no concrete evidence of this activity.

Family Group Sheet

Subject* **ABRAHAM BASS** (1849)
Father* JOHN BASS JR. (1832) (b. 1706, d. 1777)
Mother* ELIZABETH WINBORN (1844)

Spouse* **MARY ROGERS** (1850)
Father*
Mother*

Four Children

F **ANN BASS** (1943)
Son: after ____ 1765 JESSE ROGERS (1955)
Son: after ____ 1765 ROBERT ROGERS (1956)
Daughter: after ____ 1765 BETSY ROGERS (1957)
Daughter: after ____ 1765 ANN (NANNY) ROGERS (1958)
Daughter: after ____ 1765 CHARITY ROGERS (1960)
Daughter: after ____ 1765 MOURNING ROGERS (1962)
Daughter: after ____ 1765 ZANY ROGERS (1964)
Son: ____ ____ JACOB ROGERS (1954)

F **ELIZABETH BASS** (1946)
Son: JOHN BRIDGERS (1948)
Son: HENRY BRIDGERS (1949)
Son: SAMPSON BRIDGERS (1950)
Son: MICAIAH BRIDGERS (1951)
Daughter: PENNY BRIDGERS (1952)

M **SION BASS** (1969)
Daughter: say ____ 1780 POLLY BASS (1982)
Son: circa ____ 1780 JOHN BASS (1976)
Son: circa ____ 1780 JORDON BASS (1977)
Son: circa ____ 1780 KINCHEN BASS (1978)
Daughter: circa ____ 1780 QUINNY BASS (1979)
Son: circa ____ 1780 WILLIS BASS (1980)
Son: circa ____ 1785 ALDIN BASS (1981); Nash, NC.

M **JOHN BASS** (1972)
Daughter: circa ____ 1790 **MOURNING BASS (1119); NC.**

Abraham, the grandfather of Mourning Bass Floyd, owned land in both Edgecombe and Nash County North Carolina. Nash was formed on April 8, 1777; from Edgecombe County which itself had earlier come from Bertie and Craven counties. In 1746 Edgecombe yielded some land that became Granville County, and two years later in 1748 Northampton County was formed from Bertie. In 1758 Halifax was formed from Edgecombe. With all the changing of county names and lines its easy to wonder if the Bass family moved from county to county as much as the record indicates or if perhaps they stayed put and the counties evolved around them.

Abraham Bass, grandson of John and Love Bass and great-great-grandson of the Indian princess Keziah, had large land holdings in Edgecombe County and was particularly active buying and selling in the period 1763 to 1772. This period coincides to a significant period in American history beginning with the Proclamation of 1763 restricting settlement to no farther west than the peak of the Appalachians followed by the various taxes such as the Stamp Act of 1765, the restrictions on free trade and the Quartering Act of 1765, which provided that British troops be lodged in private housing, all were events that eventually led the colonists to war with England in 1776.

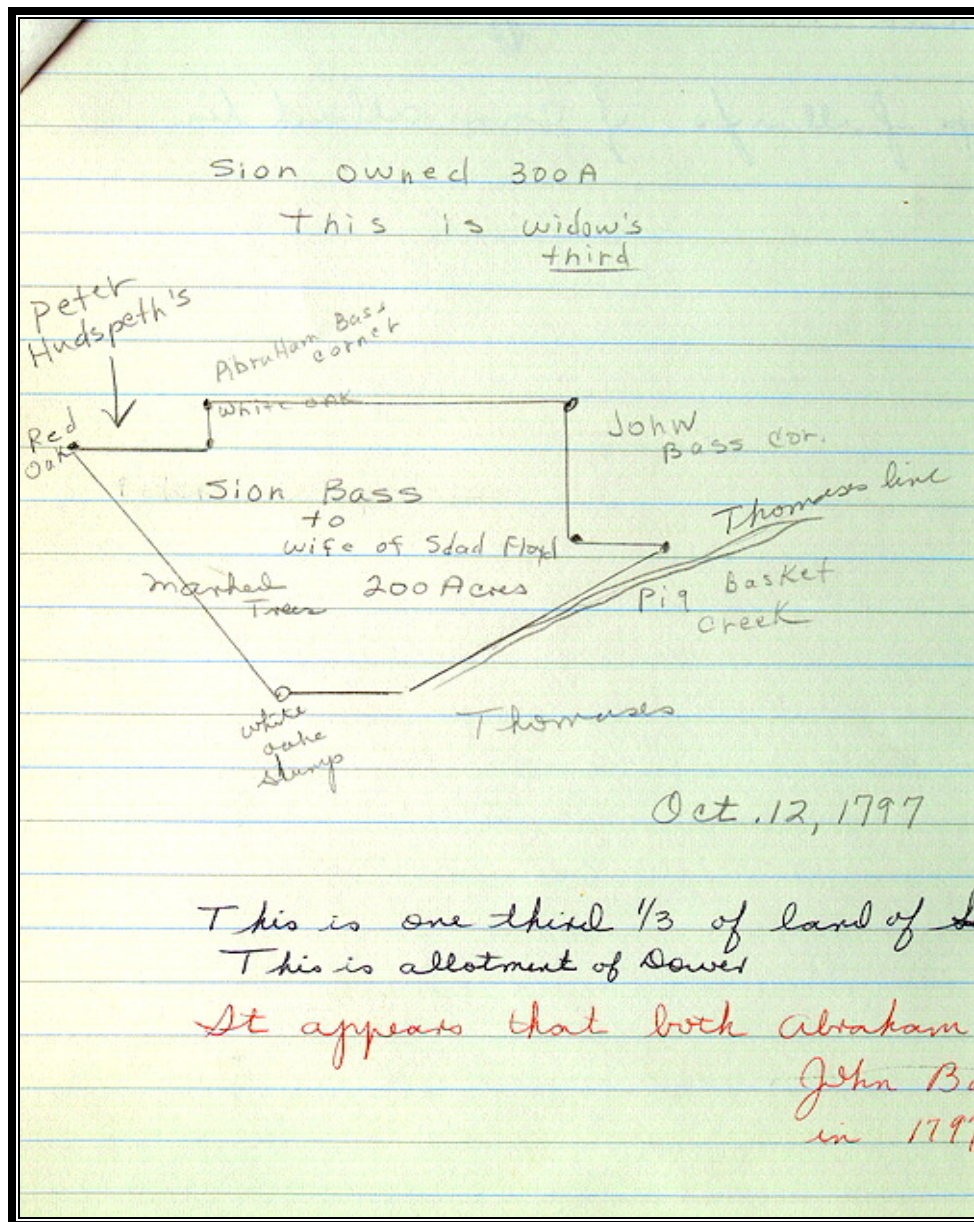
Abraham lived a long life in turbulent times, and in fact outlived two of his sons as well as his wife. Abraham appeared in the public record in 1789 when he sold land to Penuel Floyd. Penuel was the son of Delialah Floyd and was probably illegitimate as his mother's maiden name was Floyd. She was the daughter of Francis Floyd and Elizabeth Bell. (Recall that Francis along with his brother Thomas emigrated from Virginia to North Carolina.) When the census taker for Nash County did his count in 1790 during the first U.S. Census he itemized Abraham Bass as the head of a household that included three males, four females and 12 slaves and again at census time in 1800 Abraham appeared on the census. He was apparently an old man when he died in 1805 and left his will. The will was written on June 17, 1803, but did not reach probate until the August Court session of 1805. It is an interesting document both in its description of personal property such as the Bible that was left to his daughter Elizabeth Bridgers and the disagreement implied by the will's mention of a possible lawsuit by the husband of his granddaughter, Mourning Bass. We are indebted to an apparent family dispute for supplying us with a little glimpse into the dynamics of the Bass family.

1804 – WILL OF ABRAHAM BASS

Nash County Wills, 1778 to 1859, Part 1, p. 46 Abraham Bass' Will -

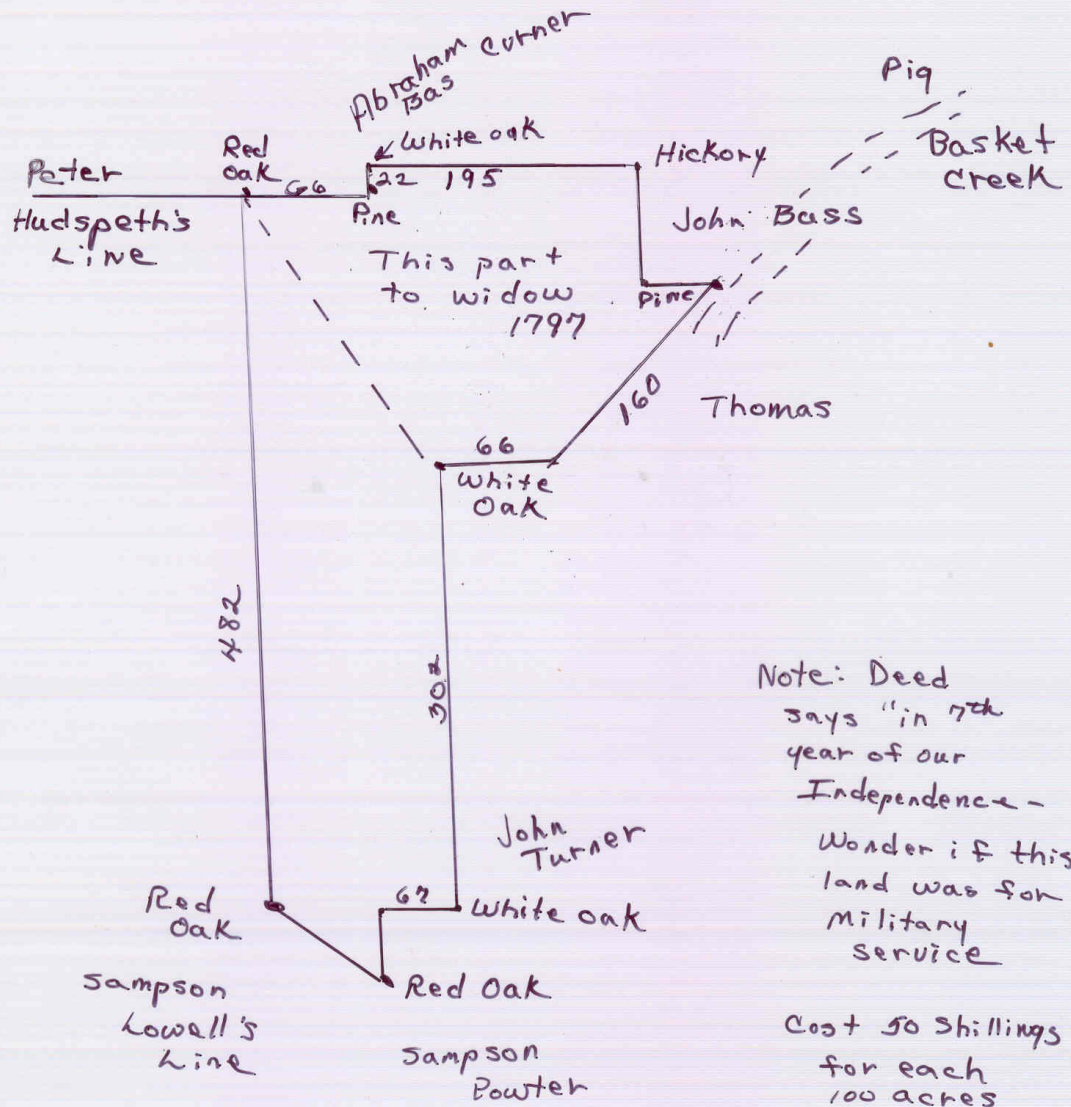
August Court 1804 In the name of God amen I Abraham Bass of Nash County being of perfect mind and memory do this Seventeenth day of June in the year of our Lord 1803 make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following to wit. Item I give and bequath to Ann Rose wife of Thomas Rose ten pounds current money. Item I give and bequath to Ann More wife of Collum More ten pounds current money. Item I give and bequeath to Charraty Rogers daughter of Robert Rogers deceased ten pounds current money. Item I give and bequeath to Mourning Rogers daughter of Robert Rogers deceased ten pounds current money. Item I give and bequeath to Zona Rogers daughter of Robert Rogers deceased ten pounds current money. Item I give and bequeath (original says bequath) to my grandson Jorden Bass one still Item I give and bequeath to Thomas Hammitton (Hamilton) one negro woman named Little Rose also one blue chest. I give and bequath to my daughter Elizabeth Bridgers one horse called Charlemain one table and bible, also one bed and furniture her choice. Item my desire is that my negro girl named Sylloe (?) shall be set free and that Thomas Hamitton should have the care of her until she is twenty one years of age Item My desire is that all the rest of my estate both real and personal not already given away to be sold and after paying the above legacys and debts to be equally divided between Elizabeth Bridgers and Sion Bass Heirs and John Bass Heirs in the following manner to wit. One half of the whole of the sweeping legacy to Elizabeth Bridgers. Item The other half to be divided in the following manner between Jorden Bass Polly Parker Quinne Bass Aldin Bass Kitchen Bass John Bass and Mourning Floyd. Item my will is that Polly Parker part of legacy shall be discretionary with my executors whether they pay her or not until the Expiration of six years. Item my will and desire is that if Fed Floyd husband of Mourning Floyd ever brings a law suit against my self or my executors for any part of my estate - his part then to be only forty shillings and balance over and above the forty shillings to be for the use of supporting the said law suit. Item I constitute and appoint Willian Bridges Jessee Bass and George Boddie Executors to this my last will & testament & I prononce this to be my last will & testament & no other Signed sealed and published in the presents of us. Signed with an "x" Abraham Bass Witness D. Sills (signed with an "x") and Lucy Boddie The foregoing will was duly proven in open court by the Oath of David Sills a subscribing witness thereto & on Motion ordered to be recorded.

Perhaps the most fascinating part of Abraham Bass's will is the mention of a possible lawsuit that Fed Floyd might start. What could have prompted this? Notice that the division in Abraham's will states that the residual estate will be divided equally among the heirs of two of his sons who predeceased him, Sion who had six heirs and John Bass who had one heir, Mourning Bass Floyd. Herein lays the ground for dissension and possible lawsuit. If Sion and John were alive each



Land Grant

Land of Sion Bass 10-5-1783
458 Acres



would receive equal shares and upon their death their estates would be divided, Sion's six heirs would get one sixth each of Sion's half and John's one heir would be entitled to the entire half belonging to John. Mourning Bass was the daughter of John and it was she who lost the most by the dividing of the estate of both the deceased John and Sion equally between the heirs of Sion and John.

Possibly Mourning's husband, Fed Floyd, saw what he perceived to be inequality and threatened to protest the will prompting the provision in Abraham's will. Whatever the problem it obviously surfaced for discussion before 1803, and certainly we, the descendants, are fortunate. The result is serendipitous in giving us absolute confirmation of the relationship of Mourning Bass and Fed Floyd. It's one of those wonderful accidents of history that provides a concrete connection of family members. We should all keep this in mind when writing wills and be sure that the documents we leave are "interesting."

Sion, one of Abraham's sons, lived in Nash County and appeared on the 1790 census as head of a household that included nine other individuals as well as four slaves. (At the time of the census the population of Nash was 7,393 people.) Apparently Sion Bass held a number of acres of land although not nearly as much as his father Abraham. The 1783 Nash County Court minutes tell that Sion Bass acquired land from the State of North Carolina and in giving the land's location, the deed mentions the land of John and Abraham Bass saying that Sion's land adjoined theirs. (See maps on previous page). Since there is also a mention in 1783 of John and Charity Bass of Nash County selling land on the south side of Swift Creek to William Bridgers, a brother-in-law, we can surmise that the entire family lived adjoining one another on Swift Creek. Later, in 1787 Sion Bass acquired land from the State of North Carolina and in the same year sold the land to Stephen Webb. Sion Bass died in 1793 before his father, Abraham, wrote his will in 1803. The fact that Sion Bass did not leave a will indicates that his death was unexpected. Ten years later his estate inventory was sold by George Boddie.¹⁶ The county commissioners sold Sion's land to Shad Floyd, the brother of Amos and Fed Floyd. Shad married Sion's widow Mildred. We are starting to see exactly how close these two families were

Sion Bass left the following heirs: John, Jordan, Kinchen, Quinne, Aldin, Polly Parker wife of John Parker and Willis. (It's interesting to note the use in 1793 of the name Kinchen for in 1755 and 1756 Thomas and Francis Floyd bought land

¹⁶ Why did it take ten years? Possibly settlement was not needed until Sion's widow decided to remarry.

from a man named Kinchen, and a Floyd child of the 19th century carried the name of Amos Kinchen Floyd.) Did the name Kinchen enter the family through the Bass or the Floyd line or perhaps did the use of the name by both families indicate their close relationship? Certainly the name Kinchen is rooted deep in early family history, but exactly how remains a mystery.

Some of the children of Sion Bass were evidently underage at his death as the court appointed guardians for Sion's orphans when he died intestate about 1793. In 1798 Nash County Court minutes reveal that Abraham Bass was appointed guardian to the orphans of Sion Bass. Apparently, the youngest, Willis, died before 1800 because the 1800 land division of Sion Bass shows the following heirs: Willis Bass with his portion going to Shad Floyd "for mother of said deceased child," Jordan Bass, John Parker "for his wife," Quinny, John, Kitchen (sic) and Alden. Sion Bass's estate remained outstanding for several years as shown by minutes of the August session of the 1803 court that appointed William Bridgers, Jacob Rogers and others to divide the land left by Sion Bass and for a report to be presented to the next court. In the same year, there is a record that the "Sihon" Bass estate sold land to Shad Floyd.

John, another of Abraham's sons and the father of Mourning Bass Floyd, appears as a landowner in Nash County North Carolina, and is listed in county records as owning 640 acres in 1780. Apparently John, like his brother Sion, died without a will indicating that death came suddenly. (How else to explain the absence of a will when all the other Bass family members seem so conscientious about attending to paperwork?) As late as May 1802 John Bass was alive and well for his name appears on a list of jurors for the court. He must have died in the first six months of 1803 because the 1803 Court session for August term contains two orders. The first on page 253 is an order that the administrator of John Bass (deceased) sell the perishable estate of said deceased according to law. A few pages later and the administration notice is granted to Frederick Floyd on the estate of John Bass. Fed posted bond for the position of administrator and we can only wonder if he was married to John's daughter, Mourning, at the time her father died, or perhaps he was appointed guardian and later fell in love and married his ward. Since no orders for guardianship for Mourning exist it is likely that the first scenario is the correct one.

During the time period 1804 to 1815 Nash County records are filled with tidbits that give a taste of our ancestor's lives. The court of Nash County kept nicely detailed minutes, telling us that Fed Floyd was assigned to work on the road in 1805, and in the same year he sold some land. The year 1806 brought another land sale for Fed and the next year he witnessed a land transaction. In 1807 Fed was

appointed as a patroller in Captain Drake's District along with Augustine Bass, a cousin, and his brother Amos Floyd, then suddenly in October 1807 Amos Floyd died and left a will dated Oct. 27, 1807 saying:

1807 - WILL OF AMOS FLOYD

In the name of God Amen I am weak in body but sound mind and memory my will is that my just debts and fineral charges shall be paid. (Item) after that I wont my brother Federick Floyd paid for all the troble and expence that he was at in my sickness. (Item) I give and bequeath all my wearning clothes to my two brothers to be Equally devided to them and their heirs for ever. (Item) my will is that all the rest and residue of my Estate shall be equally divided among my brothers and sister to them and thair heirs for Ever. I constitute and apoint my brother Federick Floyd to be my executor to this my Last will and Testament. Sine Sealed and delivered in presence of This 27th of October A.D. 1807 (Note: He seems to have signed this himself) Amos Floyd Witness Nathan Whitehead Wm. Whiless ¹⁷

THE FLOYD FAMILY MOVES TO GEORGIA

The legacies that both Fed and Mourning received enabled them to consider a migration south into the recently opened lands in Georgia. Just as the family migrated from Virginia at the beginning of the 18th century, the more adventurous members of the family living in North Carolina started looking for new frontiers to conquer. Early members of both the Floyd and Bass families migrated from Virginia to North Carolina and now as the new century opened while many of the Bass family chose to continue their lives on the land of their grandfather in North Carolinas, some of the Floyd family were enticed south. Mourning Floyd bid farewell to her Bass relatives and joined her husband as a pioneer to Georgia. The inheritance in 1804 from Mourning's grandfather and the earlier legacy from her father John Bass (on which her husband Fed was given letters of administration and ordered to sell the perishable estate) as well as the legacy from Fed's brother Amos provided the couple sufficient capital to allow them freedom to seek a new and better life.

Both Mourning Bass and her husband Fed Floyd were born just after the war for Independence and certainly they grew up hearing colorful tales about the war since

¹⁷ The fact that Amos Floyd apparently signed his own will is unusual and indicates a level of education. Most people signed with either an "X" or a special mark.

the revolution must have been a major topic of conversation even among those living in remote areas. Today, we yearn for a shred of a family tale that would illuminate our ancestor's thoughts about this time in the country's history. It's unfortunate that no written record or family story exists to tell about a watershed event such as the Revolution. However, the Floyds use of the names George Washington and Jefferson in naming their children indicates their awareness of history. (Perhaps that is all we need to know.)¹⁸ If either of them were literate there would have been a chance of finding a diary or letters to reveal a bit of their personalities, but the ability to write would not by itself have assured that their story would be memorialized. Life for the couple was hard, and basic living was too time-consuming and daylight too short for either of them to spend time writing even if they possessed the skill. Their immediate concern was the present and their family's future with little time left for the luxury of contemplating the past. Failure to plant corn on time would mean privation. The harvest was an important part of their life, and written stories would have to wait for a future generation who, as beneficiaries of the stable government and prosperity forged by their ancestors, would finally possess the luxury of time to reflect on history and begin recording the story.

When Fed and Mourning entered the new territory of Georgia at the beginning of the 19th century they brought with them a wagon full of implements needed for survival. Their minds likewise were full of ideas, notions, remembrances, faith and practical skills for living. Fed and Mourning's little group stood on the northern bank of the Savannah River waiting for a ferry boat to take them across a waterway that was the seam joining past with future. Crossing into Georgia for them was much the same as crossing the Atlantic had been for their ancestors in the early 17th century – a break with the past. Here they stood one hundred and seventy-five years later making the same exodus as their ancestors, but this time they were leaving North Carolina for Georgia.

Once the river was crossed they passed through a narrow band of civilization that clung to the southern bank of the Savannah River and on into the wilderness of a new land far removed from family and friends and more than a century of family history in North Carolina. The new territory of Georgia was just as wild and full of danger, adventure and promise as had been the early counties of Edgecombe and Nash in North Carolina when the early Bass and Floyd pioneers came there from Isle of Wight County Virginia. Fed Floyd and Mourning Bass were repeating an

¹⁸ Since we will one day be ancestors it seems useful for us to make the effort to write something about our times and our feelings.

act of pioneering that was a family tradition from earlier generations.

It is probable that Mourning and Fed made their crossing into Georgia near Augusta, and no doubt it was comforting for them to be close to this old and civilized town. They might have felt a bit embarrassed by their country clothing soiled from the journey and their rickety wagon and the tired pair of oxen pulling it. (Augusta was already one hundred years old and held whatever culture and civilization could be found in the South.) What had once been an Indian crossing point of the river became an outpost of the English under General Oglethorpe, then a captured pawn of the revolution and at last a fine prosperous city of lovely homes in the bloom of adulthood. Augusta was much more sophisticated than any city the Floyds had known in North Carolina. She was a “city cousin” with “advantages” situated on the river with easy access to the sea and from there to England. Most of her citizens came directly from England enduring only the mild rigors of a boat journey across the Atlantic to reach her. Any adventurous English lady or gentleman could get to Augusta, and no doubt many kept an active association with the culture and manners of the old world even sending their children to England for education. A ship could easily bring their belongings including finely crafted furniture and keep them well-supplied with all the English refinements of food, wine, furniture and clothing. Augusta was a gentile city full of gentile folks.

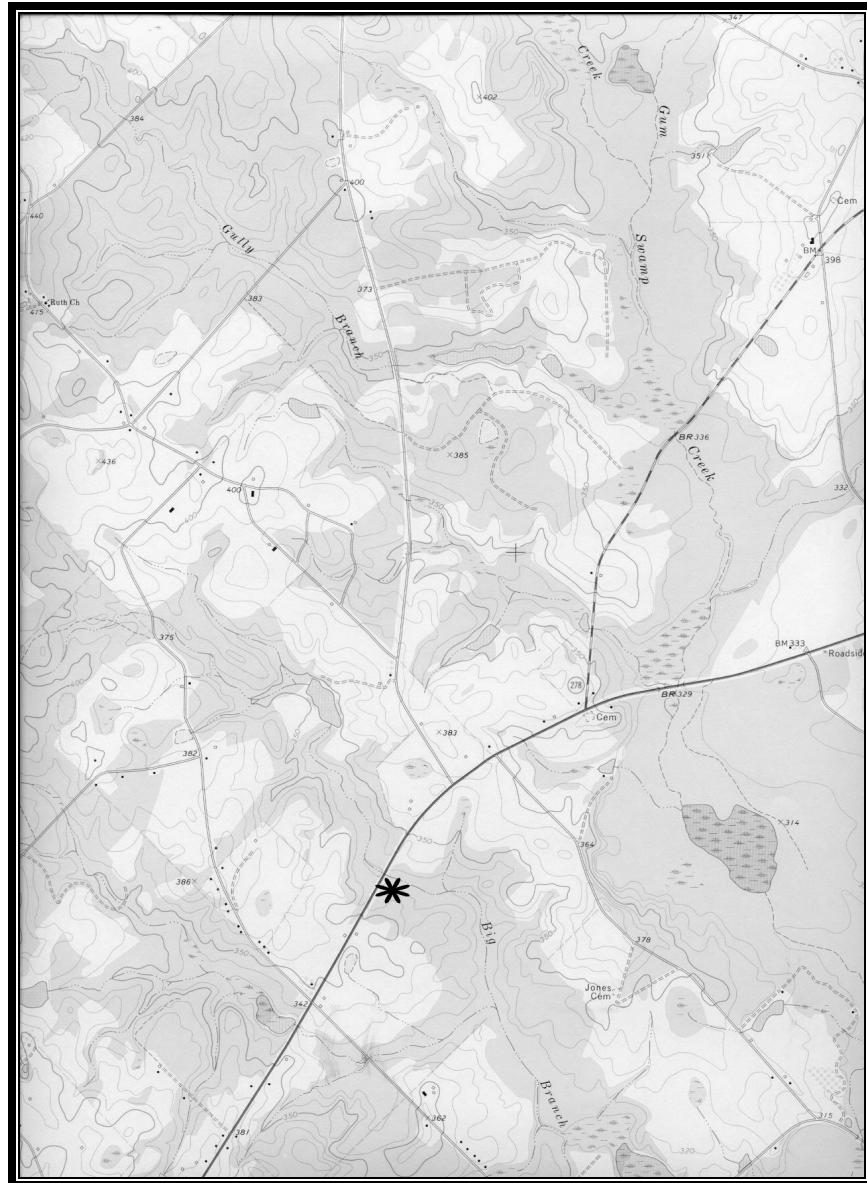
The towns of North Carolina were a sharp contrast in style to Augusta. They were frontier working cities full of practical business designed for the necessities of everyday commerce. They were markets and assembly points for the settlers of the surrounding rural farms. North Carolinians had little contact with England because the towns of Raleigh, Rocky Mount, and Tarboro were not situated on navigable rivers. Reaching them involved a tortuous journey over miscellaneous roads that ranged from dusty to muddy while riding atop or behind a fragrant animal. The towns and citizens of North Carolina were sturdy, stoic and suitable for the rustic life. Their citizens knew little of the riches and luxuries of England since they were separated by generations of isolation in the Carolinas and remembrance of mother England’s relative riches and luxuries was a memory faded over one hundred fifty years of isolation.

A look at the descendants of Fed and Mourning living in middle Georgia in the 20th century reveals tiny evidences of the old ways brought south from North Carolina. For a full description of the old ways that lingered please read “Annette’s Memories” appended to this story. Both Fed and Mourning knew their past, their God, the way of the seasons, the animals of the forest, and both carried the courage of their forebears along with a great faith in their own survival abilities. Neither

learned these skills from a book, and neither attended school to acquire the precious knowledge. They represented the way humankind survived for millions of years; they followed the natural teachings of their parents and grandparents. Yet, Mourning and Fed Floyd, without knowing it, stood with one foot in the old world and the other in the new. And, in less than 50 years after their arrival in Georgia the world and its systems entered the period known as the Industrial Revolution, a time of change that defined the modern world, and propelled their descendants to a new frontier - the 20th century. As Mourning Bass and Fed Floyd crossed the Savannah River at Augusta they represented much more than they could ever imagine. They were the vanguard of the modern era. They could not know, but we now see, that a giant milestone in the advancement of civilization was occurring.

The two maps on the following page pinpoint significant places. The first indicates the location of the Fed and Mourning Floyd homestead on the Uchee Road. The location was determined by using a 1909 Hudgens Map that showed names of homeowners along the road and integrating this information with written descriptions that follow later in this text. Nothing remains to be seen in 2006. In the winter of 2005 Russell Davidson and Wayne Floyd visited the location with a metal detector, but were unable to do a thorough examination as the underbrush thicket is almost impenetrable.

Examine the second map follows and you will see the numerous ferries that crossed the Savannah River. There is no way to know exactly where the Floyds crossed, but we do know their destination. In the lower quadrant you will see the town of Hartford. Hartford existed before Hawkinsville. Hartford was the last outpost of civilization for many years. When you crossed the river into the area that is now Hawkinsville you were in Indian Territory. Trace the Uchee road back from Hartford and you will find the location of the Floyd homestead.



The bold road is the Uchee Trail. The star indicates the location for the Fed Floyd home.

History is a story. Each person regardless of his social position skills, intelligence or money is a part of the fabric of the saga. The story is a recording of the lives of individuals, and included in these lives are the emotions, fears, hopes, loves and deaths of individuals. As Fed and Mourning crossed the Savannah River about 1810 their minds were not occupied with lofty ideals of destiny. They were scarcely aware of the vital link they formed in the chain of settlement and history. Much more mundane matters consumed their thoughts for this was just another day with miles of unknown trail to cover before reaching a patch of ground in the new county of Pulaski located southwest of the crossing spot. The air was full of anticipation and expectation mingled with the ever-present anxiety of being alone and dependant on only themselves. They were 200 miles from the only home they had ever known, and the trip along a trail well-worn by Indians, traders and animals had been tedious and slow. For eons of time before these pioneers made the trip through the forest, wildlife and Indians etched tracks through the wilderness following the path of least resistance. River crossing takes place at the shallows, and cross-county tracks follow gaps in the hills. Animals stalked their prey and Indians stalked the animals along the same path used for the entry of these white strangers whose ancestors once crossed the Atlantic Ocean from London.

Roads are important historically as their location and condition reveal a whole pattern of development. The revolution of the 18th century along with the necessity of moving large groups of men and supplies caused further development. Settlers like Fed and Mourning widened and improved the old trails in order to accommodate their wagons. Fed Floyd was not only a pioneer but also a road builder. An early record connects him directly with road construction in Nash County North Carolina. As a young man he was commanded by the assembly to work a portion of the road. It was a citizen's duty. Another citizen's duty was military service, and in fact, the first record of Fed Floyd in Georgia shows him as a private in Captain Allen Tooke's Company of the Georgia Militia starting August 14, 1813. He served with the militia at Fort Green and Fort Laurence located on the western border of Georgia at that time defined by the eastern bank of the Ocmulgee River not far from Fed and Mourning new home. These forts provided protection from the Indians who had only recently been removed from the area and periodically threatened an uprising.

Fed and Mourning's new County, Pulaski, was barely two years old when they arrived. It was a new county carved in 1808 from the larger county of Laurens and named for the Polish Count Pulaski who had been so helpful to Americans in the Revolution. But while the land was new to the pioneers, it was in reality ancient

land belonging to a native population that found itself being squeezed into an ever tighter corner. Both the Indians and the pine trees had occupied the land between the Ocmulgee and the Oconee River for countless eons. The Indians hunted and camped by the feeder streams of these two large rivers and left evidence of their presence in the vast quantities of arrowheads embedded in the soil. At first the Indians were visited by white explorers and coexistence seemed a possibility. Gradually, the Indians participated in treaties designed to define territories that would enable both white man and the Indian to occupy the same land. An agreement was finalized in 1797, but it gave a false sense of security to the Indians. The peace was broken by the war with England in 1812 and by the white man's never-ending need for fresh fertile croplands. Mourning and Fed were a part of the relentless eroding wave that eventually pushed the Indians onto reservations as far away as Oklahoma.

The Floyd family appeared on the 1810 census in Franklin County North Carolina. Since the census was typically taken in summer, it means that they must have started their journey south to Georgia no earlier than late summer. A colossal task awaited the young Floyd family, arriving in Pulaski County during the fall of 1810. The baby, John, was born just before they left North Carolina and was now 6 months old. He, along with his sisters, Nancy, age 2, and Rebecca, age 7 and their brother Shadrack age 5, were a constant concern for, Mourning, a young mother who herself was no older than 25. Along the journey the older children, Lucinda, age 11 and Harty age 9 certainly helped. Harty was able to hunt and fish with his father. Lucinda helped her mother with the youngest children and the household chores. Nevertheless, the newly emigrated family faced both the task of creating shelter before winter as well as developing a reliable food source and establishing a trading relationship with the remaining Indians. There was little time to reflect on the momentous change that had just occurred in their lives. The work was endless with land to clear, woods to explore and neighbors to meet. There was even talk of establishing a church. The foreignness of the situation was eased a bit by the fact that other families from Nash and Edgecombe made a similar move, and it was possible to encounter an old acquaintance from North Carolina, perhaps a distant cousin or two. The new settlers were comforted by the resemblance of the Georgia landscape to their previous home in North Carolina. The climate was mild, the woods were full of game and for the moment the Indians were peaceful. Life began to settle into a regular if not comfortable routine.

The Indians, however, became increasingly unhappy with their treaties, and sensing the possibility that another war with England was imminent, Tecumseh, the great Indian leader, attempted in 1811 to confederate the Creeks of Georgia and

the Seminoles of Florida as well as unite all the Indians from Canada to Mexico. His attempts caused the more militant of the Alabama Indians to attack Fort Mims on the lower Alabama River and massacre 400 people. Word of this uprising caused concern in the white population and spurred the building of the forts along the Ocmulgee River. In September 1811 John Floyd (no relation to Fed Floyd) made a rendezvous with 3,600 Georgia troops at Fort Hawkins and through their efforts two Indian towns were destroyed. By March of 1814 the Creeks' power was broken by the battle of Horseshoe Bend, and subsequent treaties removed the Creeks from Alabama, leaving only a small group between the Ocmulgee and the Chattahoochee, a remnant that would continue to worry the settlers of early Pulaski County.¹⁹

In the spring of 1811 when the woods were filled with white clouds of native dogwood that followed directly behind the lavender fog of the redbud tree, a number of concerns colored the family's life. Spring vegetables of turnips and collards were planted in the little patch of land they were able to till the first season. There had not been time to do extensive clearing the first year, but thankfully there were remnants of cleared land left by earlier inhabitants. For eons before the Floyd family arrival the Creek Indians lived in individual tribes gathered in small villages beside the running streams. The newcomers from North Carolina took advantage of these cleared patches in order to sustain themselves that first year. No doubt the Floyd family knew to whom they owed gratitude for these conveniently cleared patches of ground, for each year when the rain pelted the newly turned ground it would reveal remainders of the earlier Indian civilizations in the form of enormous numbers of arrowheads and worked stones. As late as the end of the 20th century the Floyd children would delight in finding the beautifully crafted tools of earlier inhabitants.

The Floyd family home apparently stood for many years alongside the Uchee Trail for there are contemporary descriptions of it from two of their descendants.

Here are the instructions to the grave site as given by Jerry Floyd of Jacksonville. The site of the Fed and Mourning graves is on the opposite side of the road from the Welch Perry (son of Green Perry) house. It is located a couple miles (just a guess) from the Welch Perry place back toward Cochran. Welch Perry, who was at the time an old man, personally showed me the spot where the cemetery was. Mr. Perry is probably gone now but I don't know for sure. Here is the directions to the cemetery site that I entered in my computer right after I had visited the site: "Go northeast from Cochran

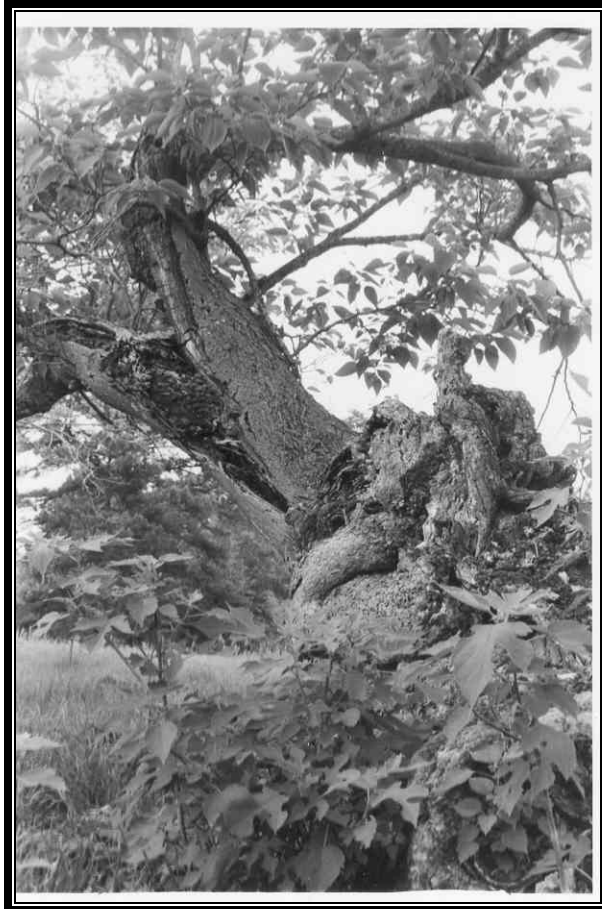
¹⁹ There is an irony here as Mourning Bass had Indian blood through her ancestor Elizabeth Keziah Tucker who married John Bass back in Isle of Wight County Virginia.

on Ga. Hwy. 26 past the town bypass road to the intersection of Ga. 26 and Emergency Road No. 420R. Continue on Ga. 26 past Emergency Road 420R and find the burial spot atop the first rise in the land topography about a quarter mile on the right hand side of the road."

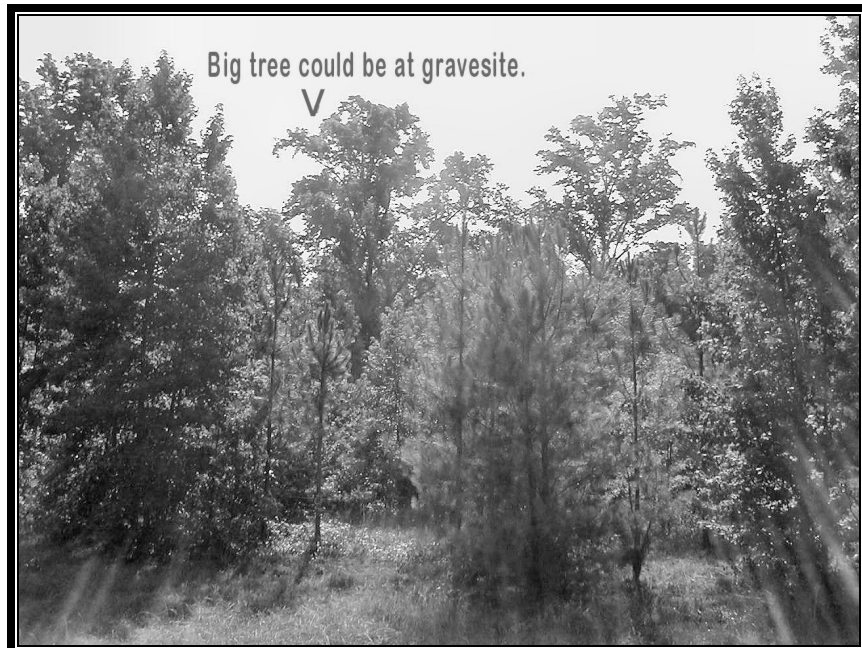
At the time I was there I saw a fairly large tree standing alone directly across the road from the site. I'm not sure but I think it was a Chinaberry. This looked as if maybe there was once a house on the site because it was fairly cleared around the area. Across the road where the cemetery was, the land had been cleared and there was knee high weed vegetation growing up over the large field but there was no large trees. My memory is getting fuzzy about it but it seems there were 4 or 5 medium sized trees in the immediate vicinity of the cemetery site. Maybe they were maples, sweet gum, not sure. I could go right to the spot today if I wanted to. It was during the mid to late 1980s that I was there. I think I have the exact date recorded but I'll need to look it up in my records. You have to keep in mind how time changes scenery. For all I know there could be a building of some sort sitting on the old cemetery site. I just don't know because I haven't been there in years. Byrd Perry, a nephew of Welch Perry, is the man responsible for having the land cleared and plowing up the old cemetery. Welch told me that he had leased the property to his nephew who subsequently hired George Thompson Heavy Equipment Land Clearing Co. in Eastman (Dodge Co.) to do the deed. At last account, Byrd Perry was employed at Middle Georgia College but I don't know in what capacity. I never had any contact with Byrd Perry or the land clearing company.

Don Floyd says the following: "Green Perry, who bought Lot 39 in 1930 and was living on it in 1975, said that when he was young, Lot 38 was known as the Tripp place, apparently named for N.J. Tripp. Green said Lot 38 sic (39) was called the Posey place before he bought it in 1915. He said that a small log cabin once stood on Lot 38 about 500 yards northeast of the Tripp house, but he tore it down between 1938 and 1939. He said the house was facing away from the road but was near the road (Uchee Road). He said the front door was no more than four feet wide, and you had to stoop to get in. It had only one door and one window and the window was a horizontal cutout portion of a log about three feet wide. It had a stick and dirt chimney. There was a well, which Green said he filled in. The cabin was about 100 yards south of a graveyard where Federick and Mourning Floyd are said to be buried." Another relative described the house as being a "double-pen" or "dog-trot" house and with a low second floor.

The Uchee Trail was an old road and at the time could be considered a main thoroughfare leading to Hartford, the main town along the river. Crossing the river at Hartford to the place that became Hawkinsville led into Indian Territory.



This picture taken in 1960's said to be next to the depression in ground thought to be gravesites.



Taken in 2002 by MVW – just a suspicion that tree could be at site because of its size

In 1812 Fed appeared on the roles of Fort Alford's company for the Georgia Militia during the period of Aug. 9 to Aug. 13, 1814. He was stationed at Ft Pike. The following month Fed appears between Sept. 9 and Sept. 18 as a private in Gideon Kellan's Company of the Georgia Militia. The payroll for Oct. 29, 1814, indicated that Fed served with a man named Henry Dykes (possible an ancestor of Burrell Dykes who founded Cochran.) He was paid \$8.00 for a month's service. It was while Fed Floyd was occupied with the possibility of Indian invasion in Georgia that his son Washington Jefferson Floyd was born on Feb. 10, 1814, in Pulaski County Georgia. (His nickname was Wash) Their new country was 40 years old, and Fed and Mourning honored their heritage by naming their first Georgia born child after two statesmen instrumental in the nation's formation. Fed's pay as a private was \$8.00, not much until one realizes that in 1814 a local tavern published its schedule of prices as: dinner .25, breakfast .25, supper .25, stable age .25, spirrets 12.5 cents per half pint Brandy or Whiskey, Rum 18.75 cents and lodging 6.25 cents. (One wonders what kind of lodging could be purchased for such a small amount when it seems that it cost only four times as much to stable a horse.)

Two years after Washington J. Floyd was born, his brother Amos Kinchen Floyd was born on April 11, 1816. He was named Amos for his father's brother in North Carolina who wrote the will mentioning Fed taking care of him as he lay dying, and the name Kinchen derives from individuals in North Carolina whose significance must be more than we realize for their name to have persisted this long in the family. As a matter of fact, a descendant of Amos Kinchen Floyd, our grandfather James Edward Floyd, would have two rather serious misconceptions about this fellow named Amos Kinchen Floyd. Amos is James's grandfather and James believed that Amos was the original settler from North Carolina and that the family was descended from the Kinchens. He is partly correct as the Kinchens did enter the Floyd family many years before, but no evidence exists of a direct line of descent from the Kinchen family, and Amos Kinchen was definitely not the pioneer from North Carolina, but rather the son of the Georgia pioneers, Mourning and Fed Floyd.

As this history of the Bass and Floyd families is written at the beginning of the new millennium one wishes that James Edward Floyd had lived another quarter century in order to know the length and depth of his family heritage. Would he be surprised and proud to know that he descended from the Basse family, who left Rouen France, became wealthy merchants in London with enough money to be financial backers for one of the original settlements in Virginia? His actual knowledge, though, was probably representative of the mentality of many others of

the family at the time. They knew about their local family through little stories distorted and twisted in the retelling. Today, with computers and research facilities and mass indexing of wills and census records there is little excuse for accepting anything but provable facts, and what exciting, fascinating facts our family story tells.

By 1818 the Pulaski County tax digest showed Frederick Floyd with 202.5 acres of pine land, which he may have received in consideration for his military service. (202.5 acres suggest that this property was drawn in the first land lottery. All lots were 202.5 acres in the land lottery.) A Bounty Land reference book indicates that Fed Floyd was in Rees Militia District and received land Lot 392 Sec 21 of Early County. The county tax roll for District 7 says that he was on the account for Captain Pace's district for the year 1818 and shows Fed as owning one slave and owing a tax of 77 cents and 6.5 mills. The following year Elizabeth Jane Floyd was born on March 29, 1819, and by the time the 1820 census was taken the Floyds were well-established in Pulaski County.²⁰ By 1820 Frederick Floyd appeared on the census rolls along with Gallant and Joseph Floyd.²¹

Francis Mary Ann Floyd, the last of Mourning's children was born on Jan. 23, 1824, a full 11 years after the Floyds moved to Georgia. There are two things about Francis that cause her to stand out from the family. First, her name hauntingly reflects the several men named Frances Floyd who lived both in Isle of Wight County Virginia and in North Carolina a century before her birth. The Mary could have been from her great grandmother the wife of Abraham Bass and Ann remembered her fraternal grandmother who was married to Thomas Floyd. (It's possible that these naming patterns as well as the use of the Kinchen name are evidence of a strong oral tradition in the family.) Francis was perhaps aware of the significance of her name, but never knew how important her contribution to the family story would be. In 1848 she married James Wardlow of Pulaski County²² and out of a sense of history and wishing to keep a record she carefully recorded the names and birth dates of all her brothers and sisters in her Bible. Francis is really the heroine of our story because without her careful recording in the family Bible we would not have certain evidence of the Floyds who came before. Without Francis Floyd we would have only a vague and incorrect record of the Floyds. The Bible entry pushes our knowledge beyond James Edward Floyd's incorrect memory of Amos Kinchen Floyd being the pioneer back a generation to Fed and

²⁰The United States took a census every 10 years starting in 1790, and it provides²⁰ very valuable information about families including where they lived in the state as well as snippets indicative of a person's lifestyle.

²¹ It does not appear that either Gallant or Joseph Floyd were related to Fed.

²² They moved from Pulaski at some point and lived somewhere near Gray. I think it was in Jones County.

Mourning Floyd and from them back to the earliest days of our country.

Shortly after Francis Mary Ann's birth in 1824 her father Fed Floyd died either in the summer or fall of 1825. On Nov. 12, 1825, Mourning applied for Letters of Administration for his estate. A widowed Mourning Bass Floyd appeared on the 1830 census as the head of a household. Death may have come suddenly, Fed did not leave a will, but the Floyds never were ones for writing many documents – certainly not the number that the Bass family left us. This period around 1830 was a transition time for Georgia and the nation as well as for the Floyd family. The land was being exhausted from cultivation and the price of cotton dropped causing financial hardship for farmers. (Many, in fact, packed their family and belongings and left for the newer frontier Alabama.) It was also the beginning of the age of the railroad with the first trip occurring on Aug. 28, 1830. Soon the railroad linked the states together as no other event could have done, and in fact, its coming meant the beginning of the end for the old pioneer lifestyle.

Events in the Floyd family during the 10 years starting with 1830 are sketchy and likely progressed with the usual peaks and valleys, but obviously things were lively for in 1840 when the census taker came to call it was quite a household. The census again shows Mourning Floyd as the head of the household and what a household it was. Unfortunately, the census for 1840 lists only household members by category leaving our imagination to determine who may have made up the group. In 1840 we learn that there was one male under age 5 (possibly this was the illegitimate son of daughter Nancy Floyd – James Everett²³) three males, age 20-30 (Amos, 24, Washington J., 26, and Thomas, 29); two females, age 15-20 (Elizabeth Jane, 20, and Francis Mary Ann, 16); one female, age 20-30 (possibly wife of Thomas); one female, age 30-40 (Nancy Floyd, 32); and one female, age 50-60 (Mourning Floyd). It was a large household and certainly the home was a modest size, but evidently living together was advantageous to the farming family.

In 1841, Mourning's son Amos Kinchen Floyd married Anna Luttia McDaniel and over the next twenty years the couple produced nine children, seven boys and two girls. The children were: Frederick, (named for his grandfather); Arch; Shadrack, (named for his granduncle); Harriett; (may have been named after Lucinda Harriett Floyd) Amos Jr.; John J.; George W. (named for his uncle Washington J); Mary Ann (named for her aunt, Francis Mary Ann), and James Everett. (Probably named after the son of Nancy Floyd, James Everett Floyd.) Many Floyds living in the

²³ James Everett Floyd enlisted with company G, Eighth Regiment. They fought at the 1st Battle of Bull Run. He was severely wounded and captured at Deep Bottom Virginia. He was released at Pt. Lookout Maryland and eventually returned home, recovered and married. A true hero.

Pulaski/Bleckley County area of Georgia in 1980 trace their lineage to one of these children of Amos Kinchen Floyd.

What a difference 10 years makes in any of our lives. When we look at the 1850 census of Pulaski County we find a very changed circumstance for Mourning Floyd. No longer is she the head of the household. Now she is shown as an occupant in the home of her son Washington J. Floyd. Mourning deeded the land she owned in Pulaski County to her son Washington and in return he promised to provide her with a home. Washington J. Floyd lived with his wife Susan Lister and a nine-year-old boy named James Floyd. James was the son of Nancy and apparently Daniel Webb (whom she eventually married.) We have no idea why she left James with her brother and mother. (James is the “male under five” of the 1840 census living with his grandmother). Daniel Webb had daughters, and that may have been the reason for James not living with Nancy. It’s likely they lived across the road from each other.^{24, 25} Washington J. Floyd and his wife Susan eventually had nine children, but their first was not born until 1852, and this child James is not shown living with them in the next census of 1860. By then he was living with and working for Aden Scarborough his father-in-law in the Longstreet (a key railroad area now non-existent) or Carey area. James was one of the first to sign up for duty in the Civil War. He was wounded, but returned home to live a productive life.

None of these Floyds or perhaps any other resident of the county could have imagined the impact on their way of life of a meeting held in Nashville Nov. 11-18, 1850. Here Southern leaders met and the majority talked about the South’s right to secede from the Union. On Dec 13 and 14 a state convention in Georgia voted to remain in the Union but declared that it would secede if the compromise of 1850 was not observed by the North. This was a landmark event, but as always it was one that took time to materialize. The middle of the 19th century was a period of rapid expansion in the Floyd family. It grew in all directions. The summers were hot, but the winters were mild. The wonderful sandy soil produced crops easily and the streams and ponds held fish while the woods were full of game. It was during this time of family expansion that the railroad came through the area passing close to the cluster of families and bringing contact with the rest of the state and nation. Slowly, alongside the west side of the rail line there developed a small group of houses for workers and warehouses for the shipping and receiving of cotton. A local legend says that about the year 1850 two original settlers of the

²⁴ Nancy Webb lived with James Everett and his wife Mary after her husband died.

²⁵ The public record provides clues that indicate that James was the illegitimate son of Nancy Floyd, Mourning’s daughter.

area named John Dominey and Joe McLeod swapped horses, both horses being blind, and Dominey gave the lot of land on number 158 as “boot” in the swap. This is allegedly the same land that eventually belonged to Burrell B. Dykes who gave his name to the original town, Dykesboro.

The following are excerpts from a microfilm at the Georgia Archives recording a pamphlet about the history of Cochran, Ga., published by the Baptist Church. There was no date on it, but it appeared to have been published about 1920 or so.

“Before the Civil War a few unpainted huts and grog shops on one side of the Ouchee Road were named Dykesboro. When the railroad came in 1866 the station was named Cochran. At times of heavy rain the present business section was under water. Scrubby Oakes and other small growth made a good cover for the wild hogs of former days when it was dangerous to pass thru without a gun or good catch-dog.”

“The Gopher Speaks”

I am The Gopher, I am 100 years old. I live down deep in a hole near the Old Scarboro limesink. I am old and very wise. Cochran was half mud swamp and half gallberry thickey when I was young. I saw Dykesboro turn into Cochran. I saw bad liquor saloons when they dealt doom and death. Listen now to a tale of long ago.

Austin H. Landfair settled on the depot site in 1839. His son Ira says it was a wild country plumb full of wild hogs and animals. It looked prett billious but east to get food. Wild cattle could be shot down. There was plenty of game and fish! People lived at home and everyone was honest. I could work till dinner and then catch a mess of fish at the water gap on the Big ditch.

The railroad reached Dykesboro just after the war. Mr. Ira Landfair sold sugar cane to the early passengers. The citizens said the railroad would use all the iron and leave none to make plows. The Negros who laid the road cleaned out the gophers. What they left the North Georgians ate.

Dykesboro was named after Mr. Dykes, Cochran, located

on the Big Ditch across the RR was named after a railroad official.

W.E. Dunham who came here forty-five years ago said Drunks and Fights were common. There were regular street battles. There was a time call the Bar Room Era.

Cochran did not exist as a town until March 11, 1869, when an Annual Session of the General Assembly of Georgia meeting in Atlanta voted to incorporate the town. Mourning Bass Floyd did not live to see the name change. To her the village was always Dykesboro, but even then the town was not a place she visited often for seldom was there a need to leave the home place. On those rare occasions that demanded an appearance at the courthouse such as the day she deeded her share of land to her son Washington, she would travel the 10 or so miles west to Hawkinsville for the event. Hawkinsville was then the county seat of Pulaski. The town of Cochran's would not rise to prominence as the county seat of Bleckley for a full 50 years.

When the census taker called in the summer of 1860 Mourning Bass Floyd was no longer living in her son's household. She died at age 65 and was spared the rending and tearing that war would soon bring to the people and the society of the South. Like so many young men, her sons, the first three Floyd boys, Frederick, Arch and Shadrack would serve in the Confederate army. All suffered as a result of the war and none would ever own much land. All eventually received indigent pensions for their war wounds and service. The war hit the family hard, but it did not stop the forward progress.

In July 1861, Captain Ruel Anderson organized a company of artillery known as Anderson's Battery. It became known as the 14th Georgia Light Artillery Battalion, Company D, and on April 26 1862, a large number of Pulaski County men joined the ranks. Among the men were two sons of Amos Kinchen, Archibald and Frederick Floyd as well as several Holland brothers. Two years later a third brother, Shade Floyd, Viola Floyd's grandfather joined his brothers in Dalton Georgia. Shade appeared on the muster roll of March 25, 1864, along with a man named J. M Dupree whose brother Thomas had joined in 1862. It is very likely that the two younger men left Hawkinsville together and rode the train north through Atlanta to Dalton to join their older brother's company. They served in the siege of Atlanta and followed Sherman's troops down through Georgia.

On June 13, 1951, Tina Floyd Rosenberger wrote to the Department of the Army requesting information on her grandfather's (Shade Floyd) military service. The

following is the response she received:

"The records show that Shade Floyd, private, Captain R.W. Anderson's Battery, Palmer's Battalion Reserve Artillery, which subsequently became Captain Anderson's Battery, Georgia Light Artillery, Confederate States Army, enlisted 25 March 1864 at Dalton, Georgia. The company muster roll for November and December 1864, last on file, shows him present. He was paroled 2 May 1865 at Greensboro, North Carolina, in accordance with the terms of a Military Convention entered into 26 April 1865 between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding Confederate Army, and Major General W. T. Sherman, commanding United States Army in North Carolina."

Signed, William E. Bergin, Major General USA

From unpublished records compiled by Lillian Henderson for the State of Georgia we learn that: Shade D. Floyd enlisted as a private in Company B 14th Battalion Georgia Light Artillery on March 25, 1864. He surrendered at Greensboro, N.C., April 26, 1864. The captain of this company was Thomas H. Dawson.

A letter addressed to Ruel Anderson of Hawkinsville, Ga., dated Feb. 14, 1951, seeks information about Shade Floyd's service in Captain Ruel Anderson's regiment. Addressee is the grandson of Anderson. The response is a short note stating: Your grandfather (Mr. Shade Floyd) was in my father company, Anderson's Battery. They fought in the Battle of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge and the Battle of Atlanta and New Hope Church, Jonesboro, Ga., and other battles on down through Georgia. Signed by what appears to be Harriet (last name illegible) Note: perhaps she is the daughter of the captain. The Civil War Records at the Georgia Department of Archives and History show S.D. Floyd receiving an indigent pension on the basis of service in Company B. of Montgomery's Artillery. It was signed by him with an "X" on Sept. 13, 1901, and states that he was born on June 22, 1845, in Pulaski County Georgia, was with Company B in Dalton Georgia, in December 1863 (and) also in Anderson's Battery. He served nearly two years and surrendered in Greensboro North Carolina, April 1865. He based application for pension on infirmity and poverty. "I was wounded during the war in the hip and have never been entirely well since - have frequent attacks of Rheumatism - general breaking down. Possess no property (none shown for years 1894-1899) and am supported by the labor of "my two sons." In response to the question of "Do you have a homestead?" he replied, "No." The affidavit was witnessed by J.C. Grimsley who said he enlisted with S.D. and served with him,

surrendered with him at Greensboro and has lived within three miles of him for 40 years.

Physician's Affidavit

Description of precise physical condition. Struck by a shell at Savannah, Ga., in 1864 during an engagement, as result has never been strong and vigorous since. Since then he has suffered with general debility from soul (?), also suffers from recurrent attacks of Rheumatism. Pension was recorded as received in 1902-1906 starting at age 56.

Shade Floyd must have been embarrassed to ask for an indigent pension, which required the acknowledgment and witness of his neighbors. The fact that it was needed, and that he was reduced to the level of requesting a pension gives a hint of the emotional and economic damage imposed on a whole generation by the terrible Civil War. What would Shade think if he could know that his suffering would be discovered and memorialized more than 100 years after its occurrence? Would he recognize that this humiliating act that was so carefully recorded in the state archives would, upon its discovery, shed a bright spotlight on a tragic and dark period of Southern history? In an unwitting way, Shade's story like the story of his grandparents, Fed and Mourning Floyd serves to illuminate our past. Just as Federick and Mourning were unknowing contributors to a history they could not read; and, just as their daughter, Francis Mary Ann became an accidental recorder of history when she chose to write her family's births in the Bible, so too was Shadrack's pension application is a key piece to a larger family puzzle. Because of his need for the pension and because of the state's persistent need to have documentation and affidavits, we, his descendants, can better know and appreciate the heritage won for us at so great a cost. Shade Floyd owned no land, left no possessions and held no office, but he did not live in vain.

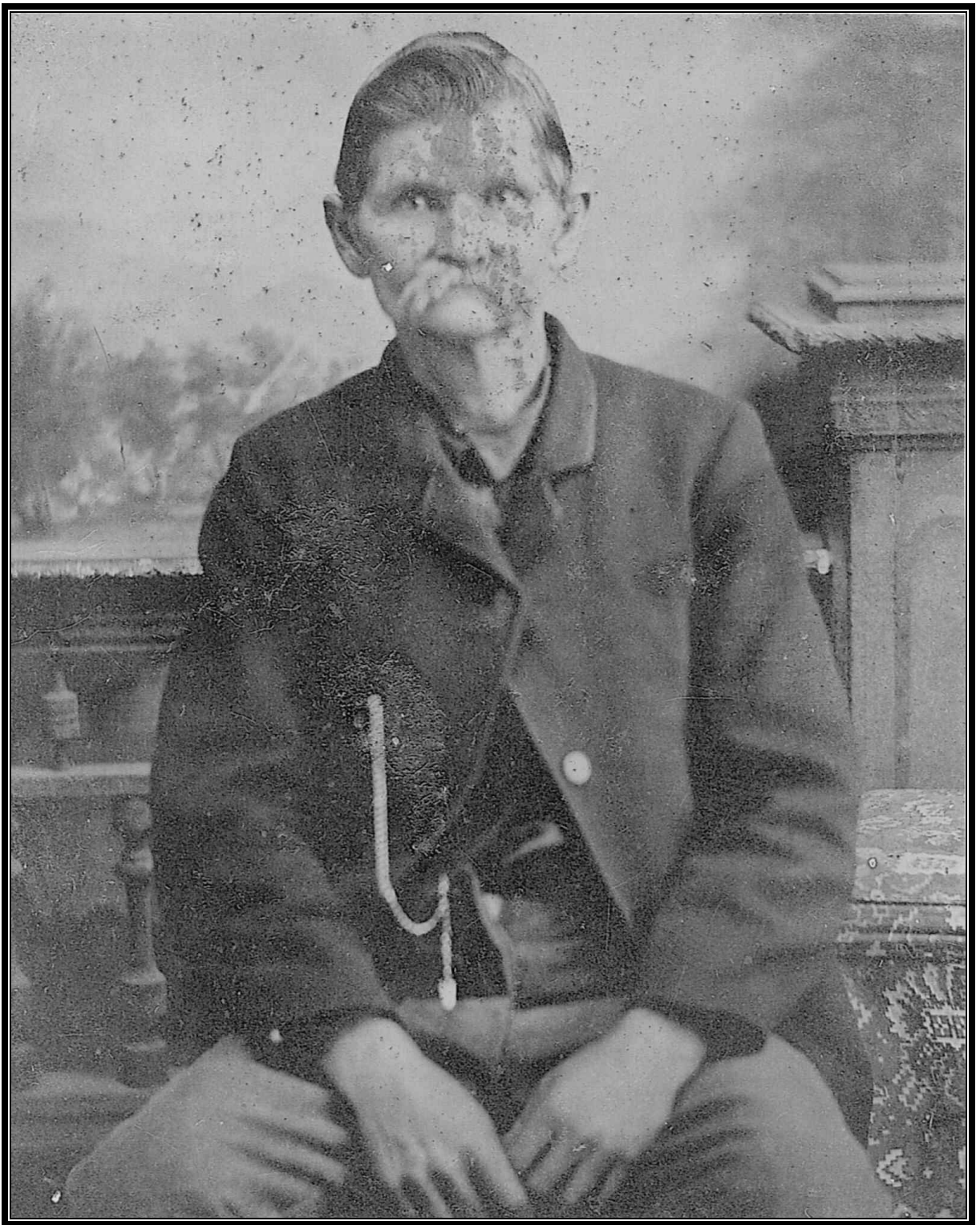
Family stories told in the mid 20th century say that when Shadrick Floyd walked home to Pulaski County from Greensboro North Carolina (a distance of four hundred miles) the only job available was filling stump holes on the farm of his half brother, Everett Floyd. Considering the devastation done to the South's economy by the war it is plain that Shade would have counted himself fortunate to have even this job for support. As a young man of only 20 years who had already experienced the traumas of life and seen much pain and ugliness, Shade married Eliza Davis on July 1, 1866. Eliza was from the large Zachariah Davis family who lived near the area of the hauntingly beautiful moss-draped cypress swamp known as Bush's Mill. Eliza died prematurely at the age of 38, and only four of her

children survived her. The four were: Archie, Anna Letitia (Sis), Mary Elizabeth

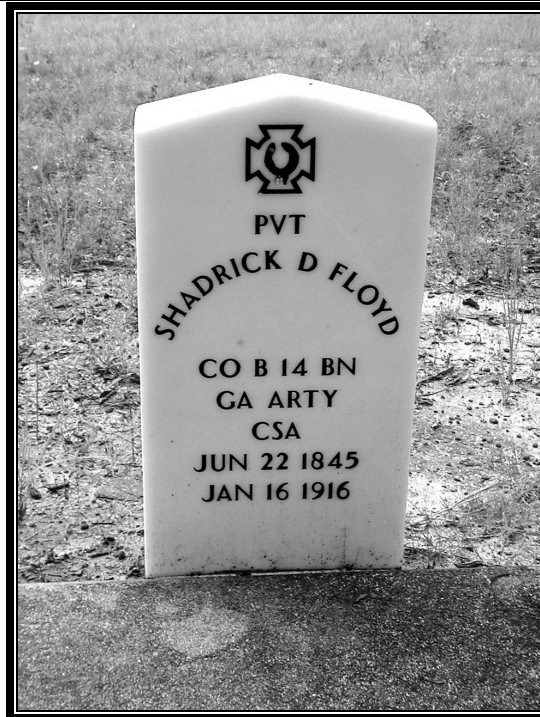
(Babe), and James Edward (Ed) who was born on March 25, 1875 ²⁶ Their home was near the area now known as Bailey's Park. The railroad passed close to the area of Bailey's Park and near the swamp was located a turpentine still. The still owner saw to the erection of company houses for his employees. There is a good tradition in the family that Shadrack Floyd was employed by the still and so possibly occupied one of the company houses.

²⁶ The family included two other girls who died in infancy





SHADRACK FLOYD



If Shade Floyd did work for the still, he worked hard. The distillation of turpentine is a dirty and difficult procedure. The area of the turpentine still at Bailey's Park

was within walking distance of the Everette Floyd place. Everette was Shade's half-brother and it was upon a piece of Everett's land that Eliza Davis Floyd was buried when she died prematurely in 1888. The dogwood trees would have been in full and glorious bloom as the small family watched the interment of their mother Eliza in the plot of land known as the Floyd Cemetery. What powerful feelings must have passed through the hearts of this family, emotions magnified to double size for her youngest son, James Edward Floyd, now only 13 years old. His father worked at hard dirty labor; was reported to have a terrible temper; owned no land and now the children were motherless. Certainly the events of his parents' lives contributed to Ed's self-discipline and life-long conviction of the importance of self-sufficiency. Very early he learned the skills that would enabled him to acquire his own land and raise a large family entirely through his own efforts. His story is very much the American Dream. He was a self-made successful farmer who worked hard and saved and who eventually owned his land and built a fine new home for his family.

James Edward Floyd grew up in the poverty of the late 19th century American South. He knew what it meant not to own land, had seen his father work for someone else and not even own his home. That was not the life Ed wanted for himself; he would do more and be more. It was through the spirit and will of James Edward Floyd that the family entered the 20th century. Federick Floyd and Mourning Bass brought the family from North Carolina into the new lands of Georgia and the 19th century. James E. Floyd (Ed) raised a family that became active participants in the 20th century. Many traveled extensively and one daughter entered the U. S Foreign Service and while working in Egypt married a man from Cairo.

The year of James Edward's birth, 1876, was the Centennial celebration of the United States. It was a watershed time in American history with the industrial revolution's improvements becoming commonplace even in rural Georgia. The old pioneer ways were being swept out the door, and the 20th century was puffing into town on the train that ran so close to Bailey's Park.

JAMES EDWARD FLOYD and HOLLAND FAMILY

James Edward Floyd, son of the Civil War veteran, Shadrack Floyd, grew to manhood knowing his grandfather Amos Kinchen and all the many aunts, uncles and cousins associated with the ever-expanding Floyd family of Bleckley County. Throughout his childhood he heard stories told and retold of the family's arrival in

Georgia from North Carolina, but like most youngsters he found it difficult to comprehend any period of time predating his grandfather Amos. Somehow history seemed completely centered on his grandfather who was 60 years old when James was born. It's easy to see how James Floyd could assume that this "ancient" man must have been the original settler from North Carolina who brought the family to Georgia. In fact, when the history of Pulaski/Bleckley County was written in the 1950s, James Edward Floyd was asked to contribute a family history for publication, and it was there that he declared that his grandfather Amos Kinchen was the original Floyd settler in the newly opened lands between the Ocmulgee and the Oconee Rivers. Ed Floyd was mistaken. The Floyd Family roots in Georgia and in fact in the nation ran much deeper than he knew.

The life of a middle Georgia farmer in the beginning of the 20th century was restricted to the distance that could be covered round trip in one day from the home place. Seldom did a farmer spend a night away from home because the animals always needed attention. Without access to television and only a local newspaper and radio for information it is not surprising that James E. Floyd, known as "Ed" to the neighbors, would not have an awareness that his roots in the United States in general and Georgia in particular were part of an intricate fabric of people full of courage, foresight and even wealth. He never knew that his third great-grandfather, Abraham Bass, was a large landowner in North Carolina, and he had no knowledge of the long journey from North Carolina that his great-grandparents, Mourning and Federick Floyd, made when they decided to establish themselves in what was the "new frontier" of Georgia. Ed Floyd had memories that included the name Federick, for that was his great-uncle's name.²⁷ The same great-uncle was named for his father, the pioneer. Ed knew of the suffering that the Civil War brought to his family and of the physical and mental cruelty of the war. At the end of the war Ed's father Shadrach was paroled in Greensboro, N.C., and walked home. Ed Floyd may have lacked details of his family origins, but the parts he knew of the war's impoverishment and his father's lack of land made him determined to do better. He made a decision to own his farm rather than rent, that his equipment would be his responsibility, and that he would have a proper family and home. The first priority being a suitable wife, and this he found in Annie Jane Holland whom he called the "prettiest girl in the county."

Living in Bleckley County was another family of equally interesting origins. The Holland family came from Edgefield County South Carolina early in the 19th century for the same reasons that the Floyds came from North Carolina. In fact, it's quite likely that the Hollands were also from North Carolina as Edgefield was a

²⁷ the brother of Amos Kinchen).

county that acted as a way stop for families moving south. Like the Floyds, their attitudes and destiny were altered and shaped by the far reaching effects of the Civil War. When war erupted it touched all the citizens. In particular it colored the lives of Josephine Donaldson and John Jasper Holland, a young couple married barely two years when the hostilities forever altered their paths. John Jasper Holland, like his neighbor Shadrack Floyd, felt the pull of service to the Confederate cause. Early in the war he joined one of the original regiments from the county and prepared to depart for battle. Knowing the possibility of being fatally wounded, John composed his last will and testament before marching away. His premonition was correct and he died in a Virginia hospital in 1862 without ever seeing his family again. His wife Josephine, like the other women of her time, bore the responsibility of carrying on with life, left with very few resources for the task. The court records of Pulaski County tell the brutal facts of Josephine Holland's situation. The probate record of the estate of J.J. Holland reveals an inventory that speaks of the meager possessions left for the support of the young wife and the infants, Jesse Jasper and Elizabeth Juliett. Read his will and inventory, and use your imagination coupled with knowledge of "Gone With the Wind" and travel back 150 years to the time of the Civil War.

1862 - INVENTORY OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN JASPER HOLLAND

The inventory of the estate of John Jasper Holland tells the stark story. It was dated July 11, 1862, and the appraisers listed were James L. Bryant, John W. Waters, A.R. Coley, John Holland and Jordan Allen. They listed his belongings and their value as follows: 3 chairs - 1.50, 1 lot of pot ware - 6.00, 1 lot of crockery - 2.00, 1 table and Pail - 2.50, 1 spinning wheel - 4.00, 2 bedsteads and furniture - 30.00, 1 trunk - 2.50, 1 cow bell - 1.00, 1 lot farming tools - 8.00, 1 double barrel shot gun - 15.00, 2 tubs - 1.00, 14 head hogs at 2.00 per head - 28.00, 4 head cattle at 7.00 per head - 28.00, 1 horse - 28.00, 405 acres land (202.5 in District 8 and 202.5 in District 6 & 7 at 5.00 per - 2,025., 1 note on Jas. B. Holland and John J. Holland due 1st of June 1861 - 30.00, 1 acct. Jas. B. Holland - 21.15, 1 acct. on W.W.. Perry Guardian for J.S. Holland - 12.25, 1 acct. on Ann Mullis - 2.00, 1 loom - 10.00, 1 pr card and 2 axes - 10.00, 3 Bales Cotton at 16 cents per pound -, Steel yards (?) - 2.50.

The story of John Jasper Holland and Josephine Donaldson is most touching. It is a story common to many families of the time, and yet it becomes more poignant when we see our own ancestors who become the flesh and bones to the raw

statistics of death, wounds, separation, loss and sadness brought on by the Civil War. When we think of our ancestors as real people we come to understand the true tragedy of war. Only when we read a will and an estate administration can we start to know the heartbreaking story. Looking back at history and knowing the final outcome of a pitiful story is an emotionally wrenching experience. A simple census record, a probated will and then another census record may seem like dry paperwork, but they can tell the story of not only one family but of a whole society. Imagine how the attitudes and destiny of very real people were altered by an event that shook the nation. When the Civil War erupted it blew a hole in the social fabric of the South. John Jasper Holland and Josephine Donaldson were scarcely married two years when the hostilities exploded. When fighting broke out, John J. Holland, like his neighbor, Shadrack Floyd, immediately felt the pull of service to the cause of the Confederacy. John Jasper joined one of the original regiments from the county and prepared to depart for battle. Knowing clearly the possibility of being fatally wounded, John composed his last will and testament before he marched away. It reads as follows:

1861 - WILL OF JOHN JASPER HOLLAND

In the name of God Amen I John Jasper Holland being of sound and disposing mind and memory knowing that I must shortly depart this life, deem it right and proper both as respects my family and myself that I should make a disposition of the property with which a Kind Providence has blessed me. I do therefore make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking and annulling all others by me heretofore made. First I desire and direct that all my just debts be paid without delay by my executors hereinafter named and appointed. Second I desire and direct that all my lands (except the lot whereon I now live known as number 8) shall be sold for the payment of my debts, and in case it does not sell for an amount sufficient to pay my debts, then I desire and direct that my cattle, hogs, and horse if necessary shall be sold for that purpose. Third I give bequeath and devise to my beloved wife Josephine the lot of land whereon we now live in the twenty-second district of Pulaski County containing two hundred two acres and a half with all the rights members and appurtenances to said lot of land in any wise belonging, free from all charge whatever, to her own proper use, benefit and behoof, provided that she (shall) will remain on the place and take care of the children and the property but in case she should break up housekeeping and leave the place to go to waste then I desire and direct that the said lot of land number 8 in the 22nd district and all farming utensils, stock and appurtenances shall be sold for the use and benefit of my two children viz. Elizabeth Juliet and Jesse and the proceeds of the sale to be equally divided between them. Dated and signed June 12, 1861. Executor A.R. Coley (a friend) was named. Signed J.J. Holland

This will was found at the Georgia Department of Archives and History in Will Book B (1855-1906) p. 77. The will recorded just before this one was written by a man named Scarborough in which he mentions going off to war. It is logical to assume that John Jasper Holland's will was written for the same purpose. John Jasper Holland dated his will on June 12, 1861. Eight days later on June 20, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service. He died in a Virginia hospital in 1862 without ever seeing his family again. His death left Josephine a widow and like other women of her time she bore the responsibility of carrying on with life in a very different world and with precious few resources for the task. Not only was her family destroyed but her way of life as well. The court records of Pulaski County tell the brutal facts of Josephine's situation, for they reveal an inventory that speaks of the meager possessions left for the support of the young wife, and the infants, Jesse Jasper and Elizabeth Juliatt.

The young family was shattered by a wave that rippled down through the years causing lives to flow in unexpected directions. The young wife, Josephine, was left with the responsibility of raising two young children alone in a ruined land with few provisions for support. Obtaining food and shelter became a full-time occupation leaving little time for the niceties of discipline, love and tenderness. It was basic living, and the children learned early of the hardships of life and how to depend upon their own resourcefulness. They grew up self-sufficient and independent. Discipline and restrictions were few and without the tempering effect of a father's direction it seems natural that the young son, Jesse Jasper Holland, would develop a taste for the casual, non-conformist lifestyle. His grandchildren would remember him as a "fascinating rogue" who reminded some of Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind." Not having a stable childhood caused him not to value stability and he developed a tendency to come and go as he pleased. In fact, he was probably the most well-traveled man that the people of Cochran had ever known. He was an exotic creature who traveled as far away as Texas and the Florida Everglades and from time to time he would return home with gifts and stories of his travels. The young people adored seeing him and hearing of his adventures. He did not seem mindful of the cost to his wife and family who suffered privation due to his abandonment.

John Jasper Holland





Jessie Jasper Holland



As a child, Jesse, son of the slain Confederate soldier, was beautiful with copper-red hair. Worldly privation caused him to develop a defense of excessive charm as he grew into a handsome man who lived a free and easy lifestyle. He quickly caught the attention of a young girl of the county, Orliffie Bryant. The couple married when he was 21 years old and produced two daughters, Annie Jane Holland and Margaret Juliette Holland, before the itch returned to his feet and the call of adventure demanded an answer. Soon he was off to the West, the land of action, excitement and opportunity. Family descriptions of Jesse are unanimous in saying that he was a rare breed of man for whom a comfortable life on a quiet farm would mean death by boredom. The spark of the pioneer and the fire of individualism burned in his soul and when the wanderlust struck, he could only pack and leave his young family. To him his actions were not cruel or even unusual, but rather they were a fact of life. His father had left him as a child and so to him leaving seemed acceptable behavior. Jesse Jasper Holland was an exotic creature.

Travel broadens perceptions of life and Jesse Holland experienced a full measure of experience. His adventures led him to a level of sophistication in lifestyle as well as dress unknown to the residents of middle Georgia. In fact, he was the local celebrity, and the town as well as his family quickly fell under the spell of his charm when he chose to return to Cochran for visit. Any bitterness that the family may have felt over his desertion dried like the dew on an August morning when they beheld this handsome, worldly traveler full of adventure stories of life beyond the county. The family called him J.J. and treated him like visiting royalty. Before the days of television and mass communication he was their link to a quickly evolving world. Jesse Holland saw the world changing and brought the vision of the 20th century to the small Georgia community. He expanded the vision of his daughter, Annie, and her children. Perhaps his influence was greatest on Annie's daughters who as youngsters listened eagerly to his tales of panthers in Florida and travels to faraway Texas. It is likely that these stories whet their appetite for a larger world, and eventually many of the Floyd females found a way to leave the confines of the county to seek the larger world. Jesse lit the spark of romantic adventure in them and provided a window on the world for the Floyd youngsters. Just as television influenced the next generation, Jesse's tales of adventure provided a window to the world for the young Floyd children. The 20th century was approaching like a speeding train and he ran headlong to meet it. The disruption of his childhood may have robbed him of a need for stability, but it liberated him as well. The standards and restrictions of his ancestors faded. His eyes were opened to the future and through his eyes the entire family started to look outward to the possibilities of a larger world.

Disruption and privation, especially caused by war, always alter life and direction. Just as Jesse Jasper Holland developed a new vision of life from his experiences so did Ed Floyd start the process of joining the 20th century. Each man chose to express his vision in a unique way, and each brought a new infusion of ideas and thought to the family. James Edward Floyd chose Jesse's daughter Annie for his wife. In marrying Annie Jane Holland he knew that he was getting a prize. He called her the prettiest girl in the county, but in addition to being attractive, she also had the strength that comes with self-sufficiency. It was a trait developed in response to the childhood abandonment by her father J.J. Holland

James "Ed" Floyd met Annie through his brother, Arch Floyd, who married Annie's older sister, Margaret Juliette, on Nov. 28, 1897. Ed and Annie married a few months later on March 27, 1898, just as the piney woods filled with dogwood. The marriage of two daughters in a short space of time must have been an occasion of mixed emotions for their mother, Orliffie. It meant that she and her sister, Jane Bryant, were freed from the years of responsibility for raising the family alone, but at the same time it left an unexpected emptiness in their home. For more than 10 years, "Aunt Jane" had lived with her sister, Orliffy, and found fulfillment in helping raise the girls. The participation in her nieces' lives had compensated for an earlier sadness that she did not often discuss. It seems certain that her life of solitude as an unmarried aunt was a direct result of that huge life-changing force, the Civil War of 25 years earlier. Did Jane have a lover, who like so many others went off to war never to return, or was her spinsterhood a result of the short supply of eligible men caused by death in the war? Family stories indicate that she was the oldest of 10 children, that her father died before the youngest, Orliffy, was 7 years old, and that marriage was out of the question because her mother could not provide alone. Whatever the reason her tragedy was a blessing, for certainly "Aunt Jane" Bryant was needed in the service of others. Not only did she help her sister Orliffy with the two girls when Jesse Jasper Holland deserted them, but also she provided company during her sister's years alone. In 1900, when the census taker called on the house to create his record, he found the sisters, Orliffy Bryant Holland and Jane Bryant living together. Two broken lives mended themselves into a whole cloth.

The sad life of the Bryant sisters had a redeeming effect. With the marriage of Annie Jane Holland to Ed Floyd, and the start of another large family, the help of a mother and an aunt was invaluable to Annie Floyd. Annie's first child, Viola, was born in 1900 and was called "Shug." Perhaps this sweet name was conferred by a doting grandmother and aunt. This first child of the couple, Annie and Ed, whose roots spring from another century, lived the entire breadth of the 20th century,

remaining fully alert past age 100. Viola was born before the automobile, before man first flew, before electricity, telephone and television, and during a time when women were denied the right to vote, run for office, or even have a strong objection to a husband's wish. Shug lived to see men go to the moon. She opened her own business, supported herself and her children when her husband died prematurely and at the same time carried on the old traditions and skills learned from her mother. Viola Floyd, first child of Annie Holland and "Ed" Floyd, carried the family into the 21st century. She was a strong knot in the strand of life linking the old with the new.

Having her aging aunt and her mother to help with her family was a blessing for Annie since her family expanded in neat two and three year intervals. There was a house to build, a farm to acquire and manage, crops to plant and schools to establish. Years later Annie would say that she could not have done it without "Aunt Jane." There was other help as well. In the neighborhood were Negroes left from the old slave days. Even into the year 2000 they continue to live in the area where their families had been for generations. They worked as day laborers for small pay or food from the garden and hand-me-down clothing. Their lives were little changed from the days of slavery and it would be another 50 years before the process of change started by the Civil War could even begin. As late as 1988 there were still Negro homes and families living in Pulaski County that closely resembled the living situation that existed at the beginning of the 20th century. Negro homes still had few facilities, chickens and pigs were kept in the yard, and there were many children and not much attempt at improving the houses. The oldest house in the county is still occupied after 150 years. In 1999, its occupant is Junior who works for Morris Floyd. Junior and his wife live a rather primitive existence. Do they live like this because it is their habit or because they have no other choice?

A map of Pulaski County made in 1908 shows Ed Floyd living in the spot on which his house continues to stand in 2006. The land was not his then; he was a tenant of James Smith. Ed Floyd was the son of a landless man, and since he had not inherited land it was necessary for him to rent until he saved enough money to buy his own farm. Bit by bit he acquired land and as circumstances improved he replaced the old house not once but twice. As was typical at the time, he cut the lumber for his new home right on the place and allowed it to cure in the barn for a year before construction began. Being a thrifty man, Ed Floyd would not build until he had saved the materials and the cash for the new house. He paid cash for everything. During construction of the final house the family was moved down the road to a little one-room house. Then, all remains of the previous home were

removed except for the well. The new home was a dream come true with a wide



This is the house where the family lived while their new home was being built. The new home would be on the far right on the distant tree line.

wrap-around porch, two swings, high ceilings, and a beautifully patterned wood floor (designed by Annie's father Jesse Jasper Holland) in the living room, and a wide hall running the length of the house to a spacious kitchen. The windows were large to open for summer ventilation and the whole structure was protected by a tin roof that gave a merry sound during a summer shower. What a palace it was! Later additions included a pond for Annie, an avid fisherman, and, of course, a smokehouse, detached kitchen, several barns and an outhouse. Pecan trees were planted outside the back door as well as across the road. The trees gave shade and wonderful nuts. Four live oaks were spread across the front and named for the first four children. They were "Shug, Buddy, Tina and Maureen."

Their daughter, Annette, always said that her father never gave Annie a fur coat or diamond ring. Instead he had a fishing pond built for her. She and Betty (the Negro lady) loved to fish and walking to the "Jack Hole" was becoming difficult so Annie got her very own pond.

Once in the summer of 1947 Annie and Ed gathered under the oak trees with their

children and grandchildren for a family reunion, and miraculously a home movie of the event was made and preserved for showing at Viola Berryhill's 100th birthday in the year 2000.



Annie's children grew up strong and healthy and all lived to full maturity. At a time of do-it-yourself medical technology it's interesting that none of the children died of the early diseases associated with childhood.²⁸ For a family that never knew a dentist chair they had remarkably sound teeth. The worst affliction that plagued the family was a tendency to excessive weight – probably caused by a combination of genetics and diet, but when one understands that the basic method of seasoning food was with the addition of bacon drippings; that fried foods were a delicacy; and no meal was complete without bread it becomes understandable why many grew to ample size. Food was a social lubricant, and was almost the sole form of entertainment in a time without television or movies. The biggest social event was the church supper to which everyone brought bowls of their favorite dish.

Annie Holland Floyd and James Edward Floyd were the last of a generation of 19th century farmers. They were the last to use a mule for plowing, the last to pay for everything in cash, the last to live mostly from their land and the last to remember the South when it seemed the last outpost of civilization. Their children saw the development of the South as a major region of the country responsible for a huge portion of the economic growth. Atlanta expanded into an international city

²⁸ This was an age when families expected to lose as many as half their babies to disease.

connected by air plane with all the capitals of the world. She became the Mecca for businesses seeking the benefits of climate, topography, lifestyle and opportunity for economic growth. Sherman may have burned Atlanta in the last century, but Atlanta was remade by all the country's important corporations in the last half of the 20th century. The adventures of the Floyd children of Bleckley County Georgia provide a parallel to the developments that were happening on a grander scale in the region. Telling the story of Annie and Ed's dozen children puts flesh on the bones of the huge growth statistics of the final half of the second millennium.

Ed and Annie produced a normal farm family of twelve children all of whom lived to maturity, married and produced offspring.



The first child and daughter was Viola known as Shug who was born in 1900 and lived to see the turn of the millennium in 2000. Not bad for a lady born before the automobile was invented and before the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk (not

to mention electricity and the Internet.) She told about having to run away from home to get married because her parents did not approve of her fiancé, Lucian Berryhill who was blinded in the First World War.

Arthur "Buddy" the 2nd child and 1st son was a steady successful farmer like his father. I think he is one of those "saints" that Oliver Wendall Holmes mentioned in the little quote at the beginning of this story. He was everyone's perfect grandpa. Unfortunately he did not live to see the millennium, but he got darn close, and traveled to Savannah to attend his granddaughter's wedding in 1997. When I made a brief stop at his home following Viola's birthday party in March 2000 everything looked as it always had and made me think he might walk out the door any moment. The "Irish potatoes" were growing beautifully and the wonderful small daffodils were in full bloom.

Tina Lee was the 3rd child and 2nd daughter. She was a city lady from the day of her birth. Tina started early to assemble the story of the Floyd family and in the 1970s she shared her knowledge and enthusiasm with her niece, Margaret Vollmer Woodrough, who is responsible for this project. Shortly before she died Tina sent Margaret a steno book with notes about her memories growing up. Here they are:

Here is the transcription of "Memories" from Tina Floyd Rosenberger dated 1976

The notes were put into a Shorthand Steno Book and sent to MVW.

Picking berries and putting smut from oat patch (?) and trying to pretend we were negro children!

Aunt Maurine and I

Telephone on line with lots of neighbors, everyone had a different ring but all calls came on same line. Our number was 3111 - 1 long and 1 short. Some numbers were short, long short - some two short rings. Central was one long ring. Sometimes central would come in on the line and answer "Cochran" and if we were ringing up a neighbor we would say, "ringing on the line."

School was always welcome. Usually we got our books the first day. Everyone bought books - nothing was free. Children kept the school grounds clean, usually done on Friday afternoon. Paper was not allowed to be thrown on the school grounds. Two girls were assigned to sweep the classroom every day at lunch. We made our own brooms

from broom sedge. A schedule of who had to sweep was made up weekly. We made our own blackboard erasers. We had what is now referred to as "greenboards," the "greenboards" now being the latest thing - indeed!

Each child brought his or her lunch in a basket on a special bucket with a lid. I always had a basket.

We drew our drinking water from a well. Every year the Trustees would meet before school to clean out the well; making sure nothing had been thrown in during summer.

We had a mild form of vandalism even then.

The school rooms were heated by a pot bellied stove. Here again, the Board of Trustees would haul in a supply of wood for winter fuel.

I remember one year when someone hid rifle cartridges in some wood and they exploded in the stove. By the grace of God no one was killed.

School was a happy time. We had plays and spelling bees. I wonder if children nowadays know, or care about spelling bees. Thanksgiving was a holiday and one Thanksgiving was the first snow I ever saw fall! Someone always recited "Over The River and Through The Woods" and I never could understand what was meant by "Hurrah for the pumpkin pie" as I had never seen a pumpkin.

We ate sweet potato pie, lemon pie, coconut pie, blackberry pie, but no pumpkin!

Christmas at school was always an event! More plays! Every child was given at least one line to recite. I remember once every child participating held a letter of the alphabet covered in red and green crepe paper. The line recited by the child holding "N" said, "N" is for nut on the Christmas Tree, if you don't want to crack it, hand it to me!" Ever after at Christmas time the above was always recited.

At home we always celebrated "Old Christmas" on the Twelfth Night. That is the night when mamma always said the animals knelt to pray. We did not know about Epiphany, but we were told about how animals prayed.

On Christmas Eve we set out show boxes for Santa Claus to fill.

Never hung a stocking. I guess mamma and papa thought putting things in a box would save a lot of confusion. They were always put out in the hall - mine always was placed behind the front door, near where the telephone was. Do you remember the telephone? The one with the crank! They were called "wall telephones." I guess there were other types, but this was the first one I remember. Incidentally, the subscribers had to maintain the line themselves.

After a storm the lines always had to be repaired. How they located the trouble was unique. They would ring the nearest one to town and if he answered they knew the trouble was between his house and town! Smart cookies!

Get a load of this - sometimes the batteries would get too weak to ring all the way to town. What you would do would be to ring a neighbor and ask him to assist you in ringing - more power!

When someone became ill Mamma and Poppa would always assist in whatever way they could. If the person required around the clock nursing and medication they would take their "Turn" of sitting up. If it were summer time they would sit by the bed and with a large palmetto fan, fan the sick one for hours. Returning home to do their own chores the next day. If the sick person were a man the neighbors met and tended his crops and fed his livestock until he recovered.

Mamma regularly sewed for three orphan girls to keep them in school clothes.

Making quilts

Making batting

Picking geese!

Making soap

Making lye hominy

Hemstitching

Oats

Peanuts

Melon

There were three things which were not allowed on the farm: goats, Bermuda grass and Kudzu vine. Goats because they were so smelly and could climb fences and also could force their heads in fence cracks and get hung up by the horns. Bermuda grass because every

farmer hates grass and fights it all the time. Kudzu vines are gorgeous, but so prolific you can almost see them grow! When they move in they take over.

Grandpa used to rive boards (shingles) under a great red oak tree which, if it were standing , would be about where Uncle Herschel's mailbox is now located. Such shingles are now very fashionable and much desired and have the fancy name of shakes. He used them to cover the well, barns and everything except the house. The house had a metal roof for safety reasons. (account of sparks from the chimneys). Imagine my great horror when I went home to find the big red oak gone - demolished (in the name of progress - road paving! I could have cried. It was so useless and could have easily been spared. I think it did have some dead limbs, but so what. I have never gotten over the loss. He used a round two-foot length of dried pine - the whole thing - then with a froe and mallet he proceeded to split the tree trunk into about 3/4 inch boards (shakes). We children, of course, stood around and watched, and stacked the shakes in neat piles for him. The old well still has his handmade shakes, so does the old kitchen and chicken house. What luxury on today's market.

Long ago, candy, like gumdrops, bon bon, etc., came in large wooden buckets. Their buckets were almost as large as wash tubs and about 1/2 again as deep. Papa always had one at the well. We always called it the "mule bucket" as that was what he "toted" water to the barn lot to pour water in the trough for the livestock, including the mules. They (the buckets) were always kept full of water, because they were made of wood, to keep them from collapsing from being dried out. How tempting, on a hot summer day for a barefoot child! We were strictly forbidden to "play in the mule buckets." One hot August (or July) day, I could not resist temptation. Papa was in the fields, no one, I thought, would see me, so I sat on the side and swung my feet into the cold clean, water up to my knees. I was caught in the act by Uncle Archie, Papa's only brother. He told me to "get out of the mule bucket." I promptly told him he was not my daddy! He told papa that I was "sassy" to him. Who could deny it. The end result was, the end was paddled, but good. I never forgot it!

January 4, 1977, Happy New Year!

What will it bring? Thank God, we do not possess total foresight.

Lately I have been hearing footballs referred to as "hog bladders." Do

you suppose that is what they were originally made of? When I was a child we did not have balloons. Would you believe we washed, rinsed and blew up hog bladders for balloons! At "hog killing" time we children, (those who wanted one) were given a bladder. We stuck a small piece of reed which was hollow, into the bladder and blew it up, tied it with a string and let it dry for about a day or so, and then inserted small stones (rocks) to make them rattle. Hog killing time is when I learned that smoke from an outdoor fire "followed pretty girls" as it was always blowing in our faces.

Since writing the above about the "mule bucket" I have discovered a picture of Herschel and Albert, God Rest his Soul, which shows the well before the shake roof, with the mule bucket beside it - small world, isn't it.

By the way "hopping John" was never , that I know of, served at our house for New Year's. I do recall hog jowl and peas. Now I know why Christmas lasted until New Year's and everyone was gorged on rich food and craved something simple.

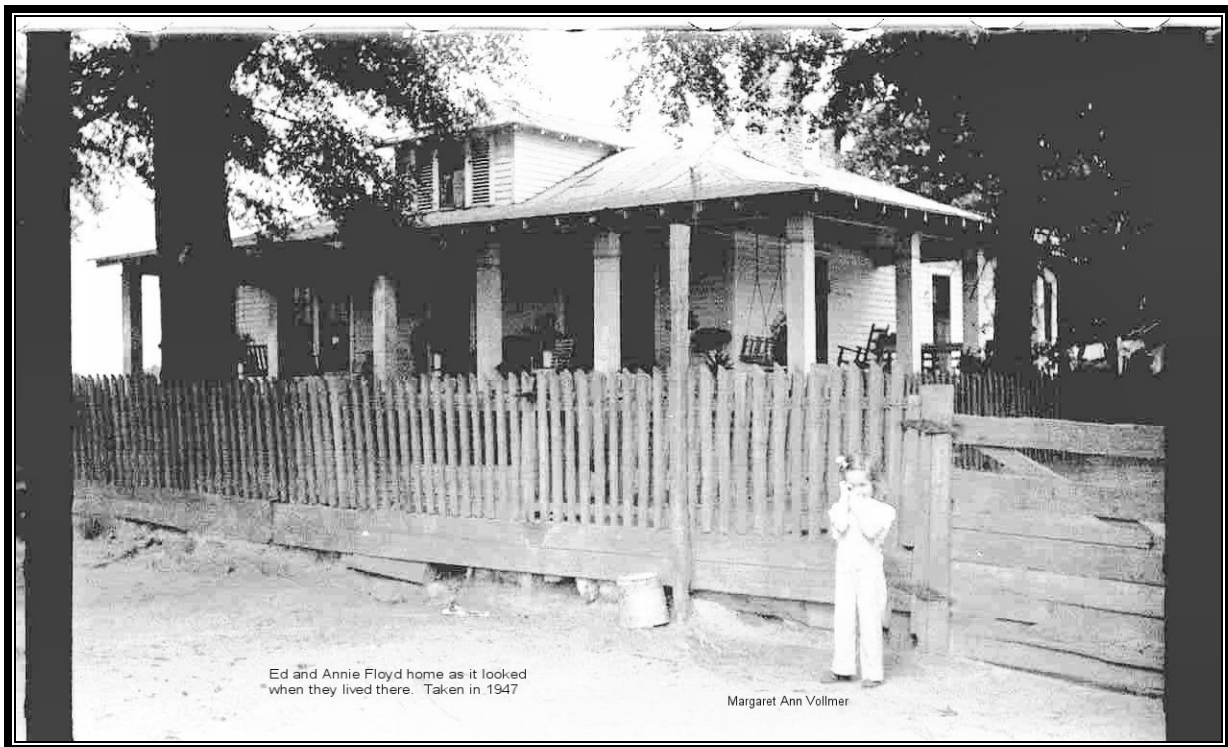
Maureen was the 4th child and 3rd girl. She was the "sweetie pie" of the group and was married to Linder Berryhill who always had candy in his pocket for the children. Maureen was an amateur poet who wrote touchingly about the home where Ed and Annie raised their family

You can think of the Floyds last three girls, Annette, Mary and LaVerne as the three musketeers of the Floyd family. Is there any adventure these three have not experienced either alone or as a trio? Annette and Mary traveled to Egypt to see the pyramids at the age of 70-something. This was a follow-up to a recent expedition across the United States by car. (One wonders what Ed Floyd would think of his two girls wandering across the globe.) LaVerne has owned more houses and businesses and had more husbands than anyone else in the family. In 1998, the three musketeers took a trip to Greece together and in 1999 all three became computer literate and learned to communicate daily via the Internet. Not bad for 80-year-old ladies from Cochran. Wouldn't Ed and Annie be amazed at the progress of their children, the nation and indeed even the world?



MARY, LA VERNE AND ANNETTE

THE FLOYD HOME IN 1947





THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE HILL

There's a big white house at the top of the hill,
We call it "home", and we always will.

It looks so lonely,
Just sitting there,
With nothing to offer,
Just memories to share.
I can see my daddy, as he bowed his head and said,
"Thank you Lord" for daily bread."

I can close my eyes, Any time and see,
The blue bird house in the old oak tree.
The blue birds would come,
Every year in the spring,
To watch Mama and Papa,
On the porch in the swing.

Everyone is gone now,
It's as quiet as a mouse,
There's something wrong
At "The Floyd House".

Dear God, as I make
my final plea,
If it can be your will,
Won't you just let The
Children keep "The Big
White House on the Hill"?

Maurine Floyd Berryhill January 1968

Ruth Floyd was the 5th child and 4th daughter. She was a very kind and generous person. It is likely that she never traveled far from Pulaski County and she apparently was the only female who did not yearn for a larger world. Her time was spent as the cook in the elementary school where no doubt her friendly outlook on life ideally suited her for the job.

Albert was the 6th child and 2nd boy born to the Floyd family. Here is what his sister Mary wrote about him: As I remember James Albert Floyd he was tall, dark, and very handsome!! Yes, he did not have the fair, freckly skin that most of us (or some of us) had. He had that skin that would tan easily and as a grown man usually had a little sharp mustache and sometimes smoked a pipe and to me that was the making of a "sexy looking man." Albert was married to Lilly May and when he decided to marry all three boys proposed to their girlfriends and all got married at the same time.

Herschel was the 7th child and 3rd son of Ed and Annie Floyd. He grew up to be a politician of sorts. Back in the '50s he thought so little of the candidates for governor of Georgia that he entered his mule "Rufus" in the race saying that the mule was as good as any other candidate. Herschel is Jerry's father and it is through Jerry's sons, Lance and Jason, that the Floyd name will be carried into the 21st century.

Jay was the 8th child and 4th son. Here is how his sister Mary remembers him: Here is his story as told by his sister Mary: Jay was born Jessie Joseph Floyd known to family and friends as Jay. He was Mama's pet. (Everyone claimed I was Papa's pet.) He would do for her without any complaining. He milked the cows and delighted in squirting some in the cat's face most the time but managed to get some in the mouth. He killed all the chickens mama asked him to do and scalded them in hot water so the feathers were easier to pull out which was his job also. Mama raised all the chickens we ate and we did eat a lot. Our meat diet was chicken and pork and sometime old "Kit" fish which I hated. Kit fish is very strong fish packed in salt and must be soaked over night before you can cook and eat it. On rare occasions someone would come by selling fresh beef and Mama or Papa would purchase some and we would have that for breakfast with biscuit and gravy. It was usually the kind of beef that had to be beaten with a mallet on the corner of the wooden kitchen table and Mama would smother it in gravy and letting it cook in a covered pan for a while. This was a special treat for us children. On Third Sundays when Mama would invite the entire church to come and eat dinner with us

Jay would have to kill and pick the feathers off of 4 or 5 chickens. Also there was a lot of cake baking going on and Mama would get him in the kitchen beating up the pound cake. Remember we did not have an electric beater at this time and every cake had to be beaten by hand which took a strong arm to beat 3 or 4 cakes. He did many, many jobs around the house such as bringing in all the wood we needed to heat the wood stove. Jay had an easy nature about him that the other boys did not have and I am afraid Mama took advantage of that out of necessity but he did not mind. Jay had red hair and would let us Girls "Finger wave" it because he wanted curly hair and the kids liked to play with him. Jay was Annette's favorite of the three boys (everyone seemed to pick one or two and say that was their favorite.) Annette and Jay had to ride to school in a horse and buggy. Later Papa gave that old horse named Kate to us kids to play with and we would swing on her neck, pull her tail and just have fun with her and she loved it and so did we. We would hitch her to the buggy and go to town and gather up some kids and take them out in the country with us which they loved. Papa would make Pop Guns for us out of reeds which we would sit in the China Berry Tree and shoot berries at and cat, chicken, or dog that came by. We couldn't hurt them only scare them. The three boys could really get into trouble such as tying tin cans to the cat's tail which didn't last long because they couldn't tie it tight enough. When they grew a little older and had a car they tied branches from a tree to the back of it and drove up and down the dirt road just to see how much dust they could do. The three of them belonged to a local baseball team and Jay was the pitcher and a darn good one because he was left handed the batter had a hard time with his balls. Albert was First stop and I don't remember what position Herschel played. Maybe he went just to get my free coke.

Aaron was the last boy born to the family and was a twin to Mary. He was another steady male Floyd. He is probably best known for all the good looking women in his household. He has the most and the best looking female group. His wife and daughters are exceptional beauties.

<p>February 1991 Wynelle Berryhill Gardner (Maureen's daughter) wrote her memories of growing up:</p>
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I always enjoyed going to grandma and grandpa's house to spend the night or just for a visit. I learned early in life that I couldn't go without getting permission first. Calvin and I attended Smith School, which was located down the road from where Dean Jones lives. He was in second grade and I was in first grade when I decided one day to spend the night with LaVerne. I thought sending a message by Calvin to

Mama would be sufficient — after all, it was grandma's house where I'd be. Mama met me at the gate the following afternoon and when she finished the switching, I learned a valuable lesson — I needed permission before going anywhere or doing anything!

Grandma and Grandpa always greeted me with a hug and kiss. They were both warm and loving people. Grandpa didn't have much education, but he was a super farmer, a good manager, could build anything he wanted, and set a good example for his children to follow. Grandma had very little education because she was married at 13 and started having that dozen children. She was self-taught, could cook the most delicious food (especially cakes and pies); was an excellent seamstress; canned vegetables every year and filled a room beside the smoke house. She enjoyed fishing as much as anyone I know.

Christmas was a happy time at their house. She baked cakes, and pies galore filled the safe. The house would be overflowing with people when all the children, grandchildren and in-laws gathered there for Christmas dinner.

Cane grinding/syrup making was a fun time to be at their house. I enjoyed chewing the cane and also watching the syrup being made. Later it was delicious with those big biscuits that Mary and LaVerne baked and the ham Grandpa cooked.

I remember when Grandpa decided to surprise Grandma with a birthday dinner on her 50th birthday. He had the whole family in on the secret so everyone would know what to cook and bring. She really was surprised — she had been lured to the pond over at Limestone to fish until everyone could get to the house and have the lunch on the table in the yard. I remember that I thought she was old — but it is amazing that I didn't feel that way when I hit 50 — don't even feel that way 15 years later.

One thing that stands out about them was their faith in God and how dedicated they were as Christians. As long as their health permitted, they attended church services, they always invited guests home for a meal — or even to spend Saturday night after church that day — and back to church on Sunday. During the Association Meeting, which lasted three days, lunch had to be carried to church all three days. The food was cooked on a wood burning stove. They would invite people to spend the night, which meant supper and breakfast had to be cooked for extra people in addition to the food for church. I'm sure Annette has told you all about those days.

In the last years before Grandpa became ill and was hospitalized (before his

death), Mama and I would go out almost every Sunday afternoon and visit for several hours. Grandma and Grandpa would be sitting in the swing at the end of the house near the old well, if it was not in the winter. Mama (Maureen) wrote a poem about the house and them sitting there and bluebirds in the tree. I'll enclose a copy for you — she wrote it before the house was sold and it was uncertain what would happen to it.

VIOLA FLOYD TURNS 100

In March 2000 the Floyd family assembled to celebrate the 100th birthday of Viola Floyd Berryhill. It was a time to rekindle friendships, to remember our heritage and to encourage interest in the family among our children. Don't forget: “we are caught in the fabric of ancestry and posterity” and without us the fabric would not be whole. That's reason enough for each of us to get out of bed each morning.

Following the party that was held in Warner Robins the Woodrough family visited the “home place” in Cochran and reminisced about Ed and Annie Floyd. It was a raw chilly mid-March afternoon – the dark and wet kind of day that makes the spring flowers seem most vivid against the dusty gray of the soon to turn spring green of the woods. A feeling of special melancholy for the passing of time filled the afternoon as the older members of the family remembered a lifetime centered on the place. At the same time there was a sense of irony and progression that tugged us from the past and focused on the future.



Viola “Shug” Floyd Berryhill

The 21st century version of the Floyd family gathered around the fireplace in Wayne and Ginny Floyd's family room. The cheerful fire had been coaxed along by Steve Woodrough and Wayne Floyd, and finally they were able to get the safety valve on the gas jet to operate and ignite the ceramic logs. There was no smell of burning "fat pine" kindling, no popping of sparks and certainly no smoke. Watching Wayne as he sat before the gas logs caused flashes of memories of Ed Floyd to enter the room since Wayne bears a strong physical resemblance to his grandfather. The 21st century family room had once been Ed and Annie's dining room, the place where the television rests had once been their china cabinet. The fact that their home had survived and was home still to their family would have been a source of great pride to them. The place had changed, but always for the better. Now, their back bedroom was a large modern bath equipped with a Jacuzzi tub. The view out the bathroom window was the same. The fig tree just outside was beginning its spring bud burst, last season's pecans littered the yard and the fields were clear and awaiting spring planting. So much was the same. Wayne took everyone to see the old kitchen just behind the house and told how he and Ginny planned to make it back into a summer kitchen for fish fries. For a small segment of time the kitchen was populated by the newest members of the family telling stories of the old times.

These 21st century versions of the family included Anita, Wayne's daughter and her husband David Howells from Minnesota, Page and Steve Woodrough, Margaret Ann's children and their spouses, Elena Garcia Carreras, the daughter of a Cuban immigrant family, and Mark McDermott from Iowa. Everyone heard once more the story of how the widowed sister of Ed Floyd, Annie Letitia "Sis" had once lived in the old kitchen, and was best known for refusing to drink coffee that was not exactly scalding hot.

Everyone examined the basket full of arrowheads and pottery shards that Wayne collected over the years of plowing the fields, and reflected that the Floyd family story on this land was quite small when compared with the obvious eons of time that the Indians claimed the place. Wayne conducted an excursion across the fields and into the dimming pine woods and except for the vehicle being a truck it would have been the exact scene that the previous generations experienced. He told how it was necessary to periodically burn the woods for undergrowth control. Then there was a shock like a renegade lightning bolt! The cleared fields on the backside of the woods wore a necklace of "For Sale" signs.



Annie's stove moved to old kitchen
by Wayne Floyd

Ginny and Wayne recently complete a restoration of the old kitchen. They moved Annie's "Home Comfort" wood stove to the old kitchen and fire it up for special occasions. Wayne organized a CSA memorial to Shade Floyd and dressed the part for the ceremony. The event held at the old Floyd Cemetery was quite grand with bugle, cannon salute and installation of a shining white marble stone. It was quite a fitting memorial to a man who received very little recognition in his life.



After Annie and Ed Floyd died their nephew Wayne and his wife Ginny took over the old farmhouse and made some modern improvements such as air conditioning, a second bath and a new exterior color.

Land in this part of Georgia has been sold, rented bartered and even stolen from the Indians, but never before has it been offered for sale in 2.97 acre tracts for weekend farmers from the city! Mon Dieu! Not only are the tracts there, but there is a mild form of speculation developing with longtime residents buying parcels for subdivision. One day Tonya Floyd, the daughter of Morris, will inherit her father's farm. She plans to develop a golf course on the Floyd fields. The crops are changing from soybeans and peanuts to city slickers! On this foggy afternoon the small Floyd group once again felt as though they stood with a foot in each era for we were witnessing the end of a culture that had endured for generations, and we felt enriched yet saddened by the experience.

Change often happens so gradually that it is undetectable. The five-mile road from Cochran to Ed and Annie's home has evolved considerably. First it was a trail, and then it was scraped into the red Georgia clay road with deep ditches on either side. It was a fine road in dry weather, but a sudden summer storm turned it into a slimy slick mess. Many vehicles found themselves in the ditch after a storm. My father, a city slicker from Washington D.C. was surprised on his first visit to encounter a

herd of pigs stretched across the road. He said that his new wife, Annette, jumped out of the car and ran toward the pigs yelling Sooye, Sooye.

In the mid 20th century Limestone Road was still lined with the typical unpainted, tin-roofed homes and barns of the early settlers.



Then the road was leveled and paved and the homes abandoned in favor of trailers (which certainly will never be the picturesque items the old homes once were). Here and there an old place remains encased in vines that seem to provide the only visible support for a decaying structure. One particular jewel lay just off the road. Certainly it will not be there in another 10 years for the boards that were not eaten by termites have been plundered to provide flooring for modern renovations. This old “dog trot” home stands on a small hill all alone, the last survivor of a race of pioneers. The 21st version of the Floyd family spent some time paying homage to this relic and filed the memory for future use. Perhaps one day someone will build a lake or vacation place and replicate this unique home of four rooms located around a central interior porch that crossed and linked the rooms. No doubt getting from one room to the other across the exposed interior porch was a chilly trip, but the summers in Georgia are far longer and hotter than the winters are cold, and the interior open space provided a perfect outdoor place for shelling peas, children’s play or even trotting dogs. Our visit of remembrance was almost complete, and we were delighted to have visited this aged ancestor once more.

Ed and Annie Floyd attended church at Mt. Horeb in Empire Georgia. On the way to visit it we paused at the timeless swamp and peered into the shady depths of trees



and black water before continuing over an old-fashioned sandy road to the church. Mt. Horeb has been a community fixture for generations. Once it was located north of Cochran and then the Bowers family gave land and the location was moved to the town of Empire. Many of the Floyd family are buried in the adjoining cemetery known as Bowers Cemetery, but the Mt. Horeb congregation has disappeared even more completely than the “dog trot” homestead. The building remains and is in fine repair with a newly hung sign announcing it as the “Church of God” founded by pastor so and so from Iowa! The Indians lost their sacred ground to the settlers from Virginia and North Carolina and now the city slickers and preachers from Iowa are displacing the old settlers. It’s the same story over and over.



Plus ça change Plus c'est la meme chose

Mother Nature dearly loves to grind up her previous work and reassemble the parts. She does it with continents in the form of land subduction and spreading sea floors and she does it with folks in the form of migration and immigration. It's the same process; one just takes longer than the other.

We who are witness to the process come to understand our lives as infinitesimal particles in the drama. To understand the past is to begin to see into the future. We are part of the cloth that covers the body of history.

Margaret Vollmer Woodrough --- July 2006

James Edward Floyd and Annie Jane Holland Floyd



Author's note – These memories were sent to me as e-mail messages. I have chosen not to edit them in any way, but rather to let Annette speak in her own voice. When Annette died I found an additional file on my computer that I had never opened or read. It's a bit painful, but I made a decision to include it as it tells the real story of a self-made woman, Annette Floyd.

Annette's Memories

In 1999, armed with her new computer and word processor Annette Floyd Vollmer Kaplan began to write her memories. They are rich with detail of life in the Ed and Annie Floyd Family. Get a cold drink and put your feet up for a trip back to the beginning of the 20th century. Annette and her family were witness to the last remnant of the old ways. Fed and Mourning Floyd would have felt somewhat comfortable living in the same county that Annette describes. They would have seen signs of rapid and dramatic change, but they would have seen much that was familiar. Even the early Besses and Floyds from North Carolina and Virginia would have seen many familiar habits and foods, and certainly the turn of the planting seasons would have been familiar. Annie and Ed and their children represent the end of those days. Let's take a look before we blast into the 21st century.

I don't remember very much about June 22, 1918. But I have been told a few things, which I will try to set down for posterity. It was a happy day at the farm in Georgia. They had a new baby girl! Not that they needed another baby, but babies were inevitable about every two years and they were so happy to have a girl instead of another boy. The three just prior ones had been boys and they were pretty tired of boys by June 22.

Enough babies already had been born into this rural farm family, but they just kept coming. You see, I was the ninth in a series, which would end up being 12 in all. There was to be a double – twins – next time around so there were really only 11

births in all, and the final one was to be a redhead named LaVerne. She has lived up to all her redhead potential. She was called carrot-top for obvious reasons. But this is not about her but rather about me as best I can remember of my life and what I don't remember firsthand, then some of what I was told.

My earliest recollection is of a very sad occasion – the death of my parents' first grandson, Wallace. I don't really remember his death but the sadness. We came home in the wagon and I was placed on a pallet (a folded quilt) beside the front door while the wagon was unloaded. I myself was not too well, being covered with ulcers on my legs – a plague called erysipelas. I was to suffer from this malady for most of my childhood years. Every summer I would develop this dread disease from the slightest scratch, mosquito or flea bite. And there were plenty of those. You will never have heard of this disease for it is called by more modern names now but it was quite serious and was a staph infection, which, before antibiotics, often was fatal. Those of you who know LaVerne know that she has a round scar on her right cheek. This was caused by the same infection. One of my cousins, Willie Nell Floyd, died at a very early age, in her teens, when she developed this disease on her face from a pimple

Basically my childhood was happy and without any great momentous events that I can remember. We swam in the nearby creeks and fished in them as well. We fished at a place called the boneyard on Little Limestone Creek. I don't know why it was called the boneyard except I seem to remember hearing that when farm animals died they were taken there to be disposed of (eaten by the buzzards) sort of far from the house. Anyway, it was a good place to fish. Another good fishing and swimming place was the jackhole – I guess we caught jackfish (a form of pickerel) there. Then there was Blue Springs – what beautiful water – ice cold and crystal clear. We would stand in it up to our chins with our teeth chattering and see if we could count our toes on the bottom. We often went there for Fourth of July fish fries and picnics. These were community gatherings – not just our immediate family. All the farm families in the Limestone community would load up their children, dogs, watermelons, frying pans, etc., and head for Blue Springs for a day of fishing, swimming, and just having a good time. The women would watch the kids and the men would go fishing all morning. The men would return with their catch, build up fires and the fish would be cooked for our lunch. Watermelons that had been cooling all morning in the icy water of the spring would be cut and eaten. Normally we did not eat watermelon at meal times but it was a four o'clock in the afternoon happening. You would hear someone say, well it's about watermelon cutting time and we would gather around the watermelon bench in the front yard and cut three or four melons which had been resting on the front porch for several

days.

We never thought about it at the time, but if one of the kids had become distressed in the cold water, there would have been no one to rescue us for none of the women could swim a stroke. We would have had to rely on another of the kids to get us out. Luckily most of us learned to swim almost by the time we learned to walk – well not quite that early – but we did not really remember when we could not swim.

We never had bathing suits to swim in. We would not have been allowed to wear them because they would have been much too immodest, and Papa would have skinned us alive if he saw us in one. Not to worry about that, they were unheard of. We all wore cut-off blue jeans, only they were called overalls in those days and were strictly what farmers and their kids wore to pick or chop cotton. We would not have been caught dead in them even for sweeping the yards. They were standard everyday dress for the males of the family but girls – never.

Talk about sweeping yards. Have you ever heard of such a thing? Never? Well, we did – every Saturday morning. But let me go back just a little and tell you about yard brooms. We had several colored families who lived on the farm and helped with the farm work. But they also did extra chores such as washing the clothes – I'll tell you about that later – and gathering yard broom material. They would go out into the woods and gather gallberry bushes, a low growing shrubby type undergrowth found in low-lying wet places. These bushes had a bushy head that formed on the end of about a six-foot high spindly stalk of very tough wood. The stems were about the thickness of two No. 2 pencils. These were gathered and brought home and tied into bundles of eight or 10, wrapped very tightly with torn up strips of old sheet or other material and tied. They were then laid on the meat bench (hog-killing story later) to dry out and shed their leaves. After a week or so they were dried out enough to sweep the yards.

I had the job of sweeping the outside front yard. Long ago when the first girls started to arrive in the family, Papa decided to plant an oak tree to commemorate the birth of each little darling. Unfortunately he chose a water oak, which produces leaves about twice the size of your thumbnail and curved and shaped in the same fashion. Try sweeping them off of a sandy yard with a gallberry brush broom if you really want to have fun on your day off. I was a meticulous sweeper and swept walking backward so as not to make any tracks in the newly swept yard. When I finished it looked like the fine Japanese sand gardens you see in pictures today. Imagine my distress when I saw that a chicken had walked on it and made tracks before Sunday church folks came to dinner. No, we did not have lawns, we had

sand. And if a blade of grass dared try to peek up it was snatched out by the roots! Such impertinence, grass trying to grow in our clean-swept yards.

Some years later we thought about making a lawn, and my sister Tina came home over Thanksgiving one year with her car loaded with St. Augustine grass cuttings from her lawn and got everyone busy plowing and digging up the front yard and sticking out sprigs of grass. That night it came a hard freeze, the earliest in memory, and no one was sure whether the Florida grass would survive. I don't remember whether it did because I had already moved to Washington by this time and was not in on the grass-planting project. In any case, the point is we eventually got a lawn after I was grown, married and moved away.

There was another type of yard broom – one made from dog fennel. This tall weed grew in the ditches, along the fences and in fence jambs. Do you know what a fence jamb is? It is not to put on your toast or hot biscuit. A fence jamb is made in a split rail fence. The rails are laid in a herringbone fashion and sometimes stretch for miles. The rails are laid on top of each other and are not fastened together at all, but they will last for a generation and they are wonderful for climbing or just sitting on top of in the sun. And, of course, the ground-nesting birds such as quail love them for building their nests. Blackberries also grow in the jambs. We picked these and Mama made wonderful blackberry pie and we went around with blue mouths after having this for dinner

Mama also made wonderful blackberry jelly and jam and canned berries so we could have pies in the winter. But the best of all, she made blackberry wine for the church communion service. Communion only occurred once a year – third Sunday in August, Big Meetin' Day – so it didn't take much for that, but she made a lot while she was doing it so we would have some to drink ourselves. Delicious. To this day, I only really like sweet wine. There is a trick to wine making. To test whether there is enough sugar in it, you carefully wash a fresh-laid egg and put it into the wine and if it floats there is enough sugar. I never knew how Mama knew all this but she did. Ours was a non-drinking family but once in awhile we could have a hot toddy if we had the croup or Mama was trying to make the measles pop out on us. We also had homemade eggnog and syllabub at Christmas. When I went to Macon to school and came home on weekends, Mama would slip a little bottle of wine in my bag to take back to school to help cramps from the "curse." That's what your period was called back then, "the curse," and it was whispered as if you were doing something unspeakable. But these things were not talked about. Our neighbor up the road told me about it after it happened to me and scared me half to death for I was sure I was dying.

Papa always tried very hard to have a hog killing before Christmas so we could have a fresh ham for boiling for Christmas dinner and fresh sausages for breakfast. The weather did not always cooperate with him. He would go out very early in the morning to check the frost and temperature to see if it was hog killing weather. When I am in Georgia in the winter and it is a crisp cold morning someone will come in and if you ask about the weather they are likely to say “hog killing weather out there” and those of my generation would know immediately what they meant – cold as hell and you had better bundle up before going out.

Hog killing day was a big day for the entire area. Previous arrangements had been made with certain neighbors that they would be available to help in “Mr. Ed and Miss Annie’s” hog killing. When you hear old folks say that they had a hog killing time at a party it means they really had a ball. Everyone was in a good mood and looking forward to a couple of days of socializing with all the neighbors who were helping. Some volunteered to cook dinner while all the others worked outside. Dinner would have been such goodies as fresh liver, turnips cooked with fresh backbone, sweet breads etc. Blackberry pies would be served from the berries canned in the summer, peach cobbler would be made from previously canned peaches and any other good thing that anyone thought of cooking. It was really a very festive time, and we kids always wanted to miss school so we could participate. But this was not allowed.

When Papa decided that the morning was just right I would wake up to the sound of the grindstone in the back yard being turned furiously and all of the butcher knives and case knives and every other cutting instrument being sharpened until a man could get a pretty good shave with them if he really wanted to. The next sign would be the smell of a wood fire outside around the scalding kettle, simply a discarded syrup kettle, which had been saved for scalding hogs. They were scalded so the hair would scrape off easily. We also scalded chickens so you could pluck the feathers readily when you were going to cook one for Sunday dinner. We had either fried chicken or chicken and dumplings for almost every Sunday dinner, but especially if the preacher was coming home with Mama and Papa from church.

But back to hog killing. It would hit me with the awful realization that this was the day the pigs were being killed when I saw Papa come into his bedroom (which is where the fire was burning and where us yunguns were trying to get or keep warm), go to the closet and take out the rifle and some shots and I would know it was going to happen. I covered my ears so I could not hear the shots or the pigs squeal when they were hit. This part was awful to me. But once past this stage, hog killing day got very exciting and interesting. We had a long pole out at the barnyard suspended between two other upright posts and this is where the snow

white scraped carcasses were hung by their back feet. Papa or one of my grown brothers or one of the colored men on the farm would then go down the line of pigs, sharp knife in hand and someone else holding a basket to catch the entrails, and the pigs were eviscerated one by one. If it was a big hog killing there could be as many as 10 or 15 pigs done in one day. And there were so many of us that ours was a big two-day event.

The entrails were then given to one of the black women to clean. The chitterlings would later be scraped until they were as thin as tissue paper and used for stuffing the sausages. We had a rather large table in the back yard – a permanent fixture in all farmyards – where the pigs were laid out for Papa to cut up. This table was made by four or six posts being sunk into the ground and then a table top constructed on these posts. We had a similar one in the front yard, which was called the watermelon bench – because it was narrower than a table – and this is where we cut watermelons about four o'clock every afternoon after July 4, when the first melons got ripe. Watermelons were a must for the fourth of July! The meat bench would be covered with fresh-cut pine boughs on which the carcasses were laid and Papa proceeded with cutting them up into hams, shoulders, heads, feet, backbone, spareribs, etc. Each cut was put into a separate cotton basket, which also had been lined with pine boughs.

In the meantime, the women were busy “ridding guts” – trimming all the fat off the intestines and putting it into one of the wash pots to dry out the lard. This fat residue was cracklins and made the best cracklin bread you ever tasted. This process was called rendering the lard. Papa and his helpers would prepare the meat cuts for curing. I don't know what he put into the coarse salt, bought in 100-pound bags, but he rubbed each piece, except the backbones and spareribs with this salt mixture to preserve it. All of the fresh backbone and spareribs would be used immediately by our family and the neighbors who had helped with the work as we had no other refrigeration to preserve it except for the cold weather.

By the end of the first day all of the basic work would be done and the second day would be devoted to making sausages and rendering the hard fat into lard. God, why didn't we all die of cholesterol? Well, obviously no one knew there was cholesterol so how could you die from it?

We had a smokehouse nearby the backdoor to the kitchen and this was the ultimate destination of all of these shoulders, hams, and sides (if you listen to the stock market for very long you will hear them talking about the price of pork bellies futures). That's what these sides of meat are. There was a plant growing on the farm that we called bear grass. Well, it is in fact a form of yucca, which is fibrous,

strong and very tough. Maybe that's why it was called bear grass. Anyway, this is what was used to hang the meat up with in order to smoke it. Papa would cut behind the tendon on the ham and shoulders, insert a piece of this yucca and use that as if it were wire to slip over the hanging poles suspended over the fire pit in the middle of the smokehouse. A simple slit of about an inch or so was made in the corner of the sides through which a leaf of this yucca was inserted and tied to make a hanger for them. They were all subsequently hung up and a fire was made in the hole in the ground of the smokehouse. The fire was made with green hickory branches and it was never permitted to burn freely but just smolder to make a lot of smoke. And that's how you get hickory smoked ham. Except nowadays I am sure they just rub them with some artificial flavoring that tastes like hickory smoke.

The second day of the hog killing was devoted to making sausages, rendering the hard fat, making Brunswick stew, souse meat, pickled pigs' feet and all of the other preserving. Mama said everything was used but the squeal. There is a saying that you like to eat sausages but you don't want to watch them being made. That was certainly not true for me. I loved helping make the sausages. Mama grew very hot peppers and sage in the garden in the summer and stored this for seasoning the sausages. She would put in some hot pepper, salt and sage and then make a test patty which was cooked on a griddle brought from the kitchen and placed on the hot coals around the lard rendering pot. Everyone stood around waiting for the tasting – sort of like a wine tasting party – and there usually were at least three separate tastings, the seasonings being altered slightly each time, until everyone was satisfied that they were just right. Of course, Aunt Sis wanted hers much hotter, so Mama would humor her by making some extra hot for her. She also drank her coffee boiling hot as soon as it was poured while the rest of the family “sauced and blowed” theirs. Except me. I never drank coffee because Mama would give me castor oil in coffee so I learned to hate it. In later years if one of us did not like something or was unusually fussy about something we were told we were “as curious as Sis.” This didn't mean inquisitive but it meant peculiar. Funny how words meant such different things then and there. More about words later on, assuming I don't get sick and tired of this remembering thing.

When the final approval was given of the sausage seasonings, then came the time of stuffing and this is what I loved to do. We had a sausage grinder and it had a stuffing attachment to it. The casings (scraped clean entrails) were put over this stuffing tube, sort of like pulling on your nylons and then the fun began. Someone would hold the loose end and someone else would turn the crank while someone else fed the ground meat into the machine. I liked to turn the crank and I would make it fly and watch with glee as the sausage came out fat and round at the other

end with the aroma of sage hickory smoke and cold, crisp, clear Georgia air. Ecstasy!

This is where I fell asleep last night with the smell of sausages and biscuits and homemade syrup floating through my head. At least that let me go to sleep without much trouble. I will write about making syrup later on – yes, we made it by the gallon, grew and ground the cane and cooked the cane juice into syrup. And we had parties doing this. What fun it was to go to a cane grinding. But back to the sausages.

When the last bit of ground sausage meat was stuffed, the sausages were taken to the smokehouse and draped on long poles suspended from the ceiling of the smokehouse. There they would also be smoked along with the other hanging meat. Some of the grease would begin to drip out of them as they began to “cure.” For the rest of the winter we would have sausages and biscuits for breakfast, along with grits and eggs sometimes. We would alternate this by having country cured ham instead of sausages. If we did not eat all of the sausages by spring then Mama would can them to have over the summer. They could not be left hanging in the spring or they would get “rancid” and bugs would get into them, so she would pack them into an old butter churn and cover them with some of the homemade lard to preserve them for use in the summer. But basically, sausages were a winter food. In the summer we wanted fresh meat like rabbits, squirrel and other things. The boys would go hunting and bring these home and this was a real treat. By now we were tired of ham and sausages.

Sometimes the weather simply would not cooperate with hog killings, so a solution had to be found to keeping all of this meat cold enough so it would not spoil before it could be preserved. My father solved this problem by constructing a huge icebox in the smokehouse. It had a very heavy lid that could be raised and lowered if you had two strong men to do it. It was divided into sections, one for 100-pound blocks of ice, alternating with sections twice as wide in which to pack the meat. If the weather turned warm, Papa and the boys, mainly Buddy, would go to town in the wagon and go to the ice house and load the wagon with these blocks of ice and bring them home and pack the meat and ice into the icebox until the warm spell had passed. There were no weather reports available to us and we relied on the Farmers Almanac to a great extent to predict the weather. Certainly five-day forecasts were far into the distant future.

Papa was a pretty good weatherman. He would go out to the end of our front porch and look up at the clouds and could pretty much tell whether a shower was coming our way. He could mostly judge whether the cold snap coming would be sufficient

to take care of the hog killing weather he needed before embarking on this task. He seldom missed! Can you imagine existing today without weather reports, storm and tornado warnings? And how can you plan a vacation in Greece or Turkey without getting on the Internet and checking the weather in those countries?

Spring was a wonderful time – everything was getting a new start – fresh vegetables from the garden, a welcome relief from turnips, collards, dried peas and beans and sweet potatoes. These things made up most of our diet with the addition of whatever canned fruits and vegetables we had been able to put up the summer before. Mama always planted her garden, especially string beans on Good Friday. I grew up knowing nothing about Good Friday except that it was the day for planting string beans. Garden or English peas as we called them (we now call them green peas) were planted very early, maybe even before Christmas. Irish potatoes (white potatoes as opposed to sweet potatoes) were also planted early. How delicious when we got the first mess of these peas. It might not be more than two cups full for our whole family, but Mama saved the tender hulls and cooked them and she added dumplins to make out a mess. I have no idea why a serving for everyone was called a “mess” but it was. The boys and Papa would go off to catch a “mess” of fish, and in order to make a good “mess” the fish would be supplemented with hushpuppies. Mess also meant “don’t you dare scatter things and leave them for someone else to clean up your mess.” In the military “mess” means where and what you eat so I guess it all ties together.

Spring also meant that school would soon be out. We only went to school until April 18 and before that time there would be run-away-from-school-day, either April fool’s day or as close to it as possible. I went to a two-room school called Smith School where there could not have been 50 students. Every spring we older kids would plan to run away from school for a day. Of course, we were very conspiratorial in our plans, although I am sure the teachers knew as much about our plans as we did for there would always be a tattletale in the group. Anyway, we older ones would all disappear from school and only leave the younguns – those too little to keep up. We would end up doing nothing more for the entire day than going for a romp in the woods and playing on the sawdust pile back in the woods. We would pick wild flowers, violets, honeysuckle and yellow jasmine and get barefooted for the first time in the spring. Lord, we were tired of having to wear shoes every day. We always went barefoot except on Sundays when we were hauled off to the Primitive Baptist Church called Mt. Horeb, which was where my father and mother went to church on third Sunday of each month.

Our school had two rooms – one devoted to the first through fourth grade and the other to the fifth through seventh grade. Most kids went no further than the seventh

grade. I was lucky. I got to go to town to high school. What a treat that was. I remember the day that Papa took me to town and to Cochran High School to talk to the principal, Mr. T. M. Purcell. Mr. Purcell was a very distinguished looking man with snow white hair. He immediately dubbed me “Flapper,” I guess because I had such blonde hair that he must have thought I looked like his version of a flapper. He never called me anything but Flapper for the entire time I attended Cochran High School. He is also the one who dubbed LaVerne “Carrot Top” because of her red hair. He was a wonderful man and we loved him in spite of being in awe and afraid of him. We never wanted to be sent to see Mr. Purcell – this was big-time trouble.

But back to Smith School, five miles out from town. I especially remember two teachers – Sara Frances Horn and Pauline Hinson. They boarded at our house because they had no way to get to the school from town and our house was within walking distance (about a mile) from the school. We had the best house in the community and Mama put a bed in the “living room” for the teachers. Other houses in the community did not have living rooms. We did. And furthermore, we had the only white painted house outside of town. Only houses in town were painted. We had floors with no cracks between the boards and our house was sealed, which meant there were no cracks between the boards of the walls. Some years prior Papa had made arrangements for a sawmill to come to our woods and cut trees and make lumber for our new house. That is what accounted for the sawdust piles that we played on in the woods.

Our teachers were quite talented and innovative. For example, every year at the end of school we would put on plays, pantomimes, minstrels and lovely end-of-the-year programs. Buddy and Jay and I did black-face minstrels in addition to the regular plays. Our faces were painted black with burnt cork and our hair was made by unraveling black stockings and stitching the yarn to a cutoff top of a stocking and pulling this over our own hair. We put on three-act plays, which Sara Frances ordered from a place called Dennisons. We did monologues and dialogues and dances. I usually was in these plays because I could memorize lines and pages and pages of monologue, not that I was such a talented actress!

All of the grownups in the community participated in these programs. The men came and constructed an outdoor stage attached to the front of the school house. The room in which the older kids were taught had a built-in stage and this was used primarily for Christmas pageants and other small productions, but it was much too small for our big productions. In addition, the schoolroom could not accommodate everyone who came to see the big programs (everyone in the community – no one missed). For seats outside for the new stage, they laid long

boards across kegs or whatever they had to make seats for the audience; they strung up telephone wire around the stage and the women made curtains from their bed sheets and hung them to make a curtain. We had pans filled with some kind of powder across the front of the stage and when the program was over this powder was ignited and made the most beautiful colored lights for the grand finale. Mama made many of the costumes. She made dozens of colored crepe paper dresses for the dancers. She made angel wings for the angels and she had a good imagination on how to make these things. Wire would be bent into the shape of wings and covered with white gauze and then edged with Christmas tree tinsel to make them shine.

Our three-act plays would be taken to other schools such as Cary and Davis and Salem schools and put on for the benefit of those communities. These were serious productions for which we practiced two nights each week until we had them down to perfection. Going up to school at night to practice was a real treat for me – I had a chance to be with the teachers, not as student but to listen to grownup talk. Buddy always went with us whether he was in the play or not – he was our protector against any strange night happenings such as seeing mysterious lights and other ghostly things prowling around. On one occasion there was some real drama. We looked out the schoolhouse window and saw a red glow on the other side of some nearby woods. Someone yelled “house afire” and we flew out of the schoolhouse forgetting our practice and everything else, and raced up the road and to our horror it was the home of a neighbor, Mr. Big Green Smith. All we could do was watch in horror as they lost their home and everything in it. Even the smokehouse could not be saved. Happily the barn was saved, but not before all of the mules had been set free so they could escape in case the barn caught fire.

Sometimes Buddy was our tormenter. He would fake a scare just to make our hair stand on end. He really was quite devilish. I remember when the school kids all got lice in their hair and the teachers were afraid that they might have gotten them and asked Buddy to examine their heads for them. Buddy caught some lice on the pigs and put them in a folded paper in his pocket and at the right moment presented them to the teachers and pretended he had caught them on their heads. You can imagine the panic and consternation they underwent until he could no longer hold back his laughter and had to confess his trick. Our hair got combed with a fine toothed comb until our scalps were raw looking for lice and I am reasonably sure this is how the saying “go over with a fine toothed comb” came into being. Know of a better explanation?

Our school was heated by potbellied stoves in each room and the boys brought the

wood in each day to burn in them. Some days the heat would be so intense in the stove that the outside would get literally red hot. We had a “privy” back behind the school in the edge of the woods where we went to the toilet. We had a well where we lowered a bucket and hauled up water for us to drink. We did not have drinking cups, but we grew gourds of all sizes, which we used for all sorts of things. During the summer we would have dried some of the small gourds and cut the side off and this would have been saved to take to school to be used as our drinking cup. Also, at home we had a long-necked gourd which would have been cut in the same fashion and used as the dipper in the water bucket that set on the shelf on the back porch. Periodically these gourds, as well as the water bucket (made of cedar shakes and held together with brass bands around them) would be taken out to the sand bed in front of the house and scrubbed shining clean with the brass bands gleaming. A mixture of soft potash soap and sand would be used for this purpose. Mama, of course, had made the potash soap at home from grease and cans of Red Devil Lye.

This same soap was used to scrub floors, wash clothes and in a pinch when we did not have “sweet” soap we had to take a bath with it.

Taking a bath sometimes meant just washing our feet before going to bed. But when we got into the washtub for a real bath whoever had drawn the water from the well and set it out in the sun all afternoon to get warm a little got to get into the tub first. From then on whoever could muscle in ahead of the others got to go next. I hated having to wash my feet and legs with the potash soap. Afterward if you stood in front of the fire your skin would feel like it was shrinking. We would back up to the fireplace in the winter and raise our skirt in the back to get our behinds good and warm. We kept the foot tub, a small version of the washtub, sitting on one corner of the hearth so we could all wash our feet before going to bed.

On the other corner of the hearth was a crockery churn filled with milk that was set there in the warmth to encourage the milk to “turn” to clabber, so we could churn and get fresh butter and buttermilk. This fresh buttermilk and hot cornbread made a wonderful supper on a cold night. We had many cows, three or four, that we milked every day, night and morning, winter and summer. Jay and I were the milkers. Sometimes the cow would get impatient or aggravated if your long fingernails dug in and she would kick us. One cold morning just such a thing happened to me and she kept on kicking and got her foot into the bucket and spilled milk all over me. It was very cold and by the time I got to the kitchen door the milk had frozen on me. The cats used to follow us to the cow pen and Jay could hit a bull’s-eye with a stream of milk at 10 feet. The cat would open her mouth and Jay would squirt milk into it.

Jay and I were great friends. He was my typical older brother and would fight my battles at school and on the way home. He was two years older than I but we both went to the same grade when we began high school in town. He later dropped out and I was on my own but the first year we drove our old faithful mule called Brown Kate to school. She was quite old and feeble and unable to do any farm work anymore and was the only one we kids were allowed to drive hitched to the buggy. One day poor Brown Kate died and Jay and I were in a dilemma about going to school. Papa finally decided that Jay could handle Alice, a long legged high stepping creature so he let us take her to school. It just happened that Jay and I were both in a school play and we were studying our lines on the way home from school. Jay had wrapped the reins around the whip holder as we often had done with Brown Kate, when we met a motorcycle coming up the road. Alice jumped the ditch, buggy and all and tried to run away. Jay jumped out of the buggy and grabbed the bridle and calmed her down enough so he could cover her head with his jacket to get her past the motorcycle. All the while I was still in the buggy terrified. We didn't dare tell Papa about our escapade.

We had beautiful mules – I remember one named Daisy. She was the most beautiful mule I had ever seen, sort of a pinkish blonde with a brown streak down her back. Papa bought her from the gypsy mule traders who came to town every winter and camped on some vacant lots on the road up to the college. I never got to see the gypsies but from what I was told about them with their guitars and violins and singing, next to going in the circus, I was sure being a gypsy was the best thing in the world to do. But we were kept strictly at home when they were in town.

The circus came to town one year and marched some elephants through Cochran and set up a tent out on the road to Macon. Mama took us to town on Saturday afternoon to see the circus. I was 5 or 6, maybe as much as 10. I don't remember. All I remember is I sat with some other little girls across the tent from Mama and when they asked for five little girls to come ride the elephant I popped out of my seat and ran out and got on the elephant and rode around the tent. Mama could not believe I had done such a thing but I did. I even remember that I was wearing a purple popcorn check dress that day (who could forget that).

I wanted to tell you more about the gourds we grew. They were used as martin gourds. A martin is a kind of swallow that flies around at dusk and catches mosquitoes. We always had at least one martin pole and a dozen or more gourds for them to use for nests. They would come sweeping in and they were so beautiful. I think I remember them being called blue martins. We also had bats that would swoop around about dusk. I think they too were catching mosquitoes. The gourds were arranged in a tier of three or four tiers with several gourds at each

level, sort of a bird condominium or high-rise building.

It is time I went back to reflect on my grandparents and parents a little. My grandmother Orlifia Bryant Holland was a widow who had been abandoned by her charming, handsome rogue of a husband named Jesse Jasper Holland. As best I know, he simply picked up and walked away from his wife and two children, two young girls. Mama and Aunt Juliette, were left to fend for themselves as best they could. My grandmother's sister, Aunt Jane Bryant was either already living with them or came to live with them to help out as best she could. The two women and two small girls abandoned on a farm must have had a very tough time. Their only income would have been what they could earn by their daily work in someone's field. I remember that Aunt Jane had a spinning wheel and made thread from cotton they had picked in the fields. I remember hearing Mama talk about having to pick the seeds out of the cotton every night before going to sleep. Each had to fill her shoes with cotton she had picked seeds from. Granny and Aunt Jane would card the cotton and Aunt Jane would then put it on the spinning wheel. The way you card cotton is to take small amounts of cotton and lay it on a small board with projecting wires and then take another board of the same kind and comb the cotton back and forth until it was clean and fluffy. A cotton card looks like an oversize wire hairbrush only the board is sloped and the handle is attached in the middle of the back of the card. Times were tough.

Papa and his brother, Uncle Archie, lived not too far away from these women and children. Papa told me he married Mama so he could look after her and take care of her. She was only 13 when they married and she was only 14 years older than her oldest daughter, Viola (Shug) who will be 100 years old in March 2000. My name, Margaret Annette, was given me as a combination of Annie and Margaret Juliette. I have always liked my name but I was told that it was not given to me until I was over a year old! For the first year of my life I was simply called "little sister." I had three older sisters still at home when I was born and I was sort of their pet. They crocheted and made tatting to go on everything I wore and embroidered and smocked dresses for me. Then when the twins came along two years later they were the darlings. The final one was the redhead LaVerne who was the baby of the family all her life. I remained close to my older sisters and to my younger ones, too, for that matter, all my life.

Grandpa Holland remarried and produced four more children – Aunt Eva, Aunt Florence, Aunt Ruby and Uncle Jay. They were half sisters and brother to my mother and Aunt Juliette. Papa's brother Uncle Archie married Aunt Juliette, so my first cousins are all double first cousins.

Grandpa Holland drifted off to Florida and at some point he had a little country

store and at another he spent his time hunting, fishing and trapping in the Everglades. He knew all about the Seminole Indians in Florida and about alligators and panthers (we called them painters) in the Everglades. From time to time he would come to visit us and we would sit on the front porch while he regaled us with tales of his adventures. Some true, I am sure, and I am equally sure some were not. We children adored him. He brought oranges and grapefruit from Florida and this was a real treat because in those days they were not readily available at Thompson's general store in town. I believe he married two more times before he died, which was right much for those days! He sure told hair-raising stories; so much so that we would be afraid to go in to bed unless a grownup went into the house with us.

We got out of school early in the spring so we could help with the farm work. We helped with the planting and cultivating, the planting of the kitchen gardens (we usually had three of these) and all of the many chores that must be performed on a farm. We brought in water and filled the tank on the stove so we could have hot water when a fire was built in the stove the next morning. We gathered the eggs from the henhouse, fed the chickens, hogs and mules milked the cows, brought in stove wood to be used for cooking, and brought in kindling to start the fire. We always had to shuck the corn that was fed to the animals. This meant large baskets full to feed a half dozen mules and maybe as many as 50 hogs. We shelled the corn to feed the chickens (removed the grains from the cobs). The cobs were saved and taken to the privy to be used as toilet paper when we ran out of Sears Roebuck catalogs! How I hated having to use the "shiny" pages, the ones with pictures of the latest fashions on them for toilet paper. But the corncobs were much worse. There were no indoor toilets and no toilet paper. In the winter the cold wind would blow up through the holes where you were sitting and freeze your butt off. Believe me, no one lingered in the privy with their favorite book or magazines. We didn't have many books, just our schoolbooks and no magazines. We did receive a daily newspaper, The Macon Telegraph, for as long as I can remember. It was delivered to our house by the postman who drove around the mail route, RFD (rural free delivery) No. 2. Add Cochran, Ga., to that and any mail from anywhere in the world would be brought to our house. After I moved away Mama would even "dress" (clean) a chicken once in awhile and mail it off to me from this rural route and mark the box perishable and it would be refrigerated and sent on to me and arrive in good order. She also mailed me sweet potatoes, pecans, cakes and pies the same way and I received them with great delight. It was a real treat to get a "care" package from home long before care packages came into being for our soldiers in World War II.

We worked on the farm in the fields but were not supposed to ever look like we were field workers, sunburned. So Mama made us put on sunbonnets every time we stepped out of the house “or we would end up as brown as ginger cakes.” Along with these sunbonnets, we wore the boys’ overalls, long sleeved shirts buttoned at the wrist and on top of this we wore long gloves made from cutting the foot off some old black stockings and making a hole for the thumb and only allowing the first joint of our fingers to protrude in order to stop any single ray of sun from touching our complexion. We did not have creams and lotions for our faces but we used buttermilk on our skin and sometimes slices of cucumber to help us be more beautiful.

Mary was always very beautiful but not as beautiful as she wanted to be or thought she was. She had freckles and she hated them. She would generally succeed in talking me out of the few pennies I earned working in the field in order to buy Stillman’s freckle cream, which was supposed to remove them. I later learned it had mercury in it as a bleach and it is a wonder she did not poison herself with it. We had an all-purpose medication for cuts, etc., called Cloverine salve. I think it was nothing more than vasoline with a little perfume in it. We also had iodine, which was used on cuts. This burned like fire when applied to a cut and on me it would blister the skin around the cut. I must have been allergic to something in iodine.

We made it fun to do some of the chores we were required to do. For example, the peanuts, which were to be used for planting, had to be shelled by hand, and since we had quite large fields devoted to growing peanuts this meant that we had to shell a lot of them. So every night we each were parceled out a portion of peanuts to shell before going to bed. After a while we got tired of this deal and decided to have peanut shellings. Our house had a big wide hall that went all the way through the house so on the day of the peanut shelling we took all of the chairs and lined them up in the hallway, along each wall, and invited all of the young people in the community to come to a peanut shelling. When they arrived they were given shoe boxes, pans and roasters from the kitchen and any other suitable container for the peanuts, and lined up in the chairs and put to work to see who could shell the most peanuts by bedtime, around 8:30 or 9 o’clock. We would shell our fingers off as we laughed and talked and if Mama and Papa were not looking, seeing if we could hit someone down the line with a well thrown peanut. Sometimes we would “parch” (roast) peanuts and cook syrup down and make peanut brittle while we were shelling the peanuts. This was always a fun time with our friends and we looked forward to peanut shellings.

Another fun thing was cane grinding. We had a cane mill down at the bottom of the hill and we made syrup for our family as well as for the other families in the community. Usually the cane was ground early in the mornings and then the syrup would be cooked down during the day. The neighbors hauled their cane down and stacked it along the fence, and Papa knew which stack belonged to which family. The neighbors paid him for cooking their syrup by giving him every fourth gallon he made. When we decided to have a cane grinding we would pass the word up the road to the neighbors and they would all gather at the cane mill late in the afternoon and the mill would still be grinding juice. We younguns would play games, drink cane juice and sit around and tell ghost stories about “hants” and haunted houses. I never knew there was such a word until I looked it up two days ago when I was thinking about writing about this. It really is in the dictionary. I thought it was just our way of saying things.

The fiber from the cane stalk is called pumings. And this was piled up in a large mound and left to disintegrate. These mounds afforded many happy hours of play for us. We rolled down them, we slid down them on our back sides and we caught bullis vines in the spring and shook the muscadines (official name of bullises) and swung out from the top of the mound a-la-Tarzan and Jane. Great fun.

Being paid in syrup for making it for the neighbors meant that we had much more syrup than our family could possibly use, although we used a lot. Papa would take a few gallons at the time and take it to town and trade it out at Thompson’s general store for the things he needed to buy for our use. We did not have to buy very much since we grew almost everything we ate. About all he had to buy was flour for making biscuits, black pepper, which Mama bought, along with vanilla flavoring, from the Watkins man, coffee, tea and such other things that we did not grow. Mama also bought liniment and fly spray from the Watkins man. The Watkins man was a person who traveled the country selling patent medicine, Vicks salve for croups and colds and mustard for mustard plasters for your chest when you had a deep cough, and other items farm families might need. He came by our house about once a month and called out in a loud and cheery voice, “Anything in the Watkins line todayyyyyy?” His car smelled so good, like cloves, black pepper, vanilla flavoring and all kinds of other goodies and we usually needed something.

Mama sent her surplus butter and eggs to town by Papa and he sold them at Thompson’s store but he got money for them and this was Mama’s butter and egg money, which she hoarded so when she got a chance to go to town she had a few dollars of her own that she could spend for a length of voile or other material to make herself or one of us a Sunday dress. This material would have been bought at Thompson’s Dry Goods store. Periodically Papa would have instructions from

Mama to go to Thompson's and pick up needles, thread, buttons, snaps or a bolt of material so she could make us girls dresses either for church or school. Mama was a very good seamstress and made all of our clothes. I don't ever remember seeing her cut anything out by a pattern except a pattern she had cut out of newspaper. If she saw someone with a dress she liked she would ask them to let her cut a pattern off of it and then she would make dresses for herself or for us like it. All of us would get a dress off of the same bolt of fabric but they would not look alike because Mama would trim them all in a different way so we did not look like peas in a pod, she said.

Other fun things were cake walks, taffy pullings, box suppers and once in a great while we could go to someone else's house for square dancing. Dancing and card playing were not allowed in our house when we were growing up. A cake walk was a gathering, at the school mostly, where a big circle would be drawn on the floor with numbers printed on it. Each number represented a cake that someone had baked and donated. Everyone marched around the circle while someone played the fiddle or some other simple instrument such as the jew's-harp or harmonica and when the music stopped whoever was on the number that had been selected beforehand won the cake represented by the number. Each walker had to pay a small amount, maybe a quarter or fifty cents to walk, and the school made a few dollars for its use. This money could have been used to buy the plays we put on, I suppose.

A box supper was a little different. The girls in the community would pack a box supper for two and wrap it up as nicely as they could and decorate the outside to make it as attractive as possible. The box would contain fried chicken, potato salad, sliced tomato or tomato sandwiches, pimento cheese sandwiches, slices of cake and/or pie and any other goody they could think of and it would be put up for auction. Whoever made the highest bid got the box and the girl who made it to eat supper with him. Whichever of the boys who had saved the most money would keep the bidding going until he got the one he wanted. Sometimes you had to eat with someone you didn't really like just because he outbid your "feller."

Mama made all of our clothes. I don't recall ever having a "bought ready made" dress as we called them, until I was grown and saved enough cotton-picking money to buy one. She made our underwear out of flour sacks. We bought flour by the 50-pound bag. Behind the kitchen door we had a meal box, which Papa had built. It was a box with two compartments, one side for corn meal and the other for flour. It stood off the floor on legs and had a lid that could be lifted up to get the flour or meal, and Mama also kept her biscuit tray in the side with the flour. I spent many hours sitting on top of this box in the warmth of the kitchen. Sometimes

reading a book or just watching and listening to what was going on in the kitchen. It was a cozy warm corner and whoever was sitting on the meal box usually got told when to stick another piece of wood in the stove and when to run out to the woodpile and bring in a turn of wood. Another funny use of the word “turn,” meaning armload.

When the flour sacks were empty, they were carefully washed to remove the printing which said “Birdsey’s Best” in white letters on a red background, and saved to be used for many things, among them making drawers for Papa and the boys and underpants for us. The sacks were a thin cool fabric and were used for dish towels, milk straining cloth and many other things. These flour sack underpants we wore every day. Underpants were called bloomers in those days. One summer Mama got some black sateen, a soft shiny material, and made us black sateen bloomers. This was years before shorts for girls were heard of. But Mary, La Verne and I promptly tucked the tail of our dresses into the bloomers and ergo, we had turned the bloomers into a forerunner of shorts.

In later years flour sacks and chicken feed sacks were printed with pretty prints and were used to make aprons and sometimes even dresses for the little girls. The cornmeal was ground from corn which we grew on the farm. We would shuck and shell the corn, and Papa and Buddy would take it to a grist mill and have it ground into cornmeal. We ate cornbread with all of our vegetables and ate hot biscuits every morning for breakfast. In much later years Mama would send to town for “lightbread” to make sandwiches for the school kids but aside from that we only ate biscuits and cornbread.

Being retired for a number of years I never paid much attention to the day of the week or month, so when I really wanted to know “when it was” I usually had to search around for a calendar or check the weather channel on the TV to see what day and time it was. Can you believe, I discovered I could just glance down in the right hand corner of my computer screen and glean this valuable information?

Here I am 82 years old and working on a computer! I am headed pell-mell down the information superhighway to the year 2000! Except they don’t say 2000, they say Y2K. It took me awhile to figure out what they meant by Y2K but I finally did. There are all kinds of predictions of gloom and doom about these monsters crashing when the clock strikes midnight and I remember the story of Cinderella when her carriage turned back into a pumpkin at the stroke of midnight and wonder if that is what they are talking about. Yes, I named my computer “The Monster.” It does monstrous things. Mary named hers “Sweet Pea” but hers is blue so it needed a gentler name than my beige one.

We lived at the top of a red clay hill in Georgia and when it rained hard, if there were any cars on the road you could be sure that sooner or later there would be a call from our front yard for Mr. Ed to come and pull someone out of the ditch. No ice I ever drove over in Washington years later was as slick and dangerous to drive over as a red clay hill in Georgia. Believe me, I have spent many days in the ditch on this information super highway and I have many crashes stored up on my C Drive to prove it. However, yesterday was a red letter day for me. I finally got out of the ditch on downloading and retrieving documents that are being sent to me by e-mail, which is how I am communicating these days. It is not enough just to push the download button and think you have got it. You may have it but where the hell is it. All this does is just pitch the thing into a giant size wastebasket and you can't find it when you need it. I just assume that many of my downloaded e-mails ended up in e-mail heaven. These dead bodies will have to be removed from my C Drive but I will have to do this with strict supervision so as not to delete (pitch out) things I really need, or want.

How did I ever get involved with a computer in the first place? I had lived back when we drove a mule and buggy to town and cooked our meals on a wood burning "Home Comfort" range – never mind that I now do almost all of my cooking with a microwave oven – and swept the yards instead of mowing the lawn and suddenly here I am involved with a computer thereby putting to rest the old saying "YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS," but I haven't learned them all yet!

One day my beloved Steve (my son-in-law) came over and announced that it was time for me to have a computer. I protested rather vigorously but where Steve is concerned I am somewhat of a pushover so he dragged me out to the garage and demanded the keys to my car, which has a large trunk and hauled me off to the computer store. I had no earthly idea what we were looking for but he did. He conducts his entire law practice alone on his computer from a room in his condo at St. Pete Beach and only types with one finger in the bargain. Here I am typing with nine fingers; the thumb of the left hand does nothing to help out in typing. After about an hour of looking at all of the equipment in the computer store it was time to make a decision. Meanwhile, I had found a chair and plopped myself down to wait until the reason for my being there arrived – handing over the Visa card and signing it.

I could not believe the mountain of boxes we had acquired. They filled the huge trunk of my car and also the back seat. We hauled all of this merchandise back to my condo and Steve tore into the boxes like a kid on Christmas morning. He

worked until midnight setting the thing up and explaining to me the rudiments of how it worked. I looked on in utter consternation and terror. I was also flabbergasted that I had been so foolish as to spend \$1,500 on this thing about which I knew less than nothing and for which I had no earthly need, and furthermore I was terrified of touching it. When Steve came back to help me get started two days later he said I had opened and left open 32 windows. Not knowing what a window was I did not know what he was talking about. I had simply “clicked the mouse” trying to make the thing go. My only previous experience with a mouse was one where you put a little cheese on a trap and tried to catch him. Now this thing in my hand is a mouse!

Steve knew that I enjoyed playing bridge and solitaire so he installed these two games for me. For the first month I practiced these games trying to learn how to control this mouse – which in itself is not easy to do if you are not accustomed to mice. Mine sometimes runs a little wild when I am trying to zero in on something.

Anyway, yesterday was a red letter day for me. I managed to drag what I am writing out of Word Perfect where I am working and saved it, attached it to an e-mail and flashed it off to my darling granddaughter Page in Pittsburgh with a copy to her mother at St. Petersburg Beach, and I could have sent copies to my sister and niece in California with one fell swoop. Talk about progress, I have come a long way, baby, from that day in the computer store. And from the two-room school house in Georgia.

Much to my amazement, this computer has brought various members of our family much closer together. We are communicating with each other much more than ever before. I talked Mary (or rather Mona, her daughter) into getting one. We now write to each other every day and are on the buddy line fairly frequently. Mona got one for Mary, not herself. Mona is an artist who does all of her work on the computer, and her husband is a stock broker, so that is a real computer family – their kids do their homework on the computer

Talk about the information super highway, we all went to Greece last summer with Steve and Margo going to Turkey before I left for Greece, and we were in daily communication by e-mail so that I could follow their progress in Istanbul and all of Turkey right from my condo in Largo. I knew when they visited the Blue Mosque and when they visited Topkapi Palace, and when they joined us in Athens, we sent and received e-mails to and from our relatives in Atlanta, California, Pittsburgh and wherever else we chose.

I even remember the first time I ever saw an airplane. Mama went out to the

smokehouse to cut some meat or get a soup bone or something of the sort and called frantically to us in the kitchen to hurry outside and see what was up in the sky – it was not a bird or Superman but a plane. Later on I went to a field just outside Cochran and went for a ride. For \$1 you could go up for about a five- or ten-minute ride. It was beautiful up there looking down and seeing the fields and houses below.

Learning to operate a computer was not altogether different from my experience in learning to drive a car. When I was about 16 years old suddenly Cochran acquired a shirt factory. This meant jobs in town that paid real money to those of us farm kids who could grab one of these jobs. I was one of them who succeeded in getting one – but how was I to get to town to accept this job? By this time we had acquired a family car, a big black Chevrolet with extra wheels on each side next to the engine, on the running board. It was quite impressive looking – but how to make it get from the farm to town and the shirt factory and back to the farm was far beyond my capabilities. Those who could drive, namely Buddy and Albert, two of my brothers, did not have time or the inclination to drive me to and from my new job each day. What was I to do? Shug, my oldest sister, was out at our house on Sunday before I was scheduled to go to work at 7 a.m. on Monday and she knew how to drive. She had to drive as her husband, Lucian, was blind and could not drive. Her son always said you could tell she had been taught how to drive by a blind man! The reason for this remark being that she was inclined to get to talking and looking at something and heading the car in the direction of her gaze. However, she, managed to drive well into her 90s, and the last car she bought was a Thunderbird, which she said she had always wanted. I never knew her to be involved in an accident or get in the ditch on those red clay hills between the farm and Cochran where she lived.

She volunteered to take me out on Sunday afternoon and teach me how to drive. So away we went. We drove around the countryside for two or three hours and she let me steer the car and showed me how to push in the clutch and change the gears, and decided I knew enough to drive to town the next day to go to work. So I drove back to our house. Only a couple of problems. The brakes did not work very well and you sort of had to coast to a stop, and she had not shown me how to use the reverse gear. I would not have been able to back up even if she had because how can you see where you are going if you are going backward! Anyway, morning came and I had to go to work. I made it to the factory and looked for a wide open place to park so I would neither have to depend on the brakes nor my ability to back up. When time came to go home I drove all the way around the building so as not to need to maneuver to get back out and onto the road to go home. At the end

of a week of driving my palms had corns on them from holding the steering wheel so tightly, trying to drive and stop the car. I thought the tighter I held on the better I could control the thing as I had done in driving old Brown Kate to school. Eventually I did learn to drive the car and have been driving ever since – accident free so far, and without glasses

Mama always had a saying: “Take it a little bit at the time, like the cat eating the grindstone!” And that is certainly what I had to do learning to drive both a car and a C Drive. I wonder why it is called a C Drive. Maybe it means computer drive. Why not an A drive like the old model A Fords?

But before there were Model A Fords, there were Model T Fords, lovingly called “Tin Lizzies.” Buddy bought one of these models and as in “Oklahoma” it had eisenglass curtains that you buttoned all around in case there was a change in the weather. I don’t believe I could have learned to drive one of these models. First you had to crank it. On the steering wheel there were a couple of levers that had to be set – one was called the magneto and maybe the other was the spark, I don’t remember. These had to be set just right and then you stuck the crank in the front end under the radiator and cranked and cranked and cranked. Finally, after much cranking the thing would begin to sputter and you had to be quick to get out of the way as it would start to move as if to run over the cranker. Fortunately I was too young and small ever to try to drive this car. Herschel later bought a Ford Roadster with a rumble seat that you opened up. There was a lid back where you might expect a trunk to be and when you lifted it there was a seat big enough for two and you rode sitting on the outside of the car. You also could remove the top from over the driver and passenger and everyone was sitting outside and riding! I was allowed to drive this vehicle but only if Herschel was in the passenger’s seat. Then he bought a red Pontiac convertible – boy that was living. He would drive up those red clay hills when they were covered with mud and slick as glass put on the brakes and throw this car into a spin and spin around in the middle of the road two or three times. I put that car into the ditch one time and someone had to come with a mule and pull me out. I got into the ditch one other time in my driving on the farm. One day there was no one to drive Mama and Papa to church but me. By this time we had acquired a beautiful Ford V-8 and I was to drive the new car. Everything was fine until I met a car right in the middle of a big sand bed. Wanting to make sure I did not damage the new car I pulled as far over as possible and the sandy shoulder simply melted from under me and I was in the ditch. If you have ever driven in the sand at the beach you know how challenging this can be. I doubt you are allowed to drive on the beach any more but when I was young driving on the beach at Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Daytona, was what we most liked to do.

This almost cost me my life once when I was riding with a friend at Jacksonville Beach when his car was hit by a speeding driver as we attempted to turn around on the beach. The other car hit my side of the car up where the front door hinged onto the body of the car and threw me out across the beach. I landed on my back and was paralyzed for several days while Tina, and Kelly, her husband, and Mama spent a great deal of their time with me in the hospital. Tina and Kelly had sent for Mama to come down to Jacksonville when they saw how badly injured I was. Eventually my legs regained their feelings and I recovered completely. I have often wondered if that accident might have contributed to the backaches I have suffered in later life.

The country roads are all paved now but when I was a girl growing up they were just dirt roads. The chain gang, prisoners who wore black and white striped uniforms and were chained together, worked the roads. Several times each year the gang would be brought out, along with a very large road scraper and the washboard and rutty surface would be scraped smooth and the extra dirt would be piled up along the shoulders and left. You sure hoped there would not come a rain for awhile for if it did all of this scraping and smoothing and piling of dirt along the sides would turn the road into a quagmire. The first car that came along would make ruts and all of the subsequent cars would have to stay in the ruts in order to travel. One of the most harrowing experiences I ever had on muddy roads was once when I went to Macon with Shug and Lucian and we stayed too long and “dark caught us.” It poured rain and we had to come all the way from Macon in the rain over red clay hills for the entire 40 miles at night.

That is in the same category as once when Steve, Margo and I decided to drive from Washington, D.C., to Cincinnati over a George Washington Birthday weekend to visit his family. We left Friday after work and were going to drive all night. We hit snow in the mountains and drove over some harrowing mountain roads with hairpin turns and switchbacks. Not a light or sign of habitation to be seen anywhere. Unfortunately there were many large trucks on the same road that night. Eventually, we reached a small town but the only hotel was full. We finally got a room in a run-down motel, with no heat and not much light but at least it was better than an icy mountain road at midnight!

May 8, 1999. Well, here I am back again this morning on this memory thing. I don't quite know how I got talked into doing this except my dear daughter, Margot, must have thought I needed to do something to justify the purchase of “The Monster,” my computer. Being very frugal people, you just don't buy something and let it sit there and not earn its keep, so I was assigned a project to

“get the good out of this thing” as my mother would have said. Writing these memories is sort of like cleaning out the closets of your brain. You know that it won’t be long before you will have to move out of this old house and if you don’t write down the stuff you have stashed back thinking that some day you might need it, then no one will ever know you had it when the house is bulldozed under and it as well as the house will be gone forever. So I keeping opening old dusty boxes and bags of memories that have been saved. Not because you thought you would ever use them again but like some old clothes that no longer fit, you liked them and you could not just pitch them out. I am forever running across things that I did not remember putting away. Many of these things I have not thought of in years and am surprised myself when they pop out at me.

The other day I even remembered a dream I used to have about flying, long before I knew that people really could fly if they had an airplane. In my dream I would climb up on the meat bench in the back yard and fly all the way around the house and land on the watermelon bench in the front yard. Imagine my disappointment after this dream and I went out and tried it only to land on my feet on the ground when I jumped off the meat bench. I do remember when my children were young and we took the long and arduous drive from Washington, D.C., where we lived, back to the farm to visit my parents, the girls would say “Mommie, tell us about olden days.” We did not have radios in cars in those days and to entertain them on the long trip I would regale them with tales about when I was a little girl. I guess this desire stuck with Margo and she still wants me to tell her about “olden” days. Olden days for me go back to the time when I lived on the farm and if we heard a car coming up the road we would all run as fast as we could to the front yard just to see it go whizzing by at about 10 miles or so an hour! There were no freeways in those olden days and we drove all the way from Washington to Cochran on two-lane highways, with the last five miles out to the farm on dirt roads – and how I hoped it would not be raining when I hit this dirt road, for I still dreaded those red clay, slippery hills in spite of the fact that by now I was well accustomed to driving on ice and snow. Those hills still intimidated me.

I drove a car for 20-odd years even before I needed a driver’s license. When I got my first driver’s license all I had to do was tell them that I wanted one and thank goodness I did not have to take a test. I had never done any parallel parking in my life and had no idea what it was or how to do it. We always just pulled in head first to the curb and stopped when we hit the sidewalk. They still park that way in Cochran.

I even remember when there were no radios. We did have a gramophone. Papa bought it for our new house with the living room, so we could play records. One of

our first records was one that came with the machine and it was called “The Fox Chase.” This was the sound of dogs barking and running through the woods as if they were chasing a fox with a little music, mostly harmonica playing to dramatize the chase. We played this hours on end. I can still hear it in my head.

We were delighted when Shug and Lucian, who lived in town, got a radio – a crystal set – and we would go to her house in town to listen to the radio. There were such programs as Amos and Andy, a blackface skit about black people. We tried to go to town every week to listen to this program. Finally, we got a radio for the farm – a Philco – which ran on a car battery. The symbol was a white dog sitting in front of what looked like a big bullhorn with his head cocked to the side and the words underneath said “Listening to his master’s voice

Many years later after I had lived in Washington for quite some time, my mother came to visit me. Part of the entertainment for her was to take her down to Bethesda, Md., and stand on the sidewalk in front of a store and look at TV in the window of the store. This thought puts me to thinking what it may be like for all of you following after me. Here I sit at a computer writing all of this. What will you be writing or thinking about when you are 82 years old? I wish I could pop in on you and see! Maybe some of you will be living on the moon by then. I am sure that this information super highway will look like a two-lane road or even maybe an old country dirt road by then. That’s the bad thing about moving out of this old house, I wonder what the new neighborhood will look like.

I just got a telephone call saying they had the perfect apartment for me at the retirement home where I am going to live. These places were always called “Old Folks Homes” when I was growing up. Funny, I don’t much feel like old folks except when my back and hips hurt and I have trouble getting the groceries in from the car to the kitchen and then standing at the sink or counter preparing a meal. A man came yesterday to repair the wall in my computer room (imagine me with a computer room – that’s what I now call the front bedroom of my condo) and told me I could not be much older than he. He said he was 65 and when I told him I was 82 he refused to believe I was the same age as his mother. Boy, what a lift that gave me. It made my day! I still drive my car alone to and from Macon, Ga., a couple of times each year to visit family members who still live there, although driving is not quite as much fun as it used to be. We really should flatter each other once in awhile just to make someone feel good. It doesn’t cost anything and it is only a white lie and not really a sin at all. I have spent a lot of my life trying to figure out what was “sin” and what was not. My parents went to church regularly and took us younguns with them. We were not required to actually go into the

church when we got there but were left outside in the churchyard to play with the kids of other church members who had brought them along because there were no baby sitters to leave them with at home. If you were a parent you drug your kids along wherever you went.

Anyway, Mama and Papa belonged to Mt. Horeb Primitive Baptist Church. The Baptist church nearest to our house was Missionary Baptist and they had an organ in the church. Primitive Baptist churches did not have music and the hymns were sung a cappella. In addition, they performed foot-washing rituals. Every third Saturday and Sunday in August was “Big Meeting” time and this was when communion would be taken and feet would be washed. Mama always prepared the bread and wine for this service and took it to church. She baked the unleavened bread on a griddle on the top of the Home Comfort range in the kitchen, wrapped it carefully in a clean piece of flour sack or other cloth and took it to church to be broken into small pieces and given to the church members as the sacrament. I can still hear my cousin Jim Floyd sitting on the front row of the church and “striking the pitch” with his beautiful voice and then all others would join in the singing. I still have Mama’s old song book someplace. Sunday Big Meeting would be an all-day affair, sometimes with as many as three preachers preaching so you can see why the kids were left in the yard to play. Otherwise pretty soon there would have been pandemonium in the church when the restless kids all got to “squalling.” Boy, those old preachers, especially Brother Spivey (who looked somewhat like Teddy Roosevelt) could preach hellfire, brimstone and damnation, with pounding on the pulpit for emphasis. And then there was Brother Jim Frank Dykes who looked something like Inkabod Crane must have looked. He was not as powerful a preacher as Spivey. Brother Josh Chance finally became the pastor of the church and my mother and father became closest friends with Brother Josh and Sister Mandy. Their great-grandson, Sammy Raffield, is married to Mama and Papa’s granddaughter, Judy Floyd. Well, one or more of the preachers would preach in the morning and finally break for dinner on the ground about 12:30. Dinner on the ground, ah how wonderful that was! All of the women in the church would have been baking and cooking all kinds of goodies for Big Meeting. They would have fried chicken and ham, potato salad, baked cakes and pies, made chicken pie, cooked butter beans and black eyed peas, fried and boiled okra made biscuits and cornbread and maybe even have brought a loaf of “lightbread” with pimento and cheese to spread on it. Pickles of every sort would have been brought: pickled peaches and cucumbers, corn relish and preserves, jams and jellies, boxes and baskets full of every imaginable thing to eat. The men would have set up a table, 15 or 20 feet long, out under the pine trees in the churchyard. The table would have been constructed of rough sawn boards laid across saw horses to form a table. The

women would have packed their best white tablecloths to spread out on this table and then would have proceeded to unpack all of the boxes and baskets of food. They would have brought plates and knives and forks from their kitchens at home as there were no such things as paper plates and plastic knives and forks in those days. All of this would be piled high on the table for everyone to eat. What feasts they were.

After eating all we could, the remains would be packed up in the boxes and made ready to take back home. After a visit to the privy in the edge of the woods, the congregation would reassemble to continue with the preaching and foot washing. The church had small metal wash pans, which were stored in a small cabinet fastened to the wall beside the pulpit. These basins were kept there to be used each third Sunday in August. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the meeting would break up and people would begin to return to their homes.

These Primitive Baptist churches were scattered all around the countryside, and each met on a different Saturday and Sunday of the month. Trail Branch met on the fourth Saturday and Sunday. Sweet Home met on the first Saturday and Sunday. Hawkinsville met on the second Saturday and Sunday. When there was a fifth Saturday and Sunday, then one of the churches would request that Fifth Sunday meeting be held at their church. One of the reasons they met on these Sundays was to enable different members of the home church to go to another church and hear their preacher. Cousin Jim and Cousin Ava Floyd always came by and took Mama and Papa with them when they were going to Trail Branch, Sweet Home or any other church.

Our Lord cousins lived in the Trail Branch community, and since their meeting was the fourth Sunday and they came to our third Sunday meeting, then sometimes I was allowed to go spend a week with the Lords, and Mama and Papa could get me the next Sunday when they went to Trail Branch. How I did love going to Cousin Robert and Cousin Dolly Lord's house for a visit! Ruth, Rosa. Susie, Ben, Ivy, Lorene, Louise, Minton and many other names I can't remember. Oh yes, Nanny Barfield, who lived across the field. We had to pass their house on the way to the Bee Tree hole where we went swimming. We also went for hayrides in the wagon and Cousin Robert had billy goats, which I never saw anywhere else.

The preachers at these churches were, themselves, farmers just like all farmers, except they "had been called to preach." They were sort of circuit rider preachers and were paid the few dollars, five or ten, however much could be collected, to help pay for their gas to travel from their communities to the meeting places to preach. If they were preaching at Mt. Horeb, they would come to church and preach on Saturday and go home with someone to spend the night Saturday night –

frequently at our house or Cousin Jim's house. If they stayed at our house, then on Saturday night Mama and Papa would get word around the community that there would be singing at our house on Saturday afternoon or night and many neighbors would come to join in.

Any third Saturday night you could almost be sure we would have someone spending the night – either the preacher or one of the visiting church members. And when dinner was not served on the ground at church, several people would come home with Mama and Papa from church. After I got old enough to be left behind at home I was put in charge of seeing that the front porch was swept, the younguns washed and into clean clothes and a clean white starched tablecloth was on the table and the table was set ready for dinner to be served as soon as they got home from church. Our table would seat eight or 10 people and frequently there would be three sittings, beginning with the men and gradually getting down to the younguns. By this time there would be nothing left of the fried chicken except maybe a wing and of the chicken and dumplins except a foot or two and some dumplins. Yes, Mama cooked the chicken feet. They gave the dumplins a good flavor she said. They were skinned beforehand and were pristine white and Mama always ate them. She said she liked them but I never tried them. Mama also always ate the chicken back. I suspect she chose this piece so as to let the others have the best pieces.

I have never been what I would call a religious person. I sort of believed in live and let live and do unto others as you wanted to be done to and it has served me pretty well all these years. I don't ever remember hearing very much about how God loved me or any of the things I hear the preachers talking about these days on TV. About the only time I heard about God being loving was when someone who was exasperated at you or something else and they would say rather sternly, "Oh, for the love of God," why did you do or not do something about which they were not particularly pleased. It seemed to me the Wrath of God was a more likely state of affairs. It appeared, from things I heard all the time that God was pretty displeased about something most of the time and I had better watch out or his wrath would come down on my head when I least expected it.

I heard all about heaven with streets paved with gold, which seemed a little far-fetched to a girl who lived on a red clay road that got slick as glass when it rained and who earned about three or four dollars at the most for a week of working in the field. It sure seemed like a waste of money to pave a street with gold to me. In the summer the church just down the road from us, Limestone Missionary Baptist Church, had a week of Big Meeting (they sometimes called it revival) and even though our family did not belong to that denomination, we children went there to

church every night. This meant that I had more than a dozen white shirts to starch and iron for the boys to wear to church. In those days we did not have electricity so naturally there were no electric irons. This being June, it was pretty hot already in Georgia, but never mind the shirts had to be ironed. So I built up a fire of oak logs in the fireplace in Mama and Papa's room and stood the flat irons on end in front of the fire and heated them and this is how I ironed these broadcloth shirts. No wrinkle proof fabric in those days either. If you accidentally got the iron too hot or did not wipe any ashes completely off and smudged one of these shirts, you had to rewash and starch it and start the process all over again. By the time I finished this job I was standing in a puddle of sweat. Of course, there were no electric fans to turn on – there was no electricity, remember? Can you imagine having to go to bed that night in a room where a hot oak fire had been going all day? And it a featherbed to boot. What does “to boot” mean? I guess it means “in the bargain.” With four boys going every night even if they wore a shirt three times it meant a dozen to “do up.” We went to church to be with our friends, not to be religious or “get religion.” We would not have dreamed of becoming a member of that church. As a matter of fact, you were supposed to wait to join any church until you were called, I suppose by God, to join. Buddy is now 98 years old and has never joined the church, so if he doesn't hurry up he will not hear his call. But he went to church all his life. I suppose he was torn between which denomination to belong as he married a “Missionary Baptist,” so there was a difference of opinion.

You sure did not want to join the church in the winter and have to wade out into that ice cold creek to be baptized. Sometimes they would almost have to crack the ice to get in, and as soon as you came up from the water someone else would have waded out dragging a coat on their arm to lay around your soaking wet shoulders. That takes guts or faith or whatever you want to call it. I never got struck dumb as St. Paul did on the road to Damascus.

Papa and Cousin Jim and Brother Josh would sit around for hours on end reading and discussing the “scriptures.” None of the three had ever attended school for more than a year or two, so I don't have any idea if they could even pronounce the words, much less understand what they meant. They would sing about Beulah Land and crossing over the Jordan, only they pronounced it “Jurdan” as it is still pronounced in Georgia. Cairo as in Egypt, is pronounced Karo in Georgia, and Houston as in Texas, is called “Howstan.”

The family Bible was an enormous book about four inches thick and the size of a Webster's unabridged dictionary, the kind you find in libraries on a stand all to itself. You could not possibly sit and read it as you would a regular book. It would break your arms in short order, so the only solution was to sit hunched over a table

and try to read it. Births, deaths, and marriages were all recorded on special pages provided for those records. Those were the vital statistics for most families.

These country churches belonged to the “Ebenezer Association” and periodically each church would get the “sosation” meeting. Boy what a time that would be. The men would go to the church where this meeting was being conducted and construct a “brush arbor” out under the trees. They would build a frame as if for a house, with branches of trees cut and laid across the top for cover, a quite large structure, since people would be coming from miles around from the various communities to attend this meeting. The benches from the church would be hauled out and set up under this arbor and additional benches constructed from lumber to take care of the crowd of people. This meeting would go on for three or four days, with the first day or two being taken up by the business of the various churches. The remaining days would be devoted to preaching and singing with dinner on the ground both Saturday and Sunday.

We would spend weeks preparing for these meetings, cooking everything in sight to be taken for these dinners. The house would have been cleaned from stem to stern, featherbeds and quilts taken out and draped over the yard fence to sun and air, floors scrubbed clean, water buckets scoured, yards swept, kerosene lamps cleaned and filled with fresh kerosene and any other cleaning Mama or Papa could think of. This was an important time and lots of people would be coming to our house to spend the nights – so many that pallets would have to be made on the floor so everyone would have a place to sleep. We younguns loved to sleep on those pallets with our friends, and would talk all night if Papa did not call out for us to get quiet and go to sleep. A giant size slumber party for the kids.

We also had all day sings at various places such as the school house and Jay Bird Springs. These were similar to all-day meetings except there would not be any preaching. Quartets, solo singers, duets and general audience participation would go on all day. The songs would be mostly church hymns and some Negro spirituals. But ballads and folk songs would also be included at these sings. All of my older sisters had taken singing lessons and from an itinerant singing teacher before I was born. They sang “square” notes but did not know how to read “round” notes to this day. I don’t know the difference. Here again all the participants would have brought boxes and baskets of food, which was served and shared by all.

Cotton picking time unfortunately coincided with third Sunday in August and we knew we had to hit the cotton patch before daylight on Monday morning after Big Meeting. We had many acres planted with cotton so this meant many weeks in the field picking cotton. Mama would take her sewing machine out to the front porch

where it would be cooler than in the house and make cotton sacks. This was a long narrow sack made of heavy canvas, with a strap to put around your shoulder, in which you dropped the locks of cotton as you picked them. These sacks were made long enough so that the bottom dragged on the ground behind you as you walked to relieve the weight you had to carry. They would become very heavy by the time you got them filled. You would pick one row down and one back to the place where you emptied these bags either onto a burlap cotton sheet on the ground or into a hand-woven cotton basket. Buddy and the field hands usually picked down the middle between two rows, carrying two rows at a time. I could never keep up with the others and Buddy was always having to come over to my row and catch me up. He let me empty my sack in his basket or on his cotton sheet and when we picked for another farmer and got paid for it he gave me credit for having picked a hundred pounds and that is what I would earn for the day. Sometimes I would end up with two or three dollars for the week. This is what Mary talked me out of for her freckle cream.

Picking cotton was hard, back-breaking work. But even so, we sometimes had fun doing it. If a watermelon vine had volunteered and come up in the middle of the cotton patch and we found a ripe melon on it, it was great to “bust” it open and eat it right there in the field.

We had several colored families living on our farm and we also hired transient workers, farm workers from other family farms, to help us with such things as picking cotton when they were not needed or working on their home farms. There could be as many as maybe 15 or 20 pickers in a field at one time. We would get the colored people to start singing spirituals late in the afternoon. About “an hour by sun,” Papa or Buddy would announce they were going to the house to get the wagon and we would pass the word that it was about “quittin time” and you would hear the call go out, finish up your row, it’s quittin time. The wagon would come across the field and Papa and the boys would weigh up. Buddy could pick 400 pounds in a day if the cotton was good,

Papa kept a record in a little notebook of how much each worker picked for the day so he could pay them at the end of the week. He kept a record of how much the rest of us picked so he would know when a bale had been picked. We younguns always climbed up on top of the cotton in the wagon and rode home – getting to the house just at dusk, and we still had to do our chores such as bring in stove wood, fill the tank and bring in fresh water for the night, bring in the slop jar (a container for the bedroom so you didn’t have to go out to the privy in the dark) in case you had “to go.” After chores, we would eat supper, sit around a little while, wash our feet and go to bed. Up before dawn the next morning and off to the field for another day.

How we prayed for a rain shower so we could come to the house and rest. We did not have shoes to wear in the field. We got shoes pretty soon after school started – at least by the time cold weather came – and so we went barefoot the rest of the time. The ground would get as hot as fire in the middle of the day so we tried to step in the shade of the cotton stalks and if we walked across the corn field we jumped from one spot of shade to the next as the corn stalks were planted about four feet apart and our legs could not reach that far.

My mother and father had little or no schooling but they were both very bright. Papa could figure up how much he owed a cotton picker who picked 587 pounds of cotton at the rate of 75 cents per hundred, and Mama was also good at figures. I learned from her how to count everything in fives and tens instead of just adding straight.

Taking the first bale of cotton to the gin in Cochran was a day of celebration. Papa would come home with a 100-pound block of ice from the ice house in town and cans of condensed milk for making homemade ice cream. Papa would not touch milk or even let one of the other family members drink out of his coffee cup if they put milk in their coffee, (he swore he could taste it) but he dearly loved ice cream. He would usually bring home a mess of mullet fish from town, which Mama would cook for supper. We did not usually cook at supper time, just ate what was left over from dinner. Papa liked the pot likker from the vegetables with some cornbread broken up in it for supper. We always had a large pan of baked sweet potatoes and often we would have a sweet potato and a glass of milk for supper. These fish would have been shipped in from Savannah or from Florida as they were not a fresh water fish as we caught in the creeks around our farm. He would also bring home kit fish. This was a fish that was packed in coarse rock salt and sold in a yellow wooden tub. I think these were shipped in from some place up north. These Mama would rinse off and let them stand overnight in clear cold water to get rid of some of the salt and cook them for breakfast along with little thin hoecakes of cornbread. I loved these fish and always looked forward to getting them because we wanted a change from all the fresh fish we had.

The leftover ice from the ice cream making would be carefully wrapped in newspapers and burlap bags and placed in a tub so we could have ice tea or iced bullis juice for dinner the next day. Having something cold to drink was a rare treat for us. We had no refrigerator until Papa built one many years after we moved into our new house.

At some point in my early childhood, when I was 6 or 7 yeas old, I guess, Papa decided it was time to build a new house for the family. I don't remember very

much about living in the old house but I do remember that he arranged for a sawmill to be brought into our woods and set up at the back side of the “New Ground.” This was the land he had acquired and cleared after he had been farming the “Old Field” for a number of years. To this day, those fields are still called the “New Ground” and the “Old Field.” There were many large pine trees in these woods and the sawmill began to cut them down and saw them into lumber. This lumber was hauled up to our house and stacked in triangular-shaped stacks and left there to cure. I spent many happy hours climbing over these stacks of lumber. There were several of them and we turned them into our playhouses and went to visit each other in them as if they were our homes. The neighbor girls and boys would come to visit and play with us.

Then finally came the day when we had to move out of the old house so that it could be torn down and replaced by the new one. Parts of the old house were to be salvaged if possible and incorporated into the new one. We moved about a quarter of a mile down the road into a much smaller tenant house on the farm and I do remember living in that house while our new house was being built. We were crowded into two or three rooms and even Ruth, one of my older sisters was still living at home so there would have been 12 of us, including Mama and Papa, in that small house. I believe Ruth married while we lived there for I do not remember her moving back into the new house when we went home.

We watched as our new house was being built. The stacks of lumber were hauled into Cochran to the planing mill to be planed into smooth boards, to be grooved for sealing the rooms and for all sorts of cuts and changes to be made to the rough sawn boards. Grandpa Holland came up from Florida to help with the building of the new house. I think I am correct in saying that he built the windows or maybe it was the window screens. Our new house was the talk of the community – we were building a mansion with glass door knobs even, something unheard of for farmhouses. And we were going to have a living room. We always called it “the front room,” a room where no one slept but where people just sat, mostly company. This was unheard of for the time and place. We were going to have a dining room – a room used just for eating – when everyone else in the community ate in the kitchen. In other words, we were really “going up town” out in the country!

Our old house had a kitchen that was separated from the main house by a sort of breezeway where the water buckets and wash pans were kept so you could wash up before going into the kitchen to eat. Many years later when I visited China and went for a meal at one of the communes, I found the same type wash basins on a shelf outside the dining area and we were invited to wash our hands there before eating. A small world and 50 years behind the U.S.

Finally the great day came for moving back home. While we had watched the house unfold, we had never been inside to see what it looked like or even gotten closer than the road in front to gaze at the progress. Without letting us know anything about it, Papa had gone to town and bought a new buggy, which he hitched up and drove the quarter mile down the road to fetch Mama and the younguns to our new house. We were dumbstruck when we got there and could examine all of the wonders – painted walls and even painted floors. Glass doorknobs and screens on the windows to keep the flies and mosquitoes out and a bright shiny tin roof. Papa built two swings for our front porch and we had a ball swinging in them. In later years I was to spend many happy hours sitting in one of those swings and talking with my own father about “olden times.” We were millionaires, in our minds. All of the beds were feather and we even had two iron bedsteads. The fireplaces had decorative fronts on them and mantle pieces above them. The living room fireplace was even built out of bricks set in a decorative pattern and the living room floor was not just straight boards but set in a log cabin design and painted. Who had ever heard of painting floors! We were accustomed to rough sawn boards for floors with large cracks between the boards and I had up until that time been accustomed to seeing my sisters scouring the floors with potash soap mixed with fine sand and a scouring broom made from corn shucks. Papa made the scouring broom by taking a board about two inches thick and about eight inches wide by about 16 inches long and boring holes about an inch and a half in diameter. These holes were bored at an angle and a long handle was inserted in the top to use in pushing the broom. The same design as today’s push brooms used for sweeping garages, warehouses, etc. Shucks would have been forced through the holes, and the floors were scoured with these shucks. I am sure you get the picture.

We did not have rugs or any kind of carpet, but in the kitchen and in Mama’s room we had linoleum rugs. They had flowers and other bright and colorful designs on them and were very pretty. In the kitchen stood a shiny new Home Comfort range waiting for the hundreds of meals my mother would cook over the years on this wood-burning stove and for the thousands of jars of fruits and vegetables she would can during her remaining life. Instead of the usual “side table” in the kitchen, we had a kitchen counter atop built-in cabinets and it was covered with a tin counter top! Very modern and up-to-date for those days. We had no sink in the counter, but we had no running water in the house and washed the dishes in a dishpan on this counter. Our lights were kerosene lamps – electricity and running water in the house were many years in the future.

Mama pounded many pieces of steak on the corner of this counter to tenderize them for cooking country fried steaks and gravy. Periodically Papa or someone else in the community would butcher a beef and we would have this steak. I don't ever remember having a roast or any other kind of beef and I suspect it was because the men did not know how to do anything but cut all the beef into slices for this purpose. When someone butchered a beef, it would be cut up and placed in the wagon and whoever had butchered it would peddle the entire beef throughout the community, keeping for his family as much as he thought could be used up before it spoiled. The hides would be carefully cured and kept for making seats in chairs when the old seats were worn out. The hair would be left on these seats. These cowhide seats would last almost forever. My brother still has two small rockers with these cowhide seats, and I am sure they are more than 75 years old and have been in daily use in his farmhouse all these year

Papa had shoe lasts of various sizes and when the soles of our shoes wore out, he went to town and bought leather and replaced them. He kept his tack hammer, tacks, drawing knife for cutting the leather and other tools in a small tool house in the barn. He kept his tool house locked, and woe unto the one who ever got into this stash of tools and disturbed them. He had hammers and chisels and saws and other tools that no one was allowed to touch, ever. Of course, there were old tools that we were allowed to use if we needed them.

Once, many years later after we both had married and moved away, Mary and I came home for a visit and decided we did not like one of the barns, which was across the road in front of the house, and we decided to tear it down, so we made good use of these old tools. We tried to get the boys to move it and they refused, so she and I went at the job ourselves. Papa always kept a supply of nice lumber in the barn and when someone in the community died he would be called upon to build their casket. Mama kept a supply of white satin material with which she lined these caskets. She would sit down at her sewing machine and gather this material into a ruffle for the lining and for the pillow, which she made from cotton that had been carded and put aside for just this purpose. These caskets were made in the shape you see in pictures from the Middle East today. Wide at one end to accommodate the shoulders and slim at the other for the legs and feet. There were no undertakers called in, no one was embalmed, and the men of the community took their shovels and went to the cemetery and dug the grave, and after the funeral they put the earth over the casket and mounded it up. A wooden board would be stood on end to mark the head of the grave. The women of the community would wash the body and put it into its best clothes for burial, and it would be placed in the casket and set before an open window to keep it as cool as possible until time

for the funeral. When it was time for the funeral, the casket was transported to the church if the person was a member of a church and a sermon would be preached and hymns would be sung. If not a member of a church then graveside services would be conducted. Everyone visited around the church and cemetery, for this was a time when you saw many of your old friends and acquaintances.

Many years before my grandfather Holland died, he had found a special cedar tree, which he sawed down and had made into boards for his casket, which he planned for Eddie to build. My father's name was James Edward Floyd. Mama and family members such as Grandpa Holland, called him Eddie as did close friends.

Everyone else called him Mr. Ed. Grandpa may even have acquired these boards when the lumber was being sawed to build our house. All I know is that it was stored in the rafters of the barn or garage for many years before it was used and we always knew those were for Grandpa's coffin. When I was in high school in Cochran, about 1933 or 1934, I got news that rocked me to the core. My nephew, Lucian Berryhill, found me between classes and told me that Grandpa had died. I thought he meant his grandpa, my father. No, not Papa, but Grandpa Holland. I knew Grandpa Holland had been sick for quite some time and was then living at our home. Mama and Papa had put a cot in their room on which he slept so he would be in a warm room and they could look after him at night. One day while Mama was in the kitchen cooking and Papa was out doing chores, Grandpa, who could not get up alone, somehow managed to get from this cot to the closet where Papa kept his pistol in a small trunk and get the gun and back to the cot where he shot himself. Papa kept the pistol for only one purpose – to go out before daylight on Christmas morning and shoot it to announce to the world that it was Christmas morning. This is the only time it was ever shot to my knowledge. But Grandpa knew the gun was there and this handsome, bon vivant of a man could not bear the thoughts of lying there helplessly for who knew how long waiting to die. Again, he did things his way, as he had done all his life.

I never knew how he traveled from Cochran to the Everglades in those days but he did. He spent winters hunting and trapping there, coming home from time to time to tell us his tales of adventure. After our new house was built, he would arrive unexpectedly in an open touring car. We would look out the window and see a cloud of rolling dust moving up the road from about a mile away and we would race to the front porch or yard to see whoever pass. It would be Grandpa – one hand on the horn to scare the chickens and pigs from the road and the other waving his big white Panama hat. How handsome he was. I later saw Clark Gable in the movies and he was a dead ringer for Grandpa Holland. No wonder he had four wives – he was irresistible. He had a beautiful mustache, which he kept meticulously combed and waxed and a head of magnificent black hair and what

tales he could and did tell. He would not drink coffee, but every morning of his life he drank a cup of boiling hot water at breakfast instead of coffee. He said it was good for his digestion.

Mama was always busy doing something – cooking, sewing, canning, preserving, mending and patching – nothing was thrown away. Clothes were patched and mended until they were “threadbare.” Collars and cuffs were turned when they wore out on the outside, and pockets were patched in trousers until eventually she would have to replace them.

She saved all of her scraps and if she was not busy doing other things, she spent afternoons piecing up quilts by hand. She tried always to have two or three quilt tops pieced up so that she was ready to have a quilting at almost any time. All of our beds were covered with quilts as there were no blankets. Quilts were used in the wagon for children to sit and lie on and on the floor for pallets when there were more people to sleep than beds to sleep on. Papa made her a quilting frame, which in the old house was hung from the ceiling in her bedroom. In the new house she simply placed the rails of the frame across the backs of chairs. When it was time for the quilting party a number of neighbor women were invited to come spend the day with Mama, and they would quilt all day. Someone would be in the kitchen cooking dinner, and when it was time to eat the men would come in from the fields and eat dinner with the women. Mama, Aunt Juliette, Aunt Sis and neighbor women would participate in these quiltings. They would laugh and talk and tell jokes, some of which might be a little naughty. Mama and Aunt Juliette, especially, liked somewhat “smutty” stories and would laugh until tears came down their faces. Both of these sisters were great practical jokers and when they pulled a practical joke that sort of backfired they would say “that sure got away” with him or her. Also to express embarrassment they would say “that got away with me so bad” or “that sure got off” with me.

Someone who was vain or “prissy” was called “stuck up.” Or you might hear: “She thinks she is something on a stick.” If one of us kept pestering Mama, she would say, “Oh, go to grass and chew pussley.” Was she talking about parsley or purslane? I never knew.

Another thing Mama did was “lye hominy.” We would shell maybe a peck of corn and Mama would put it into the wash pot filled with cold water and pour Red Devil Lye in and let it set until the husk came off the corn and the grains were soft. Then the corn would be rinsed many times in clear cold water to be sure all the lye was rinsed out. Rinsed was pronounced “wrenched” as you might do to your wrist or ankle.

She also made lye soap in the wash pot. This was done by placing scraps of fat meat in the wash pot and adding this same Red Devil Lye to it, and it would be turned into soap.

Basically the wash pots were used for boiling clothes, one for white clothes, another for lightly colored clothes, such as our dresses and towels, and the third for the work overalls and shirts of the men.

Monday was washday at our house and each Monday morning shortly after sunup three colored women, Cindy Chapman and her daughters, Ellen, and I can't remember the name of the other, would show up at our house to do the piles of dirty clothes. There were three washtubs on a "bench" out at the wash place and beginning with the white clothes they would be put through the three tubs where they would be scrubbed by each of the women on a washboard, a corrugated board where they would have had three separate soapings and scrubbings. After the third tub, they would be placed in the wash pot for white clothes and subsequently boiled in soapy water for maybe an hour while the colored clothes were being washed and prepared for the wash pot. The work clothes would be placed on the battling block and with a stick about the size of my lower arm, would be "battled" (beaten) to loosen the dirt and then they would be placed in their pot of boiling water and boiled while the white and lightly colored clothes were being rinsed. The three tubs were emptied of the dirty soapy water and would be refilled with clean clear water drawn from the well by means of lowering a bucket and "drawing" water from the well. Imagine how many times the bucket had to go down to draw six tubs and three wash pots full of water. When everything was rinsed thoroughly in the three tubs of water, then they were wrung out by hand and hung on the clothesline to dry in the sun. You never slept on sheets and pillow cases that smelled so good as did those dried in the fresh Georgia air and sun. It took these three women most of the day to get the clothes on the line to dry and if a shower came up before they were dry we would hear Mama call "there's a cloud coming up, run quickly and help me get the clothes in off the line!" Such scurrying around – no time to fold them as we went – snatch them off and run into the house and fold later.

Sheets and pillow cases were all made by Mama from unbleached muslin sheeting, which had to be seamed down the middle and hemmed. We hated new sheets because they were rough to sleep on and much preferred those that had been washed many times and softened up. Sheets were not ironed, but pillow cases were and the "Sunday" pillow cases were starched, to boot. Sunday pillow cases would be embroidered and the hems were edged with either tatting or crochet. Tatting

was used on many things as all of the older girls made tatting for everything. I tried to learn how to make tatting last summer when I found Tina's tatting shuttle but could not get beyond the basic stitch, and Shug can no longer see the stitches well enough to teach me. What a pity.

All tablecloths were starched and ironed as were napkins. We only used the white tablecloth and napkins on Sunday, however. During the week we ate off oilcloth tablecloths and did not have napkins. The flour sack dish cloths served for napkins if we used anything. Papa always had a "dishrag" at his place and we sort of passed it around. However, when we left the table we went immediately to wash the grease off our hands.

Note – Annette stopped recording her memories then picked up the project again. Here is the final installment that was discovered after her death on May 11, 2006.
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AFK Memories

It worked, I had not forgotten how to set up a document and save it so guess my old brain is still at least partially operational. I wanted a separate page for this in case I decide at a later date not to include this. What I am about to relate is still very painful for me even at this late stage of my life. Perhaps that is why I could not get started back on my memories.

When Shug moved to Macon to take a beauty course after the death of her husband, Lucian, there was no way for me to finish high school in Cochran so she decided to trade her baby, Bobby, off to Mama for me. Shug could not care for an infant and go to school in Macon so she arranged for Mama to keep him in exchange for me going with her to Macon to finish school. Each Saturday night after she finished at the school, we got in the car and drove to Cochran and spent the night with Mama and Papa and the family and then drove back to Macon on Sunday night, In order for Shug to get me into the high school in Macon, she had to adopt me since I was entitled to go to school only if I were her dependent.

I left all of my childhood friends and family in Cochran, including my first love, John Embry Parkerson,. behind when I left and went off to a place where I did not know anyone except my sister, her son Lucian, and her niece on her husband's side so no relation to me. This was quite a trauma for me Shug's course only lasted six months so as a result she moved at the end of her course, not back to Cochran but to the adjacent town of Hawkinsville where she opened a beauty shop. This left

me in Macon with no place to live so she made arrangements for a room for me at a boarding house on Cherry Street.

There were six girls living at this boarding house and I learned much later that two of them were prostitutes. But they were beautiful and full of fun and very protective of me and would not let me go out alone with a boy. I did learn a few facts of life like birth control, which I had never heard of up until that time and they even showed me what they used! This was all talked about in whispers. How quaint this all sounds now when you can find a dozen or more different types on any grocery or drugstore counter today to say nothing of them being passed out to the kids in schools. Why have we always been so inhibited when speaking about such a vital part of life as human sexuality, without which of course there would cease to be humanity. Unless you believe literally in virgin birth.

I managed to finish the year of school after Shug left and commuted to Cochran on the train every Friday afternoon after school and back to Macon on Sunday afternoon to be ready for Monday classes.

School was finally over and I went back to the farm to live. Tina wanted me to go to Jacksonville to live with her and go to business school but Papa would not allow it. I was only sixteen and too young to be away from home, never mind that I had already been away for nine months in Macon both with and without an older sister to look after me.

Came June and I would be seventeen on the 22nd. On second Sunday we went to church in Hawkinsville and the son of Mama and Papa's friends Fred and Ida Hogg (she being cousin Ava Floyd's sister) came to our house. He was a good friend of my brothers and also of mine. Jay and I did our chores and asked for permission to go to town to get the Sunday paper so we could see the "funnies" and also so Jay could see a girl he liked in Cochran. Jay, Willie Fred Hogg and I went to town. Unfortunately, it was after dark when we got home and Papa was very angry that I had stayed out after dark with a boy. I had been with two boys, one of whom was my brother who would have killed for me. This made no difference to Papa. He proceeded to get a switch the size of my finger and proceeded to "cut the blood" out of my back. I was terrified but refused to cry which angered him even more. I even said, you had better make this one a good one for you will never lay a finger on me again. The boys finally came to my rescue and made Papa stop beating me. Here I am 82 years old and can hardly see how to type this for the tears that still come to my eyes when I talk about it. I knew then and there that I had to get away and live my own life but how. I worked

at the shirt factory in Cochran and made about ten dollars a week. I finally got permission to move into a room in Cochran and share it with another girl and not drive back and forth over those muddy clay hills., I paid about \$3.00 per week for room and board and was frantically saving every penny I could get to buy a bus ticket to Jacksonville. Imagine my distress when I had saved enough and was ready to go for my ticket only to discover that my roommate or someone else had robbed me of all my savings!

I was in utter despair. I felt trapped and could see no way out of the predicament I was in. I took the only action that I could see open to me. Jay and his then girlfriend, later to become his wife, Willie Fred and I took a ride on Christmas Eve and wound up parked at Embry's Mill which was a favorite place for young people to park in those days. Everyone rode out to Embry's Mill to see if any of their friends were there. It was a beautiful spot where we picnicked and swam in the summer. Willie Fred, who was five years older than I and a life long friend of the family and almost like a brother to me, had fallen in love with me and as we sat on the back bumper of the car talking, he knew of what had happened to me and of my great unhappiness said quietly and simply to me, why don't you marry me and get away from home. After hesitating a few minutes I decided, why not. If I were married no one could stop me from leaving then. I regretted using this man for this purpose all the rest of my life. I was so unfair to him.

We got back in the car and told Jay and Alice what we were going to do and they drove us to the home of the Ordinary and we got him and his wife out of bed and he married us. I don't think you even needed a license back then. I certainly don't remember anything about one. We stopped at home and told Mama what we had done and then went on to his house and told his parents. We had no money, not even Five dollars, and no place to go. His sister and her husband were spending the night with her parents and they let us go to their house a couple of miles down the road to spend the night.

We stayed in the house with his parents, occupying a room with the two youngest boys, about six and eight years of age until spring. By spring we had saved enough money \$25.00 to order a three piece bedroom set from Sears and we moved into a two room shack up the road. Our families gave us a few dishes and a pot or two and someone donated a two-eye wood stove, a homemade kitchen table and two chairs and that was all we had. Tina came home in the fall and I went back home with her. Albert and Willie Fred followed me to Jacksonville and tried to persuade me to return but I refused. At last I was free and there was no turning back. I never saw Willie Fred again but I carried my guilt for treating him the way I did all

my life.

This ends my life story in Georgia. Sure it was still home and I loved it but I had cut my ties. Somehow I would make a life for myself beyond the horizons I could see from the farm kitchen windows. There was a great big world on the other side of that pine forest at the back of the field. Sure, I had treated someone badly in order to break free but I had to go.

Tina enrolled me in Duval Vocational School which was a free trade school where I could learn typing, shorthand and bookkeeping. In addition, there was a program whereby I could help the math teacher and get paid about \$3 or \$4 a week. I had a very meager wardrobe, two or three dresses, a pair of shoes and a sweater and that was it. I wore Tina's clothes to school and met her every day at lunch and she bought lunch for me. I slept on her sofa and helped around the house with the chores as best I could. Both she and Kelly went to work on me to teach me correct English, table manners, how to dance and in general behave like a lady instead of the hayseed that I was. I learned to type and take shorthand and before I could finish my classes she got me a job in a law office with two of her friends who were lawyers. They could not pay me but they could give me experience, without which it was impossible to get a job, so I worked free. Tell me how one was expected to get experience if no one would give you a job unless you had experience. Finally, they upped my pay from \$0.00 to \$3.50 per week. I was on my way.

Tina and I had always been very close while I was growing up and she always tried to bring me something special when she came home. I know now what a sacrifice this was for her as she was making a very small salary and she had to live out of what she made and repay Lucian the money he had loaned her to go to Jacksonville to take her business course.

I suspect one of the reasons Papa did not want me to go live with Tina was because the man she had married was Catholic. To Papa, who had never known anything about any other religion than Primitive Baptist, a Catholic was like the devil incarnate and he forbade Tina from bringing Kelly home when she came. She tolerated that for a year or two but finally announced on one of her visits that it would be the last time she ever came home unless her husband could accompany her.

I adored Tina and her husband Kelly. She was beautiful and he was handsome. They had a nice life and did such wonderful things as going to dances, going canoeing and out with their friends to play bridge and such other sophisticated

things to which I had never been privy. They always included me and Tina dressed me up in one of her evening dresses and they took me to balls with them. Tina taught me to love the opera, which I had never heard of before. She and I would get up on Saturday mornings and hurry and do the cleaning and laundry and then lie down in the afternoon across her bed and listen to the Texaco broadcast of the opera. I was introduced to Carmen, Verdi, La Traviata and the other great operas. Kelly being a linotype operator at the Florida Times Union, the leading newspaper, had to work on Saturday getting out the Sunday edition which he always brought home with him. Saturday nights they usually played bridge at their house or the home of one of their friends. They took me on cook-outs to the beach and to shrimp and crab feasts where we caught the shrimp and crabs. They once took me to the home of one of their friends who had a dock and a boat and he taught me to water ski, only way back then it was called aquaplaning and was done on a flat board on which one stood.

I was an excellent swimmer, having learned how so many years ago at the old mill pond. One of the churches within walking distance had a pool and I walked up there two or three nights each week and took a life saving course and became a certified life saver. Kelly and Tina got me a badminton set and put it up in the back yard and we played badminton many happy hours. I was their special pet and I loved it. This was a whole new life for me--one I had only dreamed of in the past--no more picking or hoeing cotton, fun things to do and wonderful books to read and knowledgeable people with whom to associate. I soaked it all up like a sponge. I listened and learned and tried to improve myself in every way I possibly could.

After working free and then getting paid \$3.50 per week for a short time, my great opportunity came. I now "had experience" and could apply for a real job! I was not quite finished with my business course at Duval Vocational School when my shorthand teacher sent me on an interview in another law firm, Daniel and Thompson. Miracle of miracles, I was selected for the job and it paid \$10.00 per week. The education I got on this job was to affect the entire remainder of my working life and make me who I am today. I never had an opportunity to go to college but there were so many things I wanted to know. Little did I know, but the man I was going to work for was an angel in disguise. Mr Richard P Daniel. He took a genuine interest in me and gave me a little black book with three words in it each day and I was to look them up in the dictionary and be prepared to tell him everything about them first thing the next morning when he would give me three new ones. He was a very prominent attorney, from an old Jacksonville family. He spent his free time working on all kinds of civic matters and was very active with

the NAACP (The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People). Mr Daniel instilled in me the desire to learn words and I spent all my time from then on reading the dictionary when I was not busy with my office duties, We remained friends for the remainder of his life. Many years after I moved to Washington, his son-in-law, Mr. Edward Barrett, became an Assistant Secretary of State and I was working in his area of the Department of State and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel when they went to Washington for his installation. Small world!

MEMORIES - Doll House

You asked me to write and tell you how your doll house with the electric lights came into being:

This is my best effort to recreate what I did. Back in those days oranges and other citrus fruit and vegetables were shipped in wooden boxes about two and a half feet long and divided down the middle. These boxes, when laid on their side with the open side outward made ideal doll house rooms and stacked one on top of the other, made the house two story in the bargain.

I had made a very crude one when I lived in Jacksonville with Tina and Kelly just for my own enjoyment but when I gave birth to a beautiful baby girl I also gave birth to a desire to make her a real doll house from orange crates. So I did. I collected old wallpaper sample books to get the paper for the walls; built stairs from the first to the second floor. Got pieces of tapestry upholstery fabric samples for carpets on the floor (rugs really as wall to wall had not been invented so far as I knew). We also had summer rugs made of sisal, which we put down in the summer and put the wool rugs away in moth balls for the summer. Carefully wrapped in "tar paper" and then brown paper and sealed with tape and stored in the rafters of the basement for the summer.

Your father put a small switch on the outside of the doll house and installed wiring for lights and we used small flashlight bulbs and batteries and eureka, we had electric lights throughout the house.

I took gift boxes, which in those days were pretty sturdy, not at all flimsy, and cut out patterns for furniture, chairs, sofas, beds, etc and with needle and thread sewed the cardboard together to make the frames for the furniture. When this was completed, I padded the cardboard frames and upholstered them with pieces of upholstery material and in the case of beds with linen and bits of fabric I had left

over from garments I had made. I made velour portieres for archways between rooms and also for winter drapes at the windows. Summer curtains and drapes were also made so that the house could be changed from it's winter dress of heavy velvet and velour to light cool summer fabrics, just as the house we lived in had to be done.

This looks like as good place as any to relate how spring and fall house cleaning were done each year. First, you set aside a week and planned to do nothing else----then you began to completely dismantle the house-- and you kept it up until the house finally bore no resemblance to it's former self. Seasonal rugs (wool for winter and sisal i.e. crex rugs for summer) depending on the season were taken up and the others were unpacked and put down after the floors had been stripped of the old wax and fresh wax was put on the hardwood floors Furniture was stripped of slipcovers in fall cleaning and their real upholstery was displayed for winter. Slipcovers were washed, ironed and put away awaiting their coming out again the following spring. Heavy velvet drapes, wall hangings, etc were hauled out to the backyard and put on the clothes line to air and were thoroughly brushed to rid them of dust and they were packed away and lace curtains were installed downstairs and ruffled priscilla curtain installed in bedrooms upstairs. These curtains would all be washed, starched and placed on curtain stretchers to dry before being hung at the windows.

Beds would be stripped of their chenille spreads and silk or rayon ones Put on after the mattresses had been thoroughly brushed to get rid of any dust and the springs, slats and frames wiped down with a damp rag and camphor. There were no box springs in those days so each spring coil had to be wiped off with this damp cloth. Walls were brushed down with a goats hair brush to get dust off and baseboards were washed clean and wiped dry.

Kitchen cupboards would all be cleaned out, shelves washed and new shelf paper put in. Kitchen linoleum stripped of old wax and re-waxed. You have seen the ads for Pinesol where they say it smelled like a Carolina pine forest--well our house smelled as fresh and clean as Johnson's paste wax and camphor water could make it smell and the windows, -- storm windows and storm doors would have been hauled up from the basement and installed, after windows and every other bit of glass were washed and polished until they sparkled like diamonds. By this time it is Thanksgiving eve if you have been doing fall cleaning or Easter eve if you have done spring cleaning, Your back, legs, arms and fingernails are all broken by this time and you don't really care if the Easter bunny shows up or the turkey gets cooked or not. But at Thanksgiving you will still have to toast and break up a

couple of loaves of bread, chop a half bunch of celery and three or four onions to stuff the turkey as there was no ready made stuffing and by the time you had broken and crushed and stuffed all this bread into the turkey, there was no skin on your hands and you walked around all day with them dripping lard to keep them from bleeding (NO HAND CREAM THAT I REMEMBER) but we had one hell of a clean house and we were very thankful that ordeal was over for another six months!

I can't believe all this came out just to tell you about a simple little orange crate doll house I built many years ago for a precious daughter.

FINAL NOTE TO FAMILY

If you've read this far I hope you have formed a vivid picture of your ancestor's lives. I also hope that you will be inspired to write your own "memories" for posterity. They will be a priceless treasure.

If the story of the Floyd family has opened your eyes to the joy of history and given you an enormous pride in your heritage, then my goal has been achieved. The story continues. What will you add?

